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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

The worst year yet

Dubious Achievement Awards of 1973



Pee-yoo! A man wearing a jockstrap on his head robbed a restaurant in Springfield, Illinois.



Barf! Twelve women entered a moustache-growing contest in Canada.



Duh! Julie Eisenhower spoke at the commencement of the American School for the Deaf.



Phooey! President Amin of Uganda threatened to punish Asians who used shoe polish to make themselves black.



Yech! Promoting peace, love and unity in Detroit, Guru Maharaj Ji was hit with a cream pie.



Yoiks! A high-school classmate said dating John Ehrlichman "was like going out with a priest."

Feh! A Honolulu nightclub introduced bottomless waiters.

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ALBERTA: 1991, ELIZABETH SCOTT-WALKER
WRITTEN BY CALVIN D. DE VRIES

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Business in the Arts Awards:
Bright Candle of a Dark Night

As the announcement on pages 162 and 163 spells out, entries are now again eligible, and thus for the eighth time, is the annual competition for the Esquire/B.C.A. Business in the Arts Awards.

Again the presentation of the awards to the winning entrants will take place at the annual conference of one of the national arts organizations, as in the past at the national meetings of the American Symphony Orchestra League and the Associated Composer of the Arts, but this year in a different field of cultural activity. The scene this time will be the 1974 gathering, in the Dallas-Ft. Worth area, of the American Association of Museums. Their meeting will take place from June 3 to June 9.

Museums, like the other nonprofit organizations in the arts, have been the victims of their own success, and the very increases in their attendance records that have expanded their growing importance to the public have at the same time concentrated their problems in meeting labor and maintenance costs that have risen proportionately. So it is fitting that the museums should be given the same attention the other arts organizations command, in an ongoing movement to try to help bridge the dollar gap that inevitably widens the more the arts flourish.

Then is the uneasy underside of the whole arts scene, of course—the paradox that the better the job these organizations do, such as the symphony, the opera, the ballet, the repertory theatre, and the museum too—that is, the more important they make themselves to greater numbers of people—the worse off they are financially.

This is the classic stalemate first faced up to in the mid-Sixties, by each great art book as the 1966 Rockefeller Panel Report on the *Performing Arts: Problems and Prospects*, and the *Excerpt and Beyond* report of the following year, *Performing Arts—The Economic Dilemma*.

It was this realization that the arts must be helped that largely motivated the establishment of the National Endowment for the Arts and the formation of the Business Committee for the Arts. It also triggered the first massive drive of "tax aid" to the nation's beleaguered major symphony orchestras, via matching gifts by the Ford Foundation. From those days, when the level of

government support of the arts stood at five million dollars, and that of corporate support around twenty million, the figures for both these sources of aid to the arts have risen markedly. Currently the National Endowment for the Arts appropriation is over sixty million dollars and corporate support is estimated to be twice that.

The fact that both these ladens have risen steadily, through a period of wild gyrations of markets and moods, of rampant inflation and of successive phases of "controls" that went out of control, is in itself phenomenal, and indicates that the arts have earned a solid priority rating as a central stage of our society as a whole.

The Business Committee for the Arts, ever the pioneer since its inception, has progressed steadily from the general to the particular, summing the first small abstract conceptual nature of its initial meetings with increasingly frequent regional conferences that amount to down-to-earth, missionary spadework. These have been held, usually with a resident B.C.A. member acting as host and coordinator, in Nebraska, Louisiana, North Carolina, Indiana, Oklahoma and Wisconsin, and more are planned, some on state lines and some in multi-state broad population clusters. In some instances, men who had not previously shown any special interest in the arts have caught their contagion and become impassioned and imaginative activists of projects in their support. In a few instances, membership in B.C.A. has been a direct result.

In Dallas, in June, Stanley Marcus as the prime host, both of B.C.A. and of our board of general judges, will convene the upcoming situation, as Carter Brown of the National Gallery in Washington did so engagingly last year in Milwaukee.

Also as in Milwaukee last year, we will again have individual Distinguished Masters' societies, and and hand fashed by him for the occasion, to symbolize the winning projects (see as shown in the preface on page 163).

It may be like getting an A only in Esperanto or in otherwise shoddy report card, but is a year fraught with as much delicate distinction (as a measurable portion of this issue reflects), it is gratifying that the Esquire/B.C.A. Business in the Arts Awards competition seems to be one thing that's on the up-and-up. —A.G.

As the Polar Bear is native to Canada's vast arctic regions, so too is Canadian Lord Calvert very much a home-bred product. From all over Canada... from Vancouver... Moosehide... the St. Lawrence River Valley... from our six dad lines we bring our great Canadian whiskeys to Ylla La Belle and marry them there into one greater Canadian... supply, smooth Canadian Lord Calvert.



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We are spared the dirty but denied pleasure of using this sword to my hands—some things about Nicole Miller, author of *A Pen Lesson* in *Mystery from River Towns* (page 21), Anneke Robert Allen Airbush has immortalized our time in his column on page 26 of *Mr. Miller*. It remains for us only to observe that there is a lot more where this month's *Esquire* lead feature came from, since it is excerpted from his book *Philip Marlowe: A Study in Perversity* by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and we're glad to be able to say that much at last.

Other editors and publishers remain, and the first of these, in the case of the contents of this month's issue, is to introduce Martin Arnold, who appears for the first time in *Esquire* as author of David Ellsberg at the Point of Airbush *J. Edgar* (page 28). Mr. Arnold is already familiar to readers of *Who's Who in America* ("I haven't the faintest notion why," he told me, but *Esquire* is delighted by his presence, their interest by revealing that he was born in New York, is a graduate of Adelphi College ("I was a high-school dropout and that was the only place they would take me"), and is a legend in journalism: in the manner most honored by time and tradition by strutting as a copyboy at *The Times*. He has been a reporter for *Norwalk*, a review man and risk-taking advice for the *Washington World Tribune*, and he joined *The Times* for the second time in June, 1959. Since then he has reported for *The Times* on general arrangements of crime and, in doing so, the national meat community but inaccurately known as the trial of David Ellsberg, witness Mr. Arnold's article in this magazine. He received The George Polk Memorial Award for Political Reporting in 1963 and The Page One Award for Feature Writing of the *Newspapers Guild* of New York in 1970, both for follow-up in the case of the New York City political scandal. We believe we convinced the author by revealing that we had a ten-day time trying to call him at his desk recently; when we finally caught him, he said, as a reporter should, "I like to get out where things are happening. Even in the office I'm always padding around. I like to do adventure stories. I'd like to cover the war in the Middle East. The story I acquired most recently covered the Dominican Revolution for *The Times* in 1965. I

found the Dominican Revolution a very euphoric experience, which is why I'm probably not the right person to cover a war. Ellsberg's was the first trial I covered in my life, and I hope never to do one again, because I don't like to sit still on hours a day for six months."

The reader who can sit still long enough to read this month's contents as a sequence will find, five pages after Mr. Arnold's article, Warren's *Book's They Eat Horses. Don't They?* (page 33). Mr. Book lives in Paris, and we don't, so instead of asking him to tell us about himself we asked Roy de Groot, *Esquire*'s eminence in literary criticism and author, in this issue, of *Wier Con You Do About the Searing Power of Wine?* (page 111) to do so. "I'm delighted to be in the same issue as Warren," said Mr. de Groot, dispelling our anxiety over any possible adverse reactions. "He's a wonderful writer and he knows more about Paris restaurants than anyone I know. His book *The Food at France* (published in 1964 by Knopf) is one of the great books of our time, a literary-culinary description of the country, really, not a book to cook by but a descriptive culinary history." From other sources we can report that Mr. Book has been a frequent respondent for *American* newspapers and magazines since 1937 and is the author of numerous books—only some of which are about food—beginning in 1929 with *The Truth About France* and continuing as our reader knows. At present he is engaged in composing a dictionary of cooking which he informs us he must, but not yet cooked. He has Hume. *Esquire* is happy to acknowledge that letter on page 66.

In addition to his signed article in this issue, Roy de Groot helped *Esquire* not only in coordinating and putting together the entire section—his article beginning on page 111. Mr. de Groot is familiar to our readers for good reason: this seems a suitable occasion to update our file on him by stating that in addition to his work as *Esquire* he lectures at various places about the country on wine for the California Wine Institute and on cheese for the Wisconsin Cheese Association, and is without doubt a factor and no small one in the booming consumption of both articles in the country. He also appears frequently on television and has just concluded an engagement as Guest-in-Residence on the *Towhee show*. He is an honorary member, at last count, of thirty-nine gourmet societies in France and the United

States, and is, so far as we know, the only writer, gourmet or human being in history ever to possess a terrier-type dog who owned a *Pearl* *Beamer* champagne and an honorary membership in the Chevaliers du Tastevin. Last October witnessed, not without awe, the publication by Goulet & Drouin of his most recent book, *France's Breadth for Book*, which tells the interested reader how to do all manner of things suggested by its title, including but not limited to a chapter on *The Most Delicieux Steaks in the World*, which runs for twenty pages in the book and tells you how to make—oh, that would be telling, but it takes four days to make it, the addition may inspire at their local bookstores."

While the wine section in this issue was fermenting, Service Features Editor Barbara Kane edited up a few *Weekenders* in an effort to find out what was going down there on our non-then-than grape-growing land. She asked them to tell us what they drank and why at a recent meal, some of the more interesting replies were these:

"We were four at dinner in the country and I chose the wine before the food, because I wanted a friend to taste a Rotzfeld against a French wine I chose, Ridge Rotzfeld, and because we were told one Ridge Rotzfeld '70 was a particularly big wine, I decided to try a Burgundy against it, the Rotzfeld '64 of Noval. Next to the Rotzfeld, the Rotzfeld was positively insipid. We ate homemade prosciutto with fresh potato salad, steak, leeks and potatoes. That's all."—Gail Givens.

"With a roast leg of lamb at a small dinner party last night, I served a Lynch-Bages '67, a sturdy-looking Bordeaux that goes well with meat roasts. As an alternative to the Lynch-Bages, I have also used a self-chosen, the more delicate Marquise-Touche '68."—Alvin Elm.

"A luncheon in Connecticut consisted of a plate of meat and a sausage, a salad of avocado and fish, with a little fruit, a Chateau d'Ay '66, a Bordeaux from Meise. The dinner was an orange soufflé with champagne sauce and a wonderful Arden Knapp Blending Spices '67."—Mrs. William F. Buckley Jr.

"A small dinner party last night began with a bit of tarted grillé and a Chateau d'Ay '66. One meat was a small saddle of lamb, and with it we had a Chateau d'Ay '66. A Don Prigione '64 went well with dessert, a soft fruit cake with cream."—Mrs. Henry Ford.

It was Some Party. Ballantine's was there.



A NOVEMBER night in 1935. The Chicago Auto Show. Shabby, sleek cars and hopelessly auto-maniac people. At the International Amphitheatre, a crowd waits to see what delights Detroit has offered just in time for Christmas. "Ashtrays in the backseat! Fingerprint control! A radio! How marvelous!"

Ladies in polo coats look longingly at LaSalle and talk about moving to the country. Those who already owned cars try not to look sordid at their whippersnapper kind of restaurant called a "drive-in."

A line forms to try out the speaking tube in a Packard limousine. Couples sigh over a gift-wrapped Pierce-Arrow. America was having a love affair with the automobile.

Ballantine's was there. A splash note of scotch. Like those grand cars, a scotch for people who prefer class.

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FILMS JOHN SIMON

No, I have not read *Jonathan Secord*, but, oh my God, did I ever see the director! Remember, in the classroom, selected on pulchre, and, I guess, you are what you eat. Judging from the screenplay, Richard Bach's *Forever* best-seller must read like Rabbi Cohen with feathers. The much lauded contented some of the dialogue in the movie by words with Hall Bartlett, the director, but I am told that it is still as much unadulterated as the original that is better to her pump. The film, at any rate, closely resembles every other graduation, semantically mostly neologistic piece of hope-speak with which seeks after Great Life-Longing. (It is in small packages have been traditionally pulled.)

This is the story of a little bird (not already told you) of a seagull that flies higher and flies deeper than others, and seeks to reform the seagull flock from garbage to fruit of the sea. But as evil Elder steps up the world's malfunctions against Jonathan, who, himself, craves the globe, don't forget, and is in return a seagull. (Shangri-la whose existence is actually called Chang, where he has a plateau here after with Jonathan Secord.) But he must return to his flock. With the same platitudes learned from Chang, he turns the crippled Fletcher Secord into a seagull, who, however, kills himself in a display of aerobic skills. Jonathan's resurrection, Fletcher, all the while denying that he is the Son of the Great God, and departs to do good among other flocks, leaving this sea to Fletcher's ministrations.

As if that were not a meaningless enough in itself, Neil Diamond composed and sings an end-spiriting and stomach-burning background score, its glattitudes and geologic ruseaux almost as much as the film. (Cue's role cinematography looks like a marginal marriage between the National Geographic and *Voyage*, but the aerial tracking shots of Jonathan soaring over exotic landscapes have, not before they turn away, moments of breathtaking visual beauty. The special effects by L. B. Abbott, before they, too, turn away, are likewise impressive. The dialogue—for the birds—is supplied in a staccatoed, almost speechless, manner, some made reserved for Biblical epics and best-selling *Ben-Hur* about boys and their pet humans.

Most provocative, though, are not the sequences of a lone bird in flight

across the vastness of sea projects, nor the soaring crowd scenes of the flock swimming, leaping up, and taking to the air like vibrant R.A.F. squadrons in World War II movies. True, neither is achieved only by means of a seagull, but a seagull in the air, is shown perfectly flying almost a seagull in a seagull's waste, leaving behind his earthly, diurnal footprints looking like a seagull attempt to harness a photon in a desert. Here one is naturally reminded of *Frankenstein's* arduous quest about the ultimate, that winged voyage who, on the ground, is clumsy and lagged, his great wings impeding his walk. Also, even at such moments, one was tempted to ask that what Jonathan, making this



the score, needed was a good pair of sandals.

A couple of years ago there appeared a very brief short, *The End of the World*. It took place on a litter-strewn beach overrun by seagulls. From among these littering, sleek birds, one seagull, designated our wearily dragged itself into some conformity in the package. While the others, resident in their white ribs, headlessly flapped about, this bird slowly, apparently suck into itself and into death, as the camera, in extreme close-up, concentrated on the gleaming oen of an avian eye. This short should be programmed with every screening of *Jonathan Secord* as a prophetic against all that machine's drift.

The *Way We Were* purports to be a candid look at the novel and road-up marriage of Jewish Kate and W.A.P. Hubbell, whose wedding were seen in color in the late Thirties. During the war, Kate, who has a modest job in radio, runs into Hubbell, an officer in the Navy, and spends his away from his rich Christian

god found by means of her charming bohemian poverty, leftist politics and right attitude in the sack, and Jewish cooking, and above all, undeniable charisma. They marry, and Hubbell, a budding novelist, moves to Hollywood with Kate; here they get involved with the big movie director (Hollywood's first boss) and with an assortment of stereotypical movie-land oddballs. Comes the era of black-listing and witch-hunts, and legions are severely stressed. Katherine begins to crumble and cracks Kate's divorcee Hubbell and returns with his daughter to New York, more leftist (or is it merely liberal?) politics, and another, this time arranged, marriage. Demoralizing, against the Bomb in front of the Plaza, she runs into Hubbell with his new, unknown lady. There is a moment of bitter-sweet rapprochement as Kate tells her about their daughter (whom, for pity's sake, no one knew, he is not allowed to see), then the two go their separate ways.

The script, by Arthur Laurents from his own novel, is short, glibbing humor, most as when it huffs and shoves toward high seriousness. The college scenes strive for bubbly lightness, but the humor is satirical when not (occasionally) cruel. The scenes in New York City, when Kate meets and wins Hubbell, are on the level of average Hollywood gag writing (as, for instance, in *A Touch of Class*), but married by Laurents' acute stylizing for significance. This is particularly gaudy coming from someone who can't decide even whether he wants to exalt or satirize Kate's leftist activities. Still, from Laurents does appear to us almost the way in which World War II confused certain political issues, and sets something of the laissez-faire indifference of the wealthy, its grossly displayed regard even to Kate's union with commiserate indignation. But he cannot seem to show us what makes his heroine so allegedly miserable, despite her all-too-frequent humor, lack of self-criticism, and (except of *Jonathan Secord*) that uncomfortably seagull on tranquility.

Here, to be sure, matters are not helped by Barbra Streisand's performance. Shirley Pollack, the director, has tried to tone down her lecherous and selfishness, but has hardly made a dent in that basic paganistic cheerfulness that is beyond criticism. The difficulty is that even when Miss Streisand labors to appear sensitive and vulnerable, she cannot con-



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quer our impression that, were she to collide with a black truck, it is the truck that would drop dead. And, generally, I am repelled by her looks: by the mounding brow and the overcompensatory nose, which, unlike Cleopatra's in Pasola's famous dream, would not even if it were shorter, change the face of the earth—merely blot out a smaller part of it. Only very plain women, in their win-diffident fantasias, could accept without flinching the dubious label: Bedford's passion for, and bedroom scenes with, Stinson.

Yet it is not until the action shifts to Hollywood that things get thoroughly out of control. Lavast's fatal driver in a paper-thin cliché, and the rest of the colorful characters come in vast to clutter these of a hand-painted palette. The pre-McCarthy persecution and mob scenes are trifely overused and inflated, except for *Bedford*, which is surprising from a director who so skillfully conveyed social angst in *They Shot Herena, Don't They?* And what the embattled spouses hurt of each other is not in movie-since truths as gutting as *Compulsion*.

The dialogue lacks authentic period flavor, anachronistically. Note the casual use of a folk or folk in the common student, "You are beautiful!" so silly even of the word that we were spared until quite recently. What hurts more, though, is the excess. When Hobbes asks the studious young Katie, "What are you doing carrying your books far you know, that's to help me get across the street?" Whenupon he promptly gives us reason for his drinking, "to celebrate your getting across the street." And he has the same jaw, now young-middle-aged ex-appears, just as dramatically rate: "You never give up, do you?—but I'm a very good loser—better than I am—Well, I've had a... more experience." Some things, I suppose, never change, like that to Bedford means in two scenes that take place many years apart.

Bedford is a ray, unannounced, after having acted, but here he does little to convince us that he is a novel. The supporting players, with the happy exception of James Woods, who walk through their parts, like Patrick O'Neal, or even them that do little to convince us that he is a novel. The supporting players, with the happy exception of James Woods, who walk through their parts, like Patrick O'Neal, or even them that do little to convince us that he is a novel. The supporting players, with the happy exception of James Woods, who walk through their parts, like Patrick O'Neal, or even them that do little to convince us that he is a novel.

the future, thanks to the author's writing three years after the fact. But *Alma's The Long Good-bye* was briefly released some months ago, when public disapproval caused it to be withdrawn. Addressed sleepily thought that this privilege movie, based on one of Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe novels, was to be taken straight, as if *Bedford* were still playing Marlowe, with Howard Hawks directing. Whereas, it means, Altman and his star, Elliott Gould, were giving us a head-up of the movie, and so, for the current release, the publicity campaign is shortening to the fact. It is a sorry state of affairs when a pole has to be labeled "OK!" and I am not sure to what extent the new interpretation is not merely the content of despair.

Elliott Gould has none of the characteristics of the tough, easy death: his face and expression, and some white Greek, do not betray any signs of quick and sharp thinking—or, for that matter, of any other kind. Caring him as Marlowe would, indeed, seem to be an intentional part of a satirical suit, otherwise, though, Leigh, Brackley's seemingly lively depicts from what has become paradigmatic for the genre, a loss of wandering ruthlessness, and a plot in which unheroic characters favor outwitting and doing in one another. There may be one or two more formal elements here that is customary, but for a real stand-up you would have needed Woody Allen rather than Gould who is Al Woods.

Without knowing the book, I still assume that in this role work Chandler pictured his detective hero as even more rugged and less heroic than usual, for the Marlowe makes his discoveries by snooping through windows and shoots only once, and then at an adversary both unarmed and unsuspecting. The screenplay, in my view, has less complexity than could be found in previous Marlowe films—although it still has one quite comprehensible turn in the plot—and the whole thing lacks the fascination of even such a master piece of Marlowe as Robert Montgomery's *The Lady in the Lake*. But it may also be a question of the actor: Gould's entry resembling is as far from Marlowe's ruggedness as Nana von Pallandt's costume can be explained only in terms of her highly publicized association with Clifford Irving, and her acting is certainly a free, Starline Hardin's strange at driving a limousine, and other whose unworldly looks are drawing in loose is much too sympathetic for ray train. Writers need not be particularly writer-like in real life, in art,

though, something more is required, and I could no more believe in Hollywood's movie than in Bedford's.

Two other bits of offbeat casting—Jon Stortsen as a suspected wife killer, and Henry Gibson as a snarling psychiatrist—come off equally unconvincingly, but Mark Riddell is good and juicy as a drooling maniac gangster, and Jo Ann Brody does well as his devoted girl friend who is rewarded with a Coke bottle smashed in her face. Altman's work, however, is not seen to considerable on performances as much as its efforts. With his steady camerawork, Altman has created some stunning ones, and others which, as in the two main protagonists' scenes, will continue to seduce to themselves. Thus a private conversation between von Pallandt and Hardin takes place just behind the picture window of their kitchen, and some white Greek, as mentioned by them, walks about on the beach. The camera shoots right into the plate glass and blends the agitated talkers behind it with the man searching around the beach in one seamless scene, a sort of movie-shot double exposure, a metaphysical fusion of worlds within and without as seen constantly projected into a house while people, seemingly safely anchored in their living rooms, are adrift in a sea of reflection.

It is spectacular, but it is too much. There is, however, a sequence immediately following whose nature of suspense and comic efficacy could hardly be expressed. Hardin has walked out into the ocean to drown himself, it has grown dark, and the breakers are noisily veiled. Gould and von Pallandt, dressed as they are, rush into the water to save him. The nocturnal beach is all black and white, but in color film (perhaps by means of filters at a special mode of screening) these black and white scenes dramatically light up. The woman came campy in—one thinks of *Torner* and *Holmes*—and agrees how against the white crests or sunsets in the dark interior of the hotel. The family dog runs in to the rescue, but does not do more than novert in the shadows. An Hardin disappears into the deep, and a drowned and exhausted Gould barely manages to drag von Pallandt, back to safety, the dog arrives with his master's case behind his legs. Those colorless colors in the hell-chaos light, that dog proudly retrieving the man under water, make this a vision of bone-chilling horror for whose brief duration the film pulls itself up into art. Best, unfortunately, Gould is 113-



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ing to act again... he has a drink scene in which he is acutely different from when he is. But for Robert Altman, whose film since *MASH* have been generally disappointing, *The Long Goodbye* is at least a step back up again from its predecessor, a "classic" in the sense that it is terribly wrong, is made by ideas rather than by incompetence. In his next film, or the one after, they may once again pay off.

What may well prove the year's most availed film is Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets*. The young American-Italian director returns here to his early haunts, New York's Little Italy, which provided the setting for his last feature, the equally clumsy but less glibly aware *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* The enthusiastic reception of *Mean Streets* may be due in part to its being largely child's play and rather sloppily written, digressive, edited, photographed and edited child's play, at that. But in a period when movie-making has reached a high plateau of useless slickness and gloss, when any number of directors can put together neat little scenes into a triumph of the art of assemblage—the only trouble being that the entire thing is hollow and pointless—a new kind of director can put together neat little scenes into a triumph of the art of assemblage—an edifyingly precise, unassuming, and direct.

In a way, it all goes back to early Godard, where supposedly serious events were first resolved—I think my half consciously—in terms of grown-up children playing with guns, cars, sex, and other potentially dramatic things. It could be called the *Hang-On-Your-Dead* school of film making and *Mean Streets* is a fairly good example of it.

The movie centers on Charlie, a young man of average talents, but and good. He is the nephew of Giovanni, a Mafia boss, and hopes to obtain a restaurant when his uncle eliminates its present owner for nonpayment of debts. But in fact when Tony, who runs the bar where one hangs out, with Michael, who lends money to people; and, above all, with Johnny Ray, an all-around proof-off heavily in debt to Michael and threatened about paying him back, Charlie has an affair with Teresa, Johnny Ray's epileptic cousin, and another with God, in whose church he periodically weeps about sin and damnation.

The film proceeds through a series of loosely connected episodes in the course of which Tony gets a tip; Teresa an episode of St. Johnny Ray a bullet that kills him, and Charlie

nothing. (The person who shoots Johnny Ray is, surely not accidentally, played by Steve Buscemi.) In between there are assorted on jobs, between brawls, an incomprehensible and preposterously staged gangland murder in a man's room, various scenes of conversation with girls, universal portability, but, unfortunately, encounters between Charlie and Uncle Giovanni, and repetitious attempts by Charlie to straighten out Johnny Ray. None of this is quite convincing enough; one job are wrapped too early, fights look unreal and leave no wounds, Giovanni's reluctance is inadequately covered, and the affair with Teresa is seen in a confused, confused manner. We don't find out why Charlie is so devoted to Johnny Ray, or why the latter is so uneasy. Even individual sequences don't come off: we don't believe in Tony's tiger at the New Teresa restaurant in St. Ignace hotel, made (though such things occur), or in the facile way Johnny Ray gets gassed down. Worst of all, the tale in this screenplay by Scorsese and Wendell Martin sounds at too frequently improvised by actors with no gift for improvisation.

The result is a film without structure, whose episodes might as easily be fewer or more numerous, lighter or end up, or not end at all. And it is very hard to evince even superficial sympathy for these characters. Charlie is as average as a pebble on a beach, rendered and polished by waves of happenstance into perfect ordinariness. His one unusual feature is his subsistence for Johnny Ray, the supposedly amiable but who, alas, despite Robert De Niro's bravura performance, remains more nutty than amiable, and so cuts out the ground under Charlie's one claim to our affection. As for Johnny Ray, he is beyond pity and beneath terror. Compared to Fellini's masterpieces, *Intimacy*, glibly examined by certain critics, are closer to not only do Fellini's characters evoke a sympathetic humanity that Scorsese's never achieve, but also there is organization in Fellini's films, so that events build toward climaxes and resolutions, however won they may be—whereas *Mean Streets* merely slips an arbitrary and unenlightening ending on something that could go on forever, and rather seem to do so as it is.

Next Widespread's cinematography captures the grittiness of the milieu, but only with the artless, accidental freudism of primitive paintings; the background score is an accumulation of jacobson blots that functions efficiently enough; and the performances are passable, with DeNiro

DeNiro and Amy Robinson better than that, and De Niro suitably frightened but lacking a manner. All in all, an unconvincing, and somewhat, in itself, is not an asset.

The two truly indigenous forms of Hollywood film making are, of course, the western and the gangster movie. Both genres have undergone decades of refining, and *Charlie Varrick* is one of the more accomplished specimens of the latter. It falls, to be sure, into the comic subgenre, which defenders of the genre's purity may downgrade, but it does provide more than adequate, unimpaired entertainment of the kind movies had better manage if they are to survive in all. The slanting of the clever, affable, independent criminal who outwits both the Mafia and the police, and makes off with the loot, is merely quaint, but it is not worth expending moral outrage on in this cardboard context. In his last film, *Dirty Harry*, Don Siegel excelled the fastest gun in this one, he excels the average criminal. The two alienations cancel each other out—is wryer than they would seem considering the silliness of all popular spectacle, and wasting one's time.

The script by Howard Rodman and Dean Riesner, from a novel by John Burt Foster, is full of improbabilities but fast-paced and amusing, and there are good performances going. Walter Matthau plays a thinking man's crook with his customary gruff snarl, and split-second timing, and among the supporting players I enjoyed most William Schallert's shrill off—the quarrelsome of sweet, bawling brando list what gives the film its modest but genuine interest as a lively Siegel's director.

The clever critics are, of course, fools to have made Siegel and most of their other favorites notable, i.e., directors whose alleged acuity transpires over Hollywood's conventionalism by inducing every frame of a familiar film with a marvellously personal style. It is very much like cigarettes: blissful if the champion of a given brand and he's not inclined to recognize it by its taste. Remove the credits from a film, and you must obnoxious amateur not know a Budd Boetticher from a Don Siegel, a Vincente Minnelli from a Stanley Kubrick, or Edward G. Robinson from a Joseph M. Newman. What makes a *Charlie Varrick* fun to watch, though, is that Siegel makes use of the accumulated wisdom of Hollywood through the years, all the readily elaborated, already tactical tricks of the trade. A piece of coral is not the worse for being just one piece off a great, anonymous reef. But not the better, either. B

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BOOKS MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

In the going days of Queen Victoria when revolution, like hanging and hanging, was a profession's pursuit, one of the more colorful and cultivated practitioners was Alexander Herzen, a Russian of aristocratic, though illegitimate, origins and ample means who lived as an emigré in London and other European cities. Professor E. H. Carr, in his delightful book *Revolution and Reaction*, gave a splendid account of Herzen and his circle, and now Derrick Macdonald—a great Herzen-fancier, an student of his brilliant one-time magazine, *Kolokol*, published in the *Pitt*—will recall his profound and often an abridged edition of Herzen's voluminous memoirs (*My Past and Thoughts*, The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen, Knopf, \$12.50). Another romantic exile, Sir Isaac Selts, Oxford don and fellow of All Souls, provides a



long, interesting and erudite introduction. He, too, obviously finds Herzen extremely sympathetic. The only essential difference between the two of them would seem to be that, whereas Herzen left the fundamental socialist dog in order to find a hand in finally ending it, Selts joined one British one with a view to keeping the flame, deceptively, still burning about a little longer.

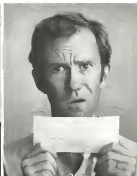
The sole criticism I can offer of this admirable enterprise is that, in abridging *My Past and Thoughts*, Macdonald has given us too little of Herzen's past and too much of his thoughts. *Revolution* still something of a politician himself, it is understandable enough that he should thus concentrate on his subject's political theories, activities—such as they were—and associations, while ignoring or greatly diminishing the more child and personal aspects of his life with which Carr has dealt so

amazingly. This detracts somewhat from the interest of the memoirs, but they still contain a mystery in their genre. Though, astonishingly speaking, Herzen was an incomparably more accomplished communicator than his fellow revolutionaries—English—not counting Marx and Engels—in true Herzen style, his life fused Bakunin, he easily gets carried into fantasy in consequence, his influence, considerable at the time, has not survived as well as his readability. Macdonald, however, continues to hold Herzen in high esteem as a revolutionary master, even in his present mood of bleak disillusionment, when, as he puts it, "were the Age of the new looks to me, if not golden, at least silver compared to the luster calamities of our last two Presidencies." I was interested to note, in a recent visit to Moscow, that, despite his strong hostility to Marx, Herzen is commemorated by a plaque on the house he lived in with his father.

How animated and agreeable they must have been, those discussions over the past and beauty in Herzen's comfortable residence in Victorian London, about how the down-trodden proletariat might be induced to make a revolution, and the happy all be filled with good things and the rich sent empty away. Finding this happy conversation, Herzen continued to enjoy an ample income, his large inheritance from his father having been transferred to him from Russia thanks to the astute management of the House of Rothschild—an operation that was merely cynically pragmatic. After all, it is the great looking human and their newspaper dependencies which, far more than the looking man, have sustained the revolutions of modern times. Talented as he was to say that only those who lived before the French Revolution could understand the sweetness of living (*obshchestvo* de sicut). Similarly, it might be said that the sweetness of being a revolutionary belonged to the era before the October Revolution. For a Herzen, certainly, as far as Engels, it was possible to advocate the overthrow of capitalism without relinquishing any of its benefits. The only sacrifice Herzen was called on to make in conducting his revolutionary activities was to live outside Russia—a deprivation he easily endured. Witness, between him, another well-beloved proponent of progressive causes, was what to leave that he had



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championed the oppressed all his life and never, in consequence, been required to eat a chop like him. Hence might have said the same.

It is difficult, an idealist's growth, to understand the passion for revolution which has gripped so many poor captive minds like Huxford's, and which seems today, if anything, more pronounced even than it was in his time, especially among the young. If one looks back on past revolutions, they seem to have passed almost entirely harmless in their consequences. Thus, the French Revolution produced first the Reign of Terror, followed by Napoleon, the father of nationalism, conservatism and other contemporary ills; then the moral and material apogee of the Third Republic. As for the Russian Revolution—thirty years of Bolshevism, with all its attendant lunacy, bloodshed and misadventure, might have been expected to crush its pillars forever. Instead, the hopes invested in it have just been transferred to the Chinese Communists, which, it is safe to predict, will in due course prove to have had consequences no less severe.

Even the mildest and most amiable of temperaments get infected with the bug. A case in point is John Doe Passon, whose letters and diaries have now been edited by Professor Townsend Kadington of the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. (The *Forresters Chronicle*, Guilford, N.C.) It makes an interesting and attractive volume. Professor Kadington's method is to trace the course of Doe Passon's life and attitudes by means of extracts from his correspondence, intermingled each week with a biographical summary covering the ensuing period. We follow him, mostly in his own words, into the 1914-18 war as a member of an ambulance unit, share with him the delirious experience—father-son, writes, as a matter of fact—of making the acquaintance of Karl's Europe, where, later, he goes along with Scott Fitzgerald, R.F. Cummings, Cummings and the other expatriate American writers. Most of the more pertinent letters are addressed to a fourth named Ramsey Murray, four years younger than himself, to whom he became emotionally attached when he was at Harvard. At that stage in his life he considers himself, curiously enough, as "a middle-class intellectual and camp follower of radical parties." As time is deferred of Sacco and Vanzetti, he is ready to make a personal appeal on behalf of life-saving counsel, and in the late Twenties makes the obligatory visit to the U.S.S.R., where doubts begin to assail him, though he is ready to go on assuming with Communists in the

general cause of anti-Fascism. Then comes the Spanish Civil War, causing him great distress over the murder by the Communists of his friend José Berling, and leading to a new with Hemingway, who Doe Passon considers, takes a very negative view of the matter. Soon he is eating sympathetic lunches in the direction of Roosevelt's New Deal, and thinking appreciatively of the American democratic passion whereby it came to pass, until he reaches the conclusion that "the C.P. is fundamentally opposed to our democracy as I see it," and that Marxism, "though an important force for the unborn sociological sciences, if held in a dogma, is a reactionary force and an impediment to progress." From that it is a short step to talking about "the bastardy Communists who in justice are puny Fascist." Lovely Doe Passon, incidentally, to have lived before the sociological sciences were born.

It is a Via Dolorosa that many of Doe Passon's fellow westerners found themselves following. By the time the McCarthy storm broke, he is not sure quite where he stands in relation to it, and he dies in 1970, at the age of seventy-four, harassed and troubled. His later books were reviewed with cordial and critically then his mother came. Was this, as he was inclined to believe, due to resentment at his change of political heart? Or did his writing deteriorate with the distress of his revolutionary fervor? Honestly it is a quality superior to enthusiasm, but the latter can be more conducive to literary creativity. The Doe Passon story, in any case, is a moral tale of our times, and Professor Kadington deserves credit for presenting it so lucidly, correctly, and readably.

Now let us consider a revolutionary, who has stuck to his guns, or at any rate his dogma—Professor E.J. Hobsbawm. His latest publication (*Relationships*, Pantheon, \$1.95) is a collection of essays dating as far back as 1925, with titles such as "Revolutionary Impact on Marxism," the class war and anarchism. They all convey a sense which has somehow managed to hold fast to Communist party membership, acrobatically grappling with formidable obstacles like the Spanish Civil War which so distressed Doe Passon, as well as the Stalinist purges and the Nazi-Soviet pact. In the same sort of way, one has read liberal Catholic polemics for the Baptism, the Crusades and the wars of religion. To the last of the essays—"Intellectuals and the Class Struggle"—Professor Hobsbawm departs from his habitual laud and diatribe style and allows himself to become auto-

biographical, thereby, to rise at any rate, to a more readable. As a Central European and a Jew, he enjoys, revolution came to him as naturally as riding down to the Swiss. Life was a western in which the good guys were all on the Left and the bad guys on the Right. Instead of cops and robbers, Socialists and Fascists. In England, where his family settled, these demarcations were less distinct than in Vienna or Prague, and as a relatively progressive and socially established Jew at an English university, he can scarcely regard himself as a Kierkegaard or Proust-certified party member and class-war socialist. Yet somehow he has held on, and now, with what he considers another and bigger capitalist crime looming after the long summer of Keynesian affluence, he feels he may yet see the dialectic work out as anticipated, and the Marxist millennium duly come to pass. This, at any rate, is the hope, though even then the professor's bourgeois liberalism and liberalism is the English social scene may be expected to tell against his playing a major role in the expected universal event if it happens. What he fails to explain, I suppose because it is inconceivable, is how he found it possible to follow Stalin's twist and turn of Soviet policy and the party line—and still remain, at any rate in his own estimation, a Marxist believer and a revolutionary activist.

Let me conclude, on this score, these of revolutionaries, on a note of pure fact. John Strachey, a member of the upper-middle-class family which produced Lillian Strachey, of *Eastward Ho!* fame, was an ideological wanderer indeed. He began as a Conservative, his father, Sir Leo Strachey, being a famous editor of the *Spectator*; then, in succession, he became a Socialist, a close disciple of Oswald Spengler, a Communist, a member of the governing triumvirate of the Left Book Club, a Socialist again, and, finally, a member of the post-1945 and anti-Labour Government. Professor Hugh Thomas—whose excellent book on the Spanish Civil War will be reissued—has written a detailed study of this leftist voyage of flux which well repays reading. (John Bantam, Harper & Row, \$8.00.) Strachey emerges as an immensely kind of carbon self-interested, not one point he married a rich American widow for her money, apostate ambition and family dependency. After the outbreak of the Nazi-Soviet pact, Professor Thomas told us, Strachey probably said a thousand words' worth of Russian Five-Year Plan. (Continued on page 50.)

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HANGING OUT
ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

I've never lied to you in this column. Maybe a few exaggerations, a little coloring here and there, but never an entire lie. So right now at the opening I come straight out and tell you that the dinner and evening I most describe spent with Merle Miller never happened.² It could have, might have—but didn't. If you demanded to know why I'm forced into this totally dishonest situation, I'll tell you.

More than a month ago Mark called me and, barely coherent, began raving how just an hour before he'd been informed that his Truman book, *Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry Truman* (Putnam, \$9.95), had been chosen a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for February. Obviously to me was that in the hour before phoning he'd had thirty or forty drinks, but the message was clear: Merle Miller had been tapped to enter the pantheon of the post-greats. And about time.

Morris had called, not just because we are friends and he knew I'd be interested, but for more complex reasons. You see, for a period of about five years, from 1959 to 1964, as a sometime TV producer, I had lured Morris to Hollywood to develop a simple premise that "we could be #1 wealthy, and #2 a household word. For reasons I won't now explain, though I'll always clear my part, nothing had passed out. One of the projects was the Truman series, planned to be thirteen hours, but after a year of development, it was almost (but never aired) when one of the three networks would agree to buy and thus further finance the series. A half-million-dollar disaster for David Susskind, who had underwritten the two pilot films, but, even so, the project was not abandoned. An idea was lost for all time. Marie had written briefly of this in her book, *Galy You, Dark Germany*, and I used the circumstance to motivate a two-part article on Truman in this magazine a couple of years ago. Since the experience with the former President, which took place in 1946-47, I had never again had the opportunity to hook from the radio tape he'd made with Harry Truman, Truman's friends and associates, plus an incredible accumulation of notes. Another key reason to write the book was Marie's special feeling for Mr. Truman which developed out of a relationship that began in 1941, when, as Truman, seventy-one years old, but still in excellent command

responded in pure an-bullshit terms to a man he came to trust. Old Harry had been pretty well sanitized by his ghosts in both the *Memoirs* and *Mr. Cribbs*, but to Marko, who not only did endless and fruitful homework but also played the Iowa hayseed to the left, Truman responded as good-old-boy to good-prosperity-boy. The result? Authentic Harry Truman from birth to retirement, and that, friends, is no small thing when the subject is a man who changed the history of the world.

Twelve years after the event, with Truman gone, Marle did write the book, and now on the phone he admitted that writing the book club novel he would render inoperative all previous better comments about my false promises. He would be rich—well, moderately—and in those homes where B.O.N.C. subscribers lived and read he would indeed be a household



were. "Ask," he said, "for a book I really don't much give a damn about." Hold on, I said, how much would he get from the book club? Well, he said, there was an actual guarantee of a nice healthy sum. "You may learn to love this book, *Here!*," I told him. "Plus Speaking may very well become your most majestic achievement." Over the phone came the second of liquid against glass, a distinct gurgle. "Come to think of it," Burke said, "The beverage is fed a surge of pride even as we speak."

The following day I learned that excerpts from *Phonetic Speaking* would appear in this issue of *Esquire*. Why not, then, do a column about Merle to appear at the same time? An unshakable plug for a friend and his worthy book, which, incidentally, is partly dedicated to me. I mean, let's keep things in the open here. To another material for the column we

would, first, meet for dinner in New York, Merle coming down from Brewster and I from eastern Long Island, then maybe take a walk, catch a movie, just, you know, hang out for an evening. Fine. Then, time passed while I flourished in a screenplay, and more time passed, and here I am a week beyond deadline, forced to insert the whole thing.

The way it would have happened is that I would pick the restaurant... But wait a minute!

First I have to tell you I was sent *Plum Speechnig*, over six hundred manuscript pages, and read it in one interrupted afternoon. Some impressive stuff, but I was not very impressed. Mr. Clinton is wiped out, especially Miss Margaret Truman's living treatment is wiped out. Those of you with long memories can also forget my minor effort of two years ago; lucky I got my idea in early, before the book was written. I was not reading this; there has never been a book like it and will never be again. Not that future journalists will be capable of matching Miller's efforts, but there will not ever again be a subject like Harry Truman. I am not sure the White House considers what we've had done. I'm talking about plagues, not politics. Historic that the random of television would not put in a series about Harry Truman, would refuse to share the Truman Library with me. I was in an appointment with the same extraordinary, learned early historians—that appear in *Plum Speechnig*. Ironic because Harry Truman was the last President of the United

represented by the most overpowering of the modern, television, media. The only other leading role as electronic images on the small screen. Whatever story he was, senior of the so-called *Pro World or Cold War* architect and wife, Harry Truman was real. Can we say the same for the Eisenhower, the Kennedy, the Johnson, the Nixon? What do we know of these people beyond that which we are allowed to see on twenty-one inches in aerial color? What's behind the makeup, the staged performances, the planted questions? Howard Baker's statement: "Presidential matters!" Galt, maybe. But no is Alan Alda, and he's a better actor.

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television I can still regret that loss. Over and over Harry Truman warned me he would not be a "placemat," meaning no makeup, no fakery. Sure, the questions were planned, the areas defined, but they were honest and probing, and I asked the good, hard, sometimes personal questions. Friendly, yes, because, though Merle had come to the project not as a Truman lover, exposed to many of the former President's policies, but as a man even when it came clear that even in his political career, from Missouri road builder to master of the most powerful office in the world, had Harry Truman ever acted as an honest man, he was never, never to enrich himself or friends, but only out of a cold, tough love, developed by a lifetime of lessons learned from great books, and, yes, a deeply rooted American tradition. It would also be simple and direct, as if I've written of before. In my first meeting with Harry Truman to do one of the most important jobs of film, I presented two of Merle's projects: the *Brutus* and the *Ken尼迪* film. For the *Brutus*, since Merle's idea, we would take Mr. Truman to the museum in Hiroshima. His answer? "I'd go to Japan," he said, "but I won't know that man." The second was all of it. He did what he did, and no regrets.

So far, all very good, but now I have to go into my art, to be charitable, use dramatic license. Let's say, then, that Merle and I are trapped to meet for dinner at *Pier Six*—yes, we'll make that the Roman Tea Room at seven-thirty. Driving into the city I'd wonder why I was doing this. It is to see Merle, yes, but to see what about him, and to see what I can't discover that Merle himself hasn't already revealed? Except for my opinion about his age—mid-fifties, I'd guess—his did everything. But what was it about him, or his life, his back experiences, he will, when you say, "What's new, Merle?" "I tell it all. And we'd already done that by telephone. So, even in a President's meeting, what will I point out that he talk about? Friends for fifteen years, we should have plenty to talk out. How about his next book? No good. He'd already told me that he was thinking of doing something on the Forties as George. Comfortable, like the nineteenth century. Merle has been in the 1940s. The war, you know, and a time of incredible changes for that man's generation. He'd been wartime editor of *Vox*, had written the *Brutus*, and, of course, *Ken尼迪*. *Pier Six*, then, became an editor of *Harper's* magazine and wrote a book about McCarthyism and the political blacklist. A heavy participant

in those years, at the same time a pretty cool observer. No Colonel Crisp, he the colonel ("he's aggressive") being one of the colorful major characters out of Harry Truman's youth, a journalist New Journalist known as a counterfactual who kept an telling tale of events he claimed to have seen. After one "great speech down at a picnic at Lone Jack," Henry reported, the colonel was being conducted by a friend of Truman's father, who'd actually been in the scene of a described battle. "God-damn an everything anyone," old Crisp said. "He always speaks a good story."

Well, if I have to make up my meeting with Merle, why not go to it as I might in a movie. Know the people involved, put them together, and see what happens. All right, so I would arrive at the Tea Room at seven twenty-eight. The place will be empty of theatricians and beginning to be refilled with ordinary diners. I would have reserved one of the front booths and Merle will arrive at seven-thirty-one, having on various reasons excuses plans to be read on his face. He's a man with a purpose who thinks he may be in the wrong restaurant. I would have come empty-handed, but he will have an attack case. Seven books under his arm (just bought at discount from Mar-boro's two doors down), and a thick envelope filled with God-knows-what and covered with today's notes. Merle, surprised at my complete absence, asked, "What's new, Merle?" "I tell it all. And we'd already done that by telephone. So, even in a President's meeting, what will I point out that he talk about? Friends for fifteen years, we should have plenty to talk out. How about his next book? No good. He'd already told me that he was thinking of doing something on the Forties as George. Comfortable, like the nineteenth century. Merle has been in the 1940s. The war, you know, and a time of incredible changes for that man's generation. He'd been wartime editor of *Vox*, had written the *Brutus*, and, of course, *Ken尼迪*. *Pier Six*, then, became an editor of *Harper's* magazine and wrote a book about McCarthyism and the political blacklist. A heavy participant

in those years, at the same time a pretty cool observer. No Colonel Crisp, he the colonel ("he's aggressive") being one of the colorful major characters out of Harry Truman's youth, a journalist New Journalist known as a counterfactual who kept an telling tale of events he claimed to have seen. After one "great speech down at a picnic at Lone Jack," Henry reported, the colonel was being conducted by a friend of Truman's father, who'd actually been in the scene of a described battle. "God-damn an everything anyone," old Crisp said. "He always speaks a good story."

interpose a nonaggression between the United States and the Soviet Union, but there was the Ambassador at before lunch meeting, severely disappointing some details of our trip, giving an answer of people to call. All at once Merle said, "Mr. Ambassador, under the circumstances what are the chances of a nuclear war within the week?" Campos never lost his smile and said calmly, "Fifty-fifty."

On that same day in Washington Merle also learned the word that the U.S. invasion of Cuba was scheduled for Sunday. It was seven o'clock on Saturday evening when we took off on Viajet Airlines to Rio (freedom) to see de Janeiro, not easily known as there would be a world to land on. Well, of course, you all know the end to that story, but one year later ended quite badly, so badly in fact that some weeks later I was forced to abandon a personal Merle in the waters of northeast Brazil. Forced to you understand.

At my reserved Tea Room dinner, silence would be broken to order a drink, following which I would simply observe how the evening hour is perhaps a tiny bit thinner than when last seen, Merle scattering with a snappy comment that I've put on weight. Sharp, witty stuff like that, real Round Table banter, and I might suddenly realize that over the years we've written so often about each other that there's nothing left to say. Also, quite frankly, nothing much had happened since. The real life Brazilian episode, for instance, I'd just have to wait for the book after the one on the Fluctus. Merle may be a little slow in getting around in things, but that's because he's thoughtful. Given the opportunity, he'll argue against France and chew on some. You have to understand, it's an Iowa thing.

And so, at this dinner I'm exercising a lot of what skills of a son for any real significant contemporary subject, spurred only by the fact that I've been motivated to be to you as a means of gathering ideas, material, we might once again briefly return the fact that we'll therefore have of film were never completed, that even the two episodes we did produce, the first a personal look at Truman in retirement, the second, at the time, has an affinity of the Korean decision, were never shown anywhere and are today buried in vaults, or maybe lost completely.

But, and we would never go over that land territory, not again. With Merle's hand in hand, we need to waste time on old business. Is fact, who needs go to New York to see Merle Miller?

I've finished. ■

If not now, when?



FEELING RUSTY HILLS

Every five months I get a packet of six really mixed-bag paperback novels from an outfit called the Warner Paperback Library. One of these scrappy bunches, for instance, included a book called *How To Survive Parenthood*; a novel based on the screenplay of *Cheppato Jaws*; *Faster! A Reader's Diary*, about Ted, Lene and David and the Grand Prix Circuit"; a novel about blacklisting; and a novel about Mary Queen of Scots. The latest batch has a book about an "indiscreet" woman in the White House, *Robt Shores Behind* (you can imagine how sick I am of anything to do with the Bible); *Being Safe*, which says on the cover, "You better read this book! Protect yourself! Protect your property"; a book by Simone de Beauvoir; *Letters to the Nappy Reader*, full of all the dirty stuff strangers write Karna Hollister; and *They Lost Two Foss*, which is a science fiction from *Walt Whitman* magazine.

I mention this because I sort of worry and wonder about Warner Paperback Library. What can they be thinking of? Someone told me they were the publishing division of the National Cash Register Company. Even now that I know they really aren't, I can't get the idea out of my head. Do they know what they're doing? The only reason I care is that they also publish my own little book—*I'll tell you what it was*, except that Don Erickson asked Roger Kahn not to mention his *Boys of Summer* in his Sports column, so it came out of me right the way to about *How To Do Things Right: The Revolution of a Fanny Man* (twenty-five copies) here in my column.

Actually, I can use a play a lot more than I know what I'm doing. I made a real bundle on *The Boys of Summer* (it sold about 100,000 copies in hard cover, and in paperback to New American Library for what his editor at Harper & Row, Ben Weyth, calls "a moderate sum") and was a major selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club; and was number one on the best-seller list for twenty-one weeks.

I think that when you get a success like that it's sort of like a dream about everything about you. Everything; from the way you play tennis to the way you feel sorry for yourself. I received my acquaintance with Roger last spring when we were both doing a session for a couple of days at an Esquire sales meeting. It

wasn't a really good time in his life and, as I'm some kind of semi-professional expert on feeling sorry for oneself, we talked a lot. He wasn't able to be just plain sorry; the way I've always been able to be—fortunately, or unfortunately, I can't decide which. He had to face the additional problem of money-worth racism. There he was, author of the acclaimed *Boys of Summer*, number-one best seller for twenty-six weeks, B.O.N.C., fat paperback sale, etc. and still unhappy I saw this without (now, or not much—anyway, with sympathy).

How great it must be, though, to have this kind of racism when you're really able to enjoy it. I've got galleys of a novel here by a friend and neighbor of mine in Stamford, Peter Benchley. People were talking about the success of this book a year before publication. At a cocktail



party in New York City early last spring, Wilfrid Stead, in his U.C. British mumble, had to say the title of this novel five times to Jay Williams before she got it. "Jaws!" she'd ask "Gaww!" she'd ask, it's called *Jaws*, and it's one of those fortunate-for-the-author books that can be summarized in one sentence. It's about a huge shark attacking people off a Long Island resort town. And of course once you start reading it, you will it right down.

Peter Benchley has made a fortune on this book months before publication. I have a note here, titled "THE POOP ON JAWS," from Susan Schwartz, assistant to Tom Coughlin, my editor at Doubleday who is also Peter's editor at Doubleday. \$7,500 advance from Doubleday—on the basis of a four-page letter outline, \$10,000 reprint from Doubleday—three publishers had after half a million. Book-of-the-Month Club dual

selection for March, 1974, \$42,500 guarantee, Reader's Digest Condensed Books selection for March, 1974, \$50,000 guarantee; Playboy Book Club selection for March, 1974, \$15,000 guarantee. Also sold to Bantam (hard cover and soft cover), Denmark, Spain ("They hold an auction in Spain!"), Holland, Japan, Norway, and Finland (Finland!). Also a couple hundred thousand for the movie sale. I heard once that it all added up to about \$600,000. No one ever says, "Nearly a million," but that's what it clearly is. All this before it's published.

You've got to realize, too, to understand what I'm talking about, that Peter Benchley is tall and good-looking and modest and has a gorgeous wife and a real little writing studio on a big family island. Also he was at tennis! In the Wadsworth Club semifinals he beat Jeff Brown, who has the Peirt House in Stamford, leading the whole village geographically, and in the author of *Fast Stray*, a book about a boy who becomes one half inch thick when a bullet board falls on him in the middle of the night, a book that's been selling along for years but hasn't had the success of *Jaws*, to say the least of it. Anyway, Peter beat Jeff in the club semifinals even though Peter had leg cramps—very dramatic it was, too. Plus he gets the fun of doing the screenplay of his book in his next little studio.

There's obviously a lot of money to be made in writing. It's flying around all over, if just some of it would stick. Some of us were discussing this last summer over the used-book tables (wonderful bargains) at the Stamford village fair (wonderful fair). Steinigman is a small town on a peninsula in northern Connecticut, almost in Rhode Island. It used to have about fifty fishing boats and three writers, now it seems almost the other way around.

Anthony Bider was there. He now spends most of the year in England, but he lived for about ten years down on School Street. He's written a lot of books, fiction and nonfiction, notably one called *In the Village*, which he considered a low letter to Steinigman, and it probably is but it got a lot of people mad at him. So discovered that no matter what you say about them, most people really don't like to be written about at all. The good little Steinigman bookstore, run by Dorothy Brown, sells an average of two copies. (Continued on page 42)

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RECORDINGS MARTIN MAYER

Shortly before this appears, if well-timed plans go right, Philip de Gruenewitz will begin unrolling what will eventually be a twenty-eight-disc Anthology of the German Lied, an assist by Heinrich Frey. This is not really a triumph for the handsome blond baritone, because his original project called for fifty-seven discs. "I understood that was too much," he says, "but now I have to leave with at least thirty volumes." Still, it will do for a start, and we are going to learn something from it, too, especially about the formatters of the form (the first half dozen discs are devoted to composers before Schubert) and about the two-of-the-century composers like Pfitzen and Kerner who are much more deeply identified at home than here, perhaps—this could say so—because we do not know their songs.

Frey is the first great singer of my acquaintance whose dramatic instincts are essentially comic. His faint role in my experience has been Papageno in Mozart's *Die Flöte*, but his recording is of Telemann's delightful *Die Schönefänger* (1983), and in his own mind his most significant success outside Germany has been as Fagotto in Wagner's *Der Ring*. "For me to sing Fagotto at La Scala," Frey says, modestly not being his strong suit, "is like Gussak singing Lehar's *at Bayreuth*." One's enthusiasm of better recited tend to be dominated by moments of great dramatic force wrought in purely individual, necessarily unrepeatable—Lotte Lehmann's *Die Kiste* being, I suppose, the best example Frey cannot do that, and he does not sing (which distinguishes him from Dietrich Fischer-Breske, who also cannot do it, but does try, all the time). His assets are a rich voice rather than a fine mind, an extremely sensible musicality, and an unusually subtle rhythmic sense. For those who feel that the pulse of a song must never be sacrificed for merely verbal musings, Frey is among the most satisfying vocalists around.

Perhaps because of his emphasis on received as distinct from theatrical values, Frey has always gone after "a piece, not an acquaintance" to support him. "The light is good for years, but most frequent companion was Alfred Brendel, and he deals with special pleasure a recital of Makler's early Wanderer songs with Rafal Kubiak at the piano." ("When he played the piano, you could hear the whole Makler or-

chestra.") Planning the Anthology Frey had hoped to employ a galaxy of pianists, but neither Kubiak (for Makler) nor Schnitzler (for Pfitzen) could clear the necessary time. Backlash died before he could join Frey for the Backlash songs they had agreed to record together. Kumpf looked away because he had not looked at the Schubert songs for a quarter of a century. Still, Frey was able to make arrangements with some major pianists, and with one of the contemporary composers—Ernst Krumpholtz.

Recording sessions for this project have been arduous, way since early 1971. Frey estimates a week to make each disc, which is a long time when you consider that there are no technical setup requirements whatever. "Always the same studio, the same crew, the piano moves in the same place. The only thing different is that



at the end of the week we go out to a different restaurant." The set list and Schumann cycles will be available outside the albums as single discs.

Frey has also done a good deal of television—two monthly-minute programs a year, for the national channel in Germany—and perhaps PBS could bring as some of that some day. He himself is not entirely happy with the results. "I did the Schubert *Idyllen* in Badenweiler, with twelve or fifteen people watching also in Badenweiler, and that was very nice but I thought it was a little too much. Der Wanderer we did only marvelous pictures by Rainer David Friedrich, who lived at the same time as Schubert though they didn't know each other. This year they wanted me to do *Pierrot* again, but I refused, because there should be a new way to do it, and they didn't have one. In

television." Frey added gloomily, "we are still young."

The American promoter of leader on television has been Donald Grams, who gave a series of ten-minute sets after the Montepulciano Theatre last spring, with no staging at all. Grams does more opera than he does these days, in a really remarkable variety of roles ranging from Hamlet and Desdemona to Wagner and Beethoven, and his Philip II was the saving grace of Sarah Caldwell's great *Proteus* season Don Carlos in Boston. Having seen Christoff, Glasnov and Sosa in his home as Verdi's King, I am not prepared to say that Grams's was the best in my experience, but that was the league in which he was playing. And to be dramatically convincing in the Orpheus Theatre is quite an accomplishment, when you consider that the great woman the theatre also does not, and needs."

Grams and Frey share a sole (Paganini), but Grams is as much a host as a hostess in his home he says. He is (most agree) Baroque rather than Paganini. His voice is not as supple as Frey's, but he is in every way a more intellectual artist. This does not mean more intelligent, in every sense educated, in fact, Grams left high school in his native Milwaukee with the feeling that "I will never get me to school again unless you drag me and drag me." I have seen him in my last three, well, but what are memories from a Grams performance in the dramatic theatre rather than a musical communication. Those who recall Harold Steiner with him and the possibilities Grams was Steiner's pupil.

As a veteran of the New York City Opera and Santa Fe, Grams is used to standing on his own feet on a stage, and conductors have to watch him because he is almost too unrighted to watch them. ("If they ever stop wearing white cuffs," he says, "I'm in trouble.") For all the opera, though, he is singing now Grams's first love and his favorite one—opera, and he has thirty recital dates this season. He likes to tell a story about Robert Craft explaining to him the importance of the personal pulse in a musical interpretation. "On some days you've had a harrowing experience on Madison Avenue and your pulse is faster, other days are when you had a nap and your pulse is slow," Grams says, "I asked him, 'What if you had a nap and your pulse is slow, but your conductor had

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a harrowing experience on Madison Avenue!" And he said, "Well, it's the conductor's experience that counts..." That's why singers prefer Leder.

Gianni would like to do Winterreise on television, too, maybe in German with English lyrics. Anyone who is interested in the educational value of this affordable medium might think of the possibilities of watching and hearing Pavarotti the great Schubert cycle one night and Gianni the next. We would learn something about singing, about Schubert, and about the human condition.

If I were put in a corner and forced to specify the recording with the greatest vocal cast ever assembled, I would be hard put to choose between Seraphim's Verdi *Requiem* (Cappella, Shuman, Giff, Piusa, still in print on Seraphim) and Bonham's *Mezze Voce* (Burger, Lennart, Benvenuto, Hatch, Striano, still in print on the Turnabout label). I would have to lean finally toward the second, in compensation for a necessary loss, because the great Italian artists of the 1950s were part of the background of the world for me, growing up musically in America during and just after the Second World War—while Bonham's cast were all more or less unknown. For they were Hitler's Berlin Opera, and it was unthinkable to my people that there could be an artistic life of any value in Hitler's Germany.

As noted last month, BARS is now in process of filling in some of the gaps in our knowledge of what was clearly a great flowering of opera. The previous two disc additions from the work of Helge Benvenuto and Maria Cebotari are now supplemented by a similar set of recordings by Rosa Berger, which include fifteen minutes of junks by Pavarotti and some highly anachronistic Verdi, but also some wonderfully dense Offenbach and Gluck as well as the incommensurable Mozart and Strauss (I am informed by a Californian correspondent, incidentally, that another Berger disc counts on the imported Da Capo label, including excerpts from *Pique* and *Cost Fan Turle*).

Now, most of these recordings are from wartime Germany (a few are immediately prewar, and a couple of the Berger discs are immediately postwar). All these people were, at the least, willing to work with Nazis. All three of them probably could have gotten out of Germany if they had wished—Benvenuto was Danish, Cebotari was Romanian, Berger had been brought up in Paraguay and was married to a Norwegian. They all played to the better end, so did

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the two extraordinary conductors—Arter Holter and Hans Blomhoff—whose Verdi and Puccini on the Renaissance and Colonial discs are object lessons in how to preserve correct phrasing even though the opera is sung in an incorrect language.

I think we just have to face it: our understanding of the possibilities of performance of certain music, we have in proportion to the way we rely on account of political sentiments the experience of certain great artists who had unbearable political preferences. Less, like Mass's Nationalist, believed that music was "politically neutral." So it is, I guess, and any further thoughts on this I leave to you—except to note that no leads are provided in the NARS album, and that the identification of the excerpts is not always trustworthy.

This seems a reasonable context in which to consider two new Karajan recordings of Handel's *The Messiah* (Ampex) and Puccini's *La Bohème* (London). Both have moments of almost unbearable sermons beauty with exquisite orchestral execution by the Berlin Philharmonic and in the Puccini work lovely singing by Luciano Pavarotti and Mirella Freni. The Raring version of the Handel acquires a sadness I had no notion was there, with Gendreau's tenor's tender Karajan's insistence making nothing phrases that give new meaning to well-known sentences, her brief poem to the young one could be Handel's. The music's portentiousness, moreover, whether in the orchestral introduction of *The Messiah* or Puccini's expression of the bitter cold at the beginning of Act III of *La Bohème*, is evocative to a degree unrivaled in my experience.

Yet in the end I think both performances fail, essentially because Karajan insists on imposing a philosophy not so much justified as world-weary. He operates these facts as a reaction and reaction, which, for his effects on interpretational phrasing rather than on the grand sweep of a composition. When he makes himself, the statement is immense, but because the music must be clearly, from so delicately etched is valid they shock more than they move. Besides, the tempo are too slow, too often I would not wish to talk not out of listening to these performances. The music is so accomplished and pulled beyond the imagination of ordinary music, that it may be that a degree of vulgarity is necessary for Karajan's philosophy to be palatable, and his current otherworldly mood reveals not a great truth but a great void.

Is a somewhat less philosophical

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LOEWS HOTELS
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vein, notice should be taken of some other recent operatic and vocal recordings. Two from the eighteenth century are entirely outstanding. First, *Bonanno's Coffer of Pallas* (Telefonos), performed by the indispensable *Consortium Musicae* of Nidkorn Hammercourt and a fine cast of soloists headed by Giovanni Bosony, Zeger Vassendrasse, Jurettia Bonvetti and Norma Lerne. Bonanno is a subtle response, and some patience will be necessary, especially for a work that lasts more than three hours (don't try to take it all in one sitting). But there are gems everywhere in these beautifully crafted settings, and Hammercourt is always conscious of a unique performing instruction with absolute unswerving probity.

Second, Handel's *Semele* (Vanguard), which is much more approachable to modern ears though in fact written only seven years later. The performance is by Johannes Bonny and the English Chamber Orchestra, with a cast including Sheila Armstrong, Helen Watts, Robert Tear and Jessica Dun. Bonny is strong. Miss Armstrong, the least known, turns out to be one of the great Handel singers of our era. And the work itself is one of Handel's best, full of those great striding tunes and archetyped choruses, and that wonderfully masculine approach to ladies and their voices. The performance as a whole seems to me the best work Bonny has done on record.

Verdi's *Giocosa d'Amore* (Angel) is a flawed work from the period of his life that Verdi himself described as slavery to the audience. But it has the best of all his unrepentant cheap country marches (in the Cathedral scene which opens the second act) plus splendid songs for Jone of Arc and for her father—who betrays her to the English, as Selenia's only brother, because he is convinced she has been possessed by the Devil. The performance offers superior vocalists by Placido Domingo, Montserrat Caballe and Sherill Milnes, and vigorous, appropriately pompous leadership from James Levine. No Verdi set can be without it; but I don't recommend it much to those who can take their Verdi on leave it alone.

Also worthy of note is a second volume of Monteverdi Madrigals (three from *Book III* and *IV*), performed with deliberately ripe modern vocal style (as, among others, Sheila Armstrong) under the direction of Raymond Leppard (Philips). There is deeply emotional strain, a revelation of the fires that burned beneath the surface of Benvenuto's madman's poetry, and (Continued on page 45)



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FICTION

(Continued from page 20) a day, of *In the Village*; and now that Koppel is remembering the book, Dorothy Brown will lay a job list of them from the rememberer house, upon on which Bailey gets no reply. Ash Green, who has a lovely old wood-paneled farmhouse with large stone fireplace up in Stonington and is managing editor of Koppel, says that it's cheaper to reprint a book than it is to use warehouse space.

Anyway, those of us Stonington authors who haven't made a killing with one writing—what is most of us—dream about it and talk about it. Someone had been talking about money with the Money agent, Candia Gossard, who's gotten a lot of money for a set of people. She's agent for George J. Finsch, John Chesser, Mario Puzo, and dozens and dozens of others who really make it—plus being spent for quite a few old friends. Candia has one of the best by old elegant houses on Main Street. She'd mentioned—apparently by way of consolation, although I think it had the opposite effect on most of us—that a recent book by a friend who spent a couple of summers in Stonington, Arthur Herwig, had been sold to paperback for \$150,000. Some of us were commiserating with one another about that.

"It won't be like Peter Benchley's success!" I was saying.

"I don't want to hear any more about that, either," says someone.

"It will just make Arthur more miserable. What book can it be, anyway? Surely it's not that last one about fraud in American language?"

George de Key had been listening to us. He runs a very successful small publishing company called *It's Yours & Co. Inc.*, and the word is true: that he bought his big old house on a hill right in the middle of the village with what Judy Langauge called for the company. He was once in a way of an in-law of Hanson's in a complicated way.

"It's either better or worse," said George, "depending on how you look at it. Arthur's got another hundred and fifty thousand for the movie rights to the book. It's about a swarm of bees that undergo mutation."

I smiled softly. This I thought of a moment of Eleanor Remy, once managing editor of *Mademoiselle*, who lives on Main Street, again in a lovely old house, this time with a fabulous garden. Summer and winter, every afternoon for about five years in her upstairs study, Eleanor has been working on a biography of Franz Leitz under contract to Atlantic. Her mother, Grace Stone—Gracie

Elizabeth Stone, who wrote the best seller *The Better Tea of General Tea*, and wrote a lot of other best sellers under the pen name "Ethel Vance"—is there with her summer, in Rome in the summer of 1960, and thought of her. (They Chesser, again of Main Street and a sort of in-law of mine in a complicated way, who's been working hard for five years too, on a book about the French writer, Georges Bernanos. I wondered how their advances would average out—how much, say, per hour of work? Still, God knows, there is money in writing. It's living all around, if just any sense of it is worth it.)

Kurt Vonnegut was here at the fair this morning. I said "Just passing through on his way to Cape Cod. He was driving this brand-new Mercedes. He was joking, but it had about fourteen miles on it, it was so new. He said it was the first expensive thing he'd done. He said he was number one as the best-seller in the world. He'd just come down to the Mercedes showroom, on Park Avenue or wherever it is, bought it off the lot, and drives on it."

Everyone agreed that it is able to do that is to make a dream come true, except for Jay Williams, author of *State of Grace*, another Doubleday book, who lives near Stonington sometimes. "Why didn't he buy a Jaguar?" says Jay.

Gene Lichtenstein, who is an editor at Harcourt Mifflin and has a house on Water Street with a great view to the west out over the harbor and Fishers Island. Some says to me, "I really liked your book, East, and I wanted to buy it for my paperback line, but none of the other editors liked it at all, and I could never have paid you twenty thousand dollars anyway."

"It's absolutely true what Nora Ephron says about you, Gene," I tell him. "You never give a competent without taking it back before you. How come you mention twenty thousand?"

"I heard that what Warren Paperback Library paid you," says Gene. "I said 'I was Warren Paperback Library and me four thousand dollars. Of which Doubleday keeps half. And I worry and wonder about Warren Paperback Library, anyway, you ought to see the crazy books they keep sending me. I think they keep their money in their cash registers.'"

"You've got Enquire keeps you going," says someone.

"Do you know what they pay me?" I ask, grilling a biography of me in New York last week. Bob Aronson told me what *New York* is paying

Nora, and it nearly made me cry."

"What are you working on now, Bailey?" asks Jay Williams, clearly changing the subject but, it seemed to me, also shifting the attention.

"I'm writing a historical novel about the seventeenth-century in America," says Bailey. "Benedit Atwood can't force it."

"I was just reading a book by Gore Vidal about him," I said.

"That was about Abner Barn, East," says Jay, "not Benedit Atwood. In fact, *Never* is what it was called."

"Well," I say, "I just skimmed it. It was really dull."

Everyone looks at me. Sometimes it seems I don't see what they're thinking, just as long as they look at me.

"Anyway," continues Bailey, "my wife's really about the period. I haven't got it worked out yet. At this point it's rather like *The French Lieutenant's Woman* without the woman."

"The French Lieutenant's Woman without the woman," says Jay. "Goodness."

"Remember," I ask Bailey, "has you and that Benedit Atwood that play about all these ex-slaves gathered on an island off Africa? You were going to make a killing on that."

"No need to worry about that now," says someone. "That's during the authorized biography of James Thurber, and he'll clean up on that."

"It seems to me, though," I say, "that for a novel to be a big popular success, it's got to have something threatening in it, like a great white shark or a mutated swarm of bees. Something that might bite."

"Tom Caudin wrote me the other day," says Jay, "and said I should just send him four-page letter columns describing a high-quality popular novel about a town in which all the people somehow turn out to be different mammals, called *The Changeling*."

"Do it," says everybody. "Do it!"

"Tom's my editor, for heaven's sake," I say. "How come he never comes to me with an idea like that? Trouble with my work is it's got to be a lot of utterly toothless murdering. But it makes everybody I know mad at me, anyway." *

ENQUIRE REMEMBERED:

The Poor's Story, edited by Howard Moss. Knopf.

The Sunflower, by Alex Ross. Doubleday.

Nickel Mountain, by John Gardner. Knopf.

Orion: Men's Daughters, by Richard Stone & P. Dutton.

SPORTS ROGER KAHN

There was a lady once, not the right lady to be sure, but she let me down in the sea. She was unattractive and, some what mean in the north, but the frozen made her bloom and there she stood on the seacoast of Barbados, holding moribel, figgers, a neck and leotard. Parrot flowers brightened her colors. I swam for a long time behind the flowers and a plot of thorns.

When at length I turned, sea-right around me. The shore must have been a mile away. But a moribel robe is a dependable friend and I hunched the fear and lived a week beyond forgetting. The warm Caribbean lay past you. A girl offering what I married as love.

She was pale-skinned in her fashion, but faded. She never dared or dared to dive beneath the surface, either in life or on that second sea.

Now in another decade, it has come time to challenge death. "We'll get you to a hundred and thirty feet in a few days," says Gordon Young of Nassau, as casually as though diving certain fathoms deep were an elevator ride.

"What will be down there, Gordon?" I say, thinking. These are pearls that were his eyes.

"Nothing to be afraid of, except yourself."

Gordon Young, forty-three, out of Barbos and a Marine Corps close-combat unit, would have advanced both Hemingway and Maupassant. He is clean-shaven, agile, powerful, running about two hundred and twenty solid pounds, and he has strong, confident luster in people, life-style and poetry. "I must prove to tell a story," Gordon Young says, and, when the Hemingway story fast, he speaks substantial chunks of *The Gleanings of Sam Miller*, or *Best*, or Alfred Noyes' *hunting The Night* again.

Young runs a number of sea businesses in Nassau from a little office on East Bay Street and under a palmy alicon called The Cove. Through Underwater Tours he takes sport divers, novice and veteran, down to reefs that glow with parrot fish. Royal Gleanings programs and grants. Through Underwater Engineering he undertakes variously hazardous professional work.

After Hurricane Betty assaulted Barbos in 1966, a cove of clear water pools refilled. Seething off all was bad enough, Young reports, but tolerable. The worst was a twelve-

feet pipe owned by the Baccardi Company that pumped molasses under high pressure. "Can you imagine trying to plug a hole rushing and gushing molasses? Every part of my body got covered and cooled. But I plugged it and then there wasn't much to do but be on a beach and wait till the molasses changed to ice."

Movie scenarios, re-creating Nassau stories, are always summoning Young for technical advice. He helped with *Twunderdell* and wrote forgettable films and with one *Flapper* sequence in which the dolphin was supposed to save a small boy by biting a shark. "The shark is non-serious," Young says. "He knows it and so does everything else. We set up a cage and as soon as the dolphin realized he was near a shark, he blew the script, forgot the kid and tried his hell to get out. The shark flapper



finally bottled was a dead one."

Young is a splendid teacher of the sea. He does not minimize the dangers. He is conscientious, without redundancy. After a week with him a man recognizes the splendor of sport diving and an important truth: Provided you have good teaching and know how to beat back fear, sport diving is exciting as anything a man could ask, without being serious.

The dangers, aside from yourself, are mostly passive. A yellowish growth called fire coral inflicts a nasty sting. Touching it is so sensitive as touching poison stings. The Portuguese Man-of-War, a kind of jellyfish, is actually a floating colony of poisons. Stinging cells have the Man-of-War's tentacles, but the creature is a driftier being by currents, and to meet one you have to swim into it, like hitting a mine. Moray eels hide in coral crannies. Blindly inserting a hand requires a beta. The

great barracuda, ten feet long, looks like a nightmare of teeth. "But man is too big a prey for barracuda," Young says. "You're in more danger in a lawyer's office."

A good perspective on Young's monard, the shark, appears in Joe Skrylowicz's book, *Diving for Pearls*. "When so much hatred and fear have been generated by fabric," Skrylowicz writes, "it is difficult to view the shark objectively. There are 250 species, of which only a handful can be listed as so called man-eaters. Yet the sight of a dorsal fin gliding the water will throw most people into absolute panic. The fact of the matter is that the chances of being struck by lightning, approximately one million to one, are far greater than being attacked by a shark." It makes more sense to abandon golf for fear of chondrichthys than to eschew diving for fear of shark.

We began at a pool, Young helping me into my gear and offering a calm flow of instruction and direction. "You had some best last night?"

"Stronger still."

"Well, if a man can't drink all night and live all day, get out of the business."

I stepped into blue flippers. Young helped me strap on a tank which was full of air under 2500 pounds of pressure. You inhale through a mouthpiece, breathe, as Young says, "with all your lungs, not just the tips." Regulation do the rest. Inhale normally at depths and the tank provides positively the air the body requires to compensate for the pressure of the sea.

Then there was a belt of weights and a life jacket. "Never hurry up and water," Young said. "Walk, don't run. If you're tired, don't rush to the surface. Sit on the bottom. It's horrible down there."

"And if I run out of air?"

"That is a pool. We worry about that another day."

The bottom of the pool was white cement. I could feel ten feet of water on my ears. I cleared my eustachian tubes, pressing my nostrils shut through the mask and exhaling. And then the only sound was the soft bubbling of breath. It was comfortable down there, no telephones, no hills. Ten feet below one feels thrills of serenity. Ah, the police manual teaches and teaches above.

"What are you going to do if you make fish with water?" Young asked

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when I had surfaced. Then he explained: You roll your head back—ward, the top of the mask is over your brow and blow through your nose like hell. The rules of physics are mysterious but immutable. Air pressure equals the water. The mask is clear.

"Now throw your mask away, go down to the bottom, get it and clear it," Young directed. That proved easy, made more so by a faint sense of accomplishment. Now it was noon and time to repair to a Nassau bar, where one can sit on a stool and mullinate or stand in four feet of water, spinnin', washin', tastin' the tin.

Royal James is Young's group-diving boat, and the next morning twenty of us sailed out from Nassau toward Rose Island and a reef that ran twenty-five feet deep. Joy! Lovers, the dive master, and Seanoran Roberts, the captain, divided the passengers between divers and snorkelers and set up a buddy system. One does not dive alone and on a Young boat a professional safety man is assigned to monitor every two or three divers. The crowd was varied and bubbly: a pretty redhead from Toronto, some intense people from the dry wastes of west Texas, Copley from Long Island and Montreal. One man had packed a wet suit and chivald to his coral. "We use a code," Young noted quietly. "WC means watch closely. WVC means very closely. When we see someone like that, with all kinds of equipment, we tell him to go down twenty-five feet in eighty-five-degree water, we mark him. WYTYVVVVV. All the V's stand for very."

One of my assigned buddies, named Diane, could dive no more than fifteen feet. She had captured an eelgrass cage in forty-degree water. My other buddy turned out to be the man with chivald. Diane worried snorkelers. We had Max, who sat in the bottom. I sought to stray, something restrained me. I turned. A safety man had ditched a flipper, the way Billy Cox used to ditch his dive at the end of a line. But he had pointed us toward the boat.

"We're lost, only one person aside," Gartner Young said, should Royal James, "a man in his late thirties who had a coronary while snorkeling. No thrashing, just suddenly he lay still. We had an autopsy. He'd been crush diving, with lots of pills. That killed him, not the water."

I spent a few days seeking other reefs, but no greater depths, off the coast of Nassau and Rose Island, with Gordon Lerner of the Ministry of Tourism. Still, Gartner Young was my main man and one hundred

and thirty feet remained the goal. "All right," Young said, back at The Cove. "It is now midnight has worked for you. Suppose some idiot underfills your tank, or you're the idiot and back your tank under coral. How do you get to the surface?"

"Ascend the tank and come up like a fish."

Young ran a thick hand over his black hair. "Slowly, slowly," he said, pressing the penultimate adventure.

Gartner's end boat, a twenty-foot-er called Super Healer for some forgotten lady, makes fifty-four miles an hour in open sea. We boarded and hit across three-foot swells, the floor-glass bottom glimmering with starling impact.

"Now," Young said, after Robbie Roberts had fixed anchor, "we're going to seventy-five feet. Once you clear your ears at ten feet and at about forty, they'll probably take care of themselves. Then you'll remove the regulator from your mouth and make a free ascent. That means that no machine is compensating. You are. Put your head back and exhale slowly. As long as you rise more slowly than your bubbles, you'll be fine. No bends. No embolism. You'll be fine."

"And if I fail?"

"I'll grab a flipper and you go back to breathing through the regulator." The sense of one at seventy-five feet is glory. But dissimulate green water. Blue greasers swim about. And the red overbent too, an irregularly fixed, orangey, muck, shakies. I was exploring when Young motioned for me to withdraw the regulator from my mouth.

I cleared the mask and held my head back. I removed the regulator. With it went air, breathing, life. As I ascended the air approached. Against this primordial light, Mable's Uhlrich, soon attacked me. I wanted to inhale, dirt a little and then very much. Without the regulator there was nothing to breathe but sea.

Ten feet below the surface, I grasped the regulator. The top apron, Gartner shook his head. "You had more air in your lungs. You could have made it."

"I didn't think so."

"Take it easy. Take it easy. Try again."

We dove and then, from the depths, I slowly followed bubbles I was watching. This time I knew. Somewhere I did have the air. Head thrown back I watched bubbles. The green sea grew more light. I followed bubbles toward the green-white air. Reaching the surface, I held both fists shaft like a hockey player who has scored the winning goal. Fear? The bell

with that. Shark? Barracuda? They were my friends. Substantially, I drove a great compressed breath. It was a minute before I had coughed out all the water.

Ground swells spoiled the plan to seek one hundred and thirty feet. Instead, on a clear morning, Young piloted Super Healer toward High-Boat City, an island of three houses and a single road with the green Caribbean bring to one side and blue Nassau Sound rolling to the east. Some others arrived by boat and we mounted a ship named Bobby (for Kipper) and sat under slow-turning fans sipping champagne and whiskey.

A reflection of the girl in the flowered bikini charged to mind. "Forget her," Young said, rather like Regard. "The world is full of nice bottoms in flowered bikinis." We talked about a trace mistress, poetry.

"You write some stuff yourself, Gartner?" I asked.

"High, but not drunk. Young nodded. He was proud of my success at free ascent. We felt we had known one another across years. "Such as what poetry?" I asked.

He began reciting with one of the rhythms that rule our tongue. It was a poem about the sea and divers.

For the ocean's a whore
And she'll spread her wings with a smile
She'll beckon you in, like original sin
She'll coax and caress and beguile.

He wrote each stuff on paper taped in the bars of Nassau. Then Gartner Young throws the papers away. ☐

RECORDINGS

(Continued from page 20) I accept Leppard's right to commit tolerance and play them big. They are big. Like the fast volume, this one has been beautifully produced in every way by Philips and is a perfect gift for serious-minded people.

Finally, a *Couffé* Told. Dances from BARE, which you can play for sophisticated friends and ask, "Who wrote it?" They will know immediately who wrote it, for it couldn't be anything but a previously undiscovered Proper by Mozart. Except that it is, in fact, by Johann Christian Bach, another illustration of the profound reform that Bach's youngest, hopelessly Habsburg son had on the boy Mozart during his visit to London. The piece is a little short to occupy a whole record, and the site employed is a little breathy for the work when to do, but the Coltrane *Baroque* handles its outpourings gracefully, and if the work is lightweight it's also a charmer. ☐

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TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

On pages 86 and 87 this month, you'll find a photo of a writer actively researching the Cayman Islands piece which follows the picture. We were prompted to check the Cayman Islands by the belief that many winter vacationists these days are seeking alternatives to plastic resorts where \$45 to \$100 a day is the going rate for a double room with mesh, water sports are centered around crowded kidzland beyond the main pool, and the atmosphere can best be described—charitably—as second-rate jet set. In the Cayman Islands we discovered the Caribbean much as it used to be, and fortunately many other spots are still unspoiled by the mass travel boom. Their degree of unspoiledness, we found, is in direct ratio to the difficulty of getting there. The "developed" areas of the West Indies are mostly those with easy air service from the North American mainland; stops en route seem to discourage the casual traveler, and a change of planes is usually enough to dissuade all but the dedicated ecotrip. It follows that islands off islands are often best of all.

Consider, for instance, the more remote islands of the French West Indies, notably St. Martin, St. Barthélemy, the tiny *des Saintes*, and Marie-Galante, all of which are dependencies of nearby Guadeloupe. St. Martin is immediately dissuaded under our ground rules stated above because it is reachable by airport flights from New York. Also it's better known than the others, maybe because of the fact that the French share it with the Dutch, who call it *St. Maarten*.

St. Barthélemy is less well known, possibly because it's also called St. Barts and St. Barth, and this can be very confusing. To get there you have to fly first to some other island. Guadeloupe is a good one, but—\$25 miles away and an hour's flight by local airfare. A green and hilly island scalloped by a shoreline of beautiful beaches, St. Barts is six and one half miles long and three miles across at its widest. Its population of about 2000 is descended mainly from Norman, Breton and Picard settlers who arrived in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Its picturesque capital and port of Gustavia, which looks like a film set for a tropical operetta, was named for a Swedish king after the French had traded it to Sweden. (The Swedes later sold it back to the French.)

St. Barts' main allure attractions are its beaches and water-sports facilities, its freshly caught fish and seafood cooked in the French manner, and the shopping facilities of a completely free port. Its eight hotels are all small—ranging between seven and twenty-four rooms apiece—and their double rates range from \$35 to \$46 a day. Modified American Plan, which on this French island is called *demipension*. None is more than two miles from the airport.

The *des Saintes* are another idyllic subsector of Guadeloupe—a tremendous sight by Air Guadeloupe from Basse-Terre or fifteen minutes from Pointe-à-Pitre. There are two main islands, only one of which has hotels. This is Terre de Haut, and its two hotels are the nineteen-room *Des Joli*, which charges \$38 to \$55, double, Modified American Plan, and the ten-room *Barthelemy*, which is per-



nickety enough to quote rates only on application.

Small as they are, the islands are large enough to have been discovered by Christopher Columbus, who called them *Les Saintes* because when he first sailed there in 1493 it was close to All Saints Day. There are only three towns on the islands, and much of the resulting silence is taken up by the crowing of roosters which greatly outnumber the resident population of 3300 Norman descendants, most of whom are fishermen.

Marie-Galante is the largest in the Guadeloupe archipelago—a twenty-minute flight from the main island. It has the best beaches and is a favorite of one-day excursions out of Guadeloupe, but until now there have been only a couple of small and undistinguished hotels on the island. This winter, though, something special is due to open up—the meticulously restored Caribbean chateau of

an eighteenth-century French sugar planter, abandoned when slavery was abolished in the mid-nineteenth century. Legend has it that the marble floors were once encrusted with gold coins. They haven't been found, but the marble floors are back and so are the Georgian stone pillars, the towering arched windows and the mahogany paneling. Guests will be accommodated in antique-furnished rooms in the great house and the adjacent neoclassical dunnery, also being restored. Chateau Maillot is the creation of Edgine Dannerel, a Parisian architect married to a Guadeloupe official. No information is yet available on rates, etc., but you can check further with the French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020. And they're the best general source for data on all these islands.

And now let's talk about the yachtsman's Caribbean. Take a chain of about six hundred pin-dotted and beach-fringed islands and islets, string them in a gentle curve along thirty miles of tropical sea, shield them from hurricanes but let the gentle trade wind blow through, set the temperature in average between eighty and eighty-five the year round, arrange things so that the dry season runs from December through June, and you've got what geographers call the *Caribbean* but sailors call the greatest winter yachting grounds in the world.

They stretch in a northeast to southwest line between the formerly British West Indies islands of St. Vincent and Grenada, and they form the tail and of the Windward Islands at the southeastern end of the Caribbean. Only a baker's dozen or so of them are inhabited; on all the rest the yachtsman owns the beaches for as long as he's moored offshore.

He is never out of sight of land—and never in sight of anything else except other yachts or an occasional interloping schooner. Cruise ships make a rare call only on the northernmost island of Anguilla. The Grenadines are well away from the jet routes, so the only sound coming down from the sky is the sleepy drone of a one-in-a-while propeller plane. Far more frequent is the pip of a palisade drive-bombing the sea, or the small sound of a crab scuttling across the sand.

Because of all this—and thanks to a tourism-minded island government—Grenada has become the yachting center of the southern Car-



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biceps. Here the yachtman's happy havens are the backyards of Steffy Yachts Ltd. and the Greenwich Yacht Service. With a total of twenty-seven boats, the Stevens organization represents one of the largest and best-maintained fleets of crested and bareboat yachts in the entire Caribbean. It is headed by Bill Stevens, a thirty-eight-year-old Californian who spent six years as a submarine in the U.S. Navy and two years as a professional skin diver. His fleet includes everything from a Phantom, thirty-foot ketch, along with four and a half charter yachts, to a 3,000-watt, up to the 110-foot schooner *Moving Gossage* which sleeps twenty-eight.

Yachtsmen and other Grenada visitors soon discover that the island is an outstanding example of the validity of that Caribbean Law of Inverse Ratio we mentioned—the harder an island is to get to, the easier it is for it to retain its own special atmosphere. And Grenada is certainly one

of the West Indies' have accessible islands. L.I.A.T. (Isleworth Islands Air Transport) runs daily flights to the islands, but the movement of passengers is not a convenient connection point, but they appear to be rarely taken out to outside visitors. B.W.E.A. Pan Am and Z.O.A.C. arrivals from New York and Miami are the only direct flights. The island's chief attraction is the least putting in a jet strip so that the island can enjoy—if that's the correct word—direct air service from the United States, Canada and England. And that's the least of it. The island is a beautiful, Grade 1 coastline to display all the attractions of an island that is still off-limits.

The friendliness of the people, for example. Since mass tourism has not yet been introduced, the islanders have not been subjected to the night of horrors of visitors whose wealth and huge windmills are an unfortunate contrast with their own. The island is a beautiful place, and it was uplight on here than some other islands, and as members of a British Associated State governed by a black administration headed by a black premier, a black governor and a black justice, they're likely to stick close.

And the situation of island culture and environment, sometimes described as the pollution of tourism has not yet set in and probably won't in the foreseeable future. For one thing, Grenada is still the land of the low-rise hotel. Though all the excellent resort hotels between L'Anse aux Epaves and the capital, St. George's, have been built within the past dozen years and most of them within the past six or seven, none of them are mega-hotels. Some, including Sandals,

They're mostly small, intimate, island-type hotels, and even the larger ones tuckle over the landscape, hugging the hills and losing themselves in the coconut groves. Their small size limits their entertainment budgets, so what you hear at night is island music.

Press, too, still have a pleasantly off-trail flavor. Only one hotel on the island has reached the \$80 a day for two bracket, Modified American Plan, that has become almost standard in many of the best Caribbean hotels. At other top Grenadian hotels the rate for two runs as little as \$32.10, Modified American Plan, during the winter peak season.

Elves Paerto Rao, easily the most humorously talented island in the Caribbean, offers off-kilter scenic panoramas for the winter visitor who can't get enough of nature. In this case, the nature is the island itself, for Mayaguez or Ponce. The island has several hundred miles of swimming, sunbathing and surfing beaches, together with mountains and golf. The rain-forest jungle, all plains, and the rugged mountains are the backdrop for fishing villages and busy cities. Mayaguez, the island's third-largest city, is gritty and wild and a half-hour flight from San Juan. It's a place where much of the old Spanish culture has been lost, but the center for deep-sea fishing and island tourism. There's a good Hilton hotel on twenty-five acres of land with a casual, swappable atmosphere. Two swimming pools, two nightclubs, a 185 in P.R. dollars, Modified American Plan.

Panama, the island's second-largest city, is seventy-five miles and a twenty-five-minute flight southwest of San Juan, on the south coast. There's a superb Museum of Art designed by Edward Durrell Stone, an old clubhouse painted in indescribable colors and patterns, and an Inter-Continental Hotel with a huge swimming pool on a hillside overlooking the city. Rates are \$39 to \$39 a day double, without meals. Thrucoast males in the west, another off-the-beat spot, near Guacima, is the Copacabana Hotel, where the double rates are \$33 to \$36 without meals.

Even farther off-shore is the island of Vieques, twenty-five minutes by air from San Juan or an hour and a half by ferryboat from Ponce. At Puerto Rico's east coast. Biggest hotel on the unincorporated island (population, 18,000) is the thirteen-room Sportsman's House, a renovated plantation home recently acquired by Wally Wersapp, a retired naval officer, who has found Vieques the island paradise he always looked for. The high-ceilinged rooms are cooled by simple ceiling fans, and become

One also further along than Via

open by any of three island-hopping airlines—North Coy, Viquesa, Anish or Calebra de Arrión—in the island of Calebra, about three miles out of San Juan. Here the Punta Nise, a new seven-cottage condominium resort, opened last October. European Plus rate for a cottage, which sleeps six, is \$42 a day, and the company fishing hereabout is said to be the

less than fabulous

BOOKS

(Continued from page 22) home, that he was holding, and converted the proceeds in General Motors stock. One only wonders what he would do with this today. Invest it in Japanese debentures, maybe.

The sixth, and, thank God, final, volume of Harold Macmillan's memoirs (*At the Heart of the Matter*, Harper & Row, 1984-89) carries the story as far as the end of the year 1963, when Prime Minister in October, 1963, he turned the Profumo scandal, the Cuban crisis (in which, if Macmillan is to be believed, he kept President Kennedy quiet) and the huge con- sideration of the Gaillard's visit of Britain's application to join the Common Market. I suppose the whole work will provide future historians with as much of an insight into the way of those as any with one of them. But I am not sure that it does. It offers little beyond for planning through its pages. The prose is almost tedious—perhaps because it is already dated, when it is not taken from the government's official version of the narrative. It is like a school-teacher's nearly plain, if not a reviewer's plain of view, it relies essentially on the category of laudation which result in Johnson's famous phrase, "I think that's about as good as you've got," that had more to say than than read them. *

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by Merle Miller

The play talk starts here

Suddenly the music—was it Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree²—was interrupted, and the sorrowing voice of a woman on the Armed Forces Network said, "President Franklin D. Roosevelt died this afternoon. . . . It hit me hard, but by noon that day I was feeling somewhat less wretchedly and more resolute—I was feeling frightened. I remember saying, like millions of others, 'My God, now we're left with Harry Truman. Are we in trouble?'"

And that first day, naturally, it was Friday the thirteenth, after Harry went up to the Capital for lunch with some of his old colleagues ("truman" was soon to become the word to denote any associate of Truman's), he said to newspapermen, "Boys, if you ever pray, pray for me now. I don't know whether you fellows ever had a load of hay fall on you, but when they told me yesterday what had happened, I felt like the moon, the stars, and all the planets had fallen on me."

My God. Pure carnal!! I had left Marshalltown, Iowa, at the earliest possible age to get away from people who talked like that, and now we had one of

A lot I know

As I was to learn, there was never anything shadowy about old Harry, never anything menacing. He was never less than four-dimensional; he was always a person, a human being.

I once wrote that Harry Truman might be the last human being to occupy the White House, and considering, as he would say, "the four fellows that succeeded me," I see no reason to change my mind.

You never had to try to figure out what Harry was up to, to build up what he was up to. And, as they read of him back in Independence, he was a man of letters. There was not a disfigurement bone in his body. He was without guile, and when it was all over, when he and Ben came back home after eleven years in Washington, were that news of them in an *Independent*, *Washington* White House, neither of them thought of bringing any of the trappings of the Presidency with them. In fact, that last day in Washington, in January, 1985, Harry had thought that since the relations between himself and the incoming President were, to state it gently, strained, he and Ben might have to walk to the railroad station. Or perhaps take a taxi.

"That just wouldn't have bothered me," he told me years later. "I was in the White House more or less by accident you might say, and I just never got to thinking that I was anything special. It's very easy to do that in Washington, and I've seen it happen to a lot of



"The campaign of 1840 was the first one in which the Madison Avenue people took over. The campaign was run by people who didn't know or care what Harrison's policy was. Harrison wouldn't be known what a policy was if he'd seen one."

John: But I did my best not to let it happen to me. I tried never to forget who I was and where I'd come from and where I was going back to. And if you can do that, things usually work out all right in the end."

As nearly as he could remember Harry's last act as the White House was returning a pencil or marble it was a pin in the desk of the man he had borrowed it from.

"Everything," he said, "all of it belongs to the people. I was just privileged to use it for a while. That's all. And since it was only lent to me, and by that I'm selfish, the power of the Presidency, such as it is, I had to try to use whatever it was with great care so that I could pass it on to the next fellow in the best condition possible. And for the most part I think you can say I succeeded."

"Mr. President," I said, "it's been said that the President is the most powerful office in the world. Do you think that's true?"

"Oh, no, Oh, no no. About the biggest power the President has, and I've said that before, is the power to persuade people to do what they ought to do without having to be persuaded. There are a lot of other powers in the Constitution and given to the President, but it's that power to persuade people to do what they ought to do anyway that's the biggest. And if the man who is President doesn't understand that, if he thinks he's too big to do the necessary persuading, then he's in for big trouble, and so is the country."

Harry Truman's words which are not down here were spoken in the hope that out of them would come ideas for God-also-know how many television programs that

would explain to the eager millions what it had been like to be President and what of President Mr. Truman had done. Our interview began in the Summer of 1960, continued that fall and winter into the cold, very cold, never colder months of 1962. I first went to Independence as the writer and, as my friend Robert Alton Authur describes it in the sequence, "the general organizer" of this proposed TV series.

I must confess that when I first went to see him Harry Truman hadn't been anywhere near the top of my list of favorite ex-Presidents. True, I'd voted for him in 1948 but reluctantly, most reluctantly. And by the Summer of 1960 what I felt toward the old man was mostly indifference.

But then two major changes had to be made. The Board of an ex-President. Besides what Bob Authur had persuaded me that the project would make me very, very rich and my name a household word, two things I had had on my personal agenda for quite a time.

So I went to Independence, along with two associates, to see Harry. The President had taken the trouble to find out a good deal about all three of us. I do not, though, that he had used whatever influence he had with the Kennedy Administration to get any secret F.B.I. reports on us, or had detectives hired to bug the phone of our bedrooms. In my case he had taken the trouble to read two of my novels, and I'm sure that wasn't his kind of book; so it was a measure of his forbearance that he was willing to be handle the matter. He was a very forbearing man. "You'll never do it in any way violating a purport on the people who are trying to help me. If a fellow can't be patient and candid with the people who are actually doing the work for him then he's not any good, and I don't like him."

David Bankard, whose firm, Talent Associates, put up the money for the series, said that Mr. Truman was cozy, and it's true. But at first we went on I grew to like it, and, reading over his work now, they seem to me soundly. I'm thinking I have read more of it. David also said that Mr. Truman was an elemental man, the most elemental he, David, had ever met, and that's true. So, Mr. Truman was the most elemental man I'd ever met, except maybe for my grandfather, and I think we could use a lot more of Mr. Grandfather never voted for a Democrat his whole life though, and I don't know that he'd have voted for Harry Truman, but he'd have liked him. They were both elemental, and they were both men of whom it could be said that they never met a stranger.

That first afternoon with Mr. Truman we talked for a few minutes about plans for the television series, and then I said, "Mr. President, could I ask you a question that you might consider important?"

"Go right ahead," he said. "If I want to stop you, I'll stop you."

"Well, sir, I've been wearing glasses since I was three years old, and I know you had to wear glasses when you were a boy. I wonder, sir, did they ever call you four-eyes?"

The President smiled. It was a good smile, warm and welcoming, holding nothing back. I was never sure whether the even teeth were false.

"I've worn glasses since I was six years old," he said, "and, of course, they called me four-eyes and a lot of other things. But that's hard on a boy. It makes him lonely, and it gives him an inferiority complex, and he has a hard time overcoming it."

He passed a moment, still smiling, then said, "Of course we didn't know what an inferiority complex



"Grant was a very generous, kind man. But when he got into the White House he turned out to be the weakest President we have ever had and his Administration was the most corrupt in all our history up to now."

was in those days. But you can overcome it. You've got to fight for everything you do. You've got to be above those calling you names, and you've got to do as much work than they do, but it usually means out all night in the end."

That last sentence was one the President was to repeat many times.

"I always had my nose stuck on a book," he said, "a history book mostly. Of course the main reason you read a book is to get a better insight into the people you're talking to. There were about three thousand books in the library downstairs, and I guess I read them all, including the encyclopedia. I'm embarrassed to say that I remembered what I read, too."

It was how our relationship, I like to think our friendship, began. It continued until the winter months of 1962 when it ended, not because there was over any trouble between the President and me but because the three television networks to which we all owe so much were having no part of a series on Mr. Truman's Presidency.

In the months after our meeting, however, Mr. Truman and I had days, sometimes weeks, of conversations, interviews if you must, many of them on tape, many not. The more formal of them were in Mr. Truman's study, often with the inhibiting presence, although I felt it, of Mr. Truman and certainly inhibiting to me, of his associates.

The best of the conversations were when Mr. Truman and I were alone or were waiting for somebody to change the film in a camera or do something or other to one of the tape machines. A lot more time was spent

doing things like that than was spent actually sitting or standing. Mr. Truman never understood why, and neither did I, but I suppose the multitude of the technical crew had its value; it gave me a lot more time to talk with him. Most of the time I would expect the day before what we would discuss the following day, hoping that that night he would be on as whatever the subject was. For all I know he did. Most of the time he displayed a remarkably retentive memory for a man of seventy-seven, a man of any age at all. He hadn't only read history, and as he says, remembered what he read, he was able to recreate it vividly.

Recently a reviewer in *The Village Voice* dismissed a book about Mr. Truman as well as Mr. Truman himself as "the one after D.D. and before General Eisenhower." One of Mr. Truman's sentences particularly infuriated him. He treated it as if it were the sentence of an idiot child. The sentence was, "There is nothing new in the world except the history you do not know."

And all by itself that doesn't make much sense. But as Mr. Truman explained it to me, the whole thing goes like this:

"There's nothing new in human nature. The only thing that changes is the same we give things. If you want to understand the twentieth century, read the lives of the Roman emperors, all the way from Claudius to Constantine. . . . And go back to old Hammurabi, the Babylonian emperor. Why, he had law, that covered everything, adultery and murder and divorce, everything."

There. "These people had the same troubles as we have now. They don't change. The only thing new in the world is the history you don't know."

Not the most profound idea in the world, but it's true.

To Harry Truman history was the man who made it, and he spoke of Horatius Attilius or Henry of Navarre or old Tom Jefferson or old Andy Jackson as if they were friends and neighbors and men he had only recently dismissed the affairs of the day, the day of . . .

... his real name was Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, and he was one of the great ones. He was a great fellow general, and he always had the interests of his soldiers at heart. . . . Some people think they're out-fashioned, but that's what he was. He was a great fellow, a great virtuous, the four greatest virtues, are moderation, wisdom, justice, and fortitude, and if a man is able to cultivate those, that's all he needs to live a happy and successful life. That's the way I look at it anyway."

When I was talking with him, Mr. Truman's memory was best during the first two or three hours in the morning—we usually got started around eight—but frequently after lunch it was no good at all. That was partly due, I imagine, to the fact that an old man's mind turns easily. I'm not another reason, though, was the fact that his mind was so busy with his "old man" always a few minutes before twelve noon, and I would have what he always called "a night's history," Scotch or bourbon. "The flow doesn't think I ought to," he would say, smiling. The flow was Mr. Truman. When we had lunch at the Howard Johnson's near the library, we would always have two or three before setting out, and they were never still, although they were libational. In any case, in the evenings we talked about history, and in the afternoons we talked, if we talked at all, about more personal matters.

It was during the summer of 1957 when he spent in the authorization of the Truman Library when it was filled with children. He would, for instance, tell them what it had been like during the Summer of 1957 when those folks, the Founding Fathers, met to write the Con-

stultism. The fellow really came alive when Harry described them Washington and Alexander Hamilton and Madison and John Adams. It was never like that in school.

At the end of these speeches there was always a question period, and on one day I like to remember the last question came from an anxious adult boy with red hair whose ears had grown up, but not his face.

"Mr. President," he said, and his face said the world's depended on the reply, "was you popular when you was a boy?"

The President looked at the boy over the glasses that always made him look like an irritated owl. "Who, no," he said, "I was never popular. The popular boys were the ones who were good at games and had big, tight fists. I was never like that. Without my glasses I was as blind as a bat, and to tell the truth I was kind of a sissy. If there was any danger of getting into a fight, I always ran. I guess that's why I'm here today."

The little boy started to applaud, and then everybody else did, too. It was an extremely satisfactory answer for all of us who ever ran from a fight, which is all of us.

Later Mr. Truman's advisers asked me to see to it that that question and the answer be removed from the tape "before any public use is made of it." Especially the sissy part, and one of them.

I refused. As I say, I'm fond of that moment. We need more Presidents who learn from fights and admit it.

Early in 1962 it became painfully apparent that the satirists were not interested in what we then called *The Truman Screen*. Representatives of each looked at the two hours of film we had made, one on Mr. Truman's life, the second on the anatomy of the Korean dilemma, and they turned them down flat. I remember an afternoon three representatives of CBS came to the viewing room. They entered in silence, they looked at the two films in silence, and they left in silence. Not a word, neither hello nor goodbye. One reason for the lack of interest was that Harry Truman was, in the Winter of 1962, still "a controversial figure." The fearsome years of the blacklist were not yet quite over.

Anyway, it was no solo, and Mr. Truman somehow intuitively sensed that long before the rest of us were ready to admit it.

When I was still making him with some regularity in Los Angeles, he made a trip to Los Angeles where he made at one of the universities, and I had learned of an incident that happened off campus. I said, "Mr. President, I understand that you had a little exchange with General Suhr." (The chairman of the board and president of the Radio Corporation of America which, of course, includes the National Broadcasting Company just in Los Angeles.)

The President was delighted that I'd heard. He said, "Yes. We both got on the same elevator at the Beverly Hills hotel one there, and I looked down, and he'd broken his leg. Or his leg. I forget which. But it was a big deal and was of big consequence."

"I just looked at him kind of sideways, and I said, 'Well, General, I guess now for a while you'll have to look people in the eye with the other leg, won't you?' He was so nervous that he got off at the next stop, although I don't think that's what he had in mind then."

The last time I talked with Mr. Truman was in a projection room in New York. I was leaving the following day for Spain. He asked if I was going to Spain to write a book.



"They say he [McKinley] was a nice man, and I'm sorry he got shot. But he was still a damn poor President. But Teddy . . . he was just a crackerjack. There've been very few Presidents who've done as much for the country as he did."

Well, I said, not exactly, though out of my experience might, hopefully, some several books. Actually, I was just going to look and loaf.

For how long?

"Three months," I said, "maybe a little more, maybe a little less."

The President made no comment, but by then I knew enough about him to realize that he was shocked at the idea of a man in his fifties taking three months off to "look around and loaf."

I thanked him for his patience and said that I hoped that the time we spent together wouldn't turn out to have been wasted.

"It couldn't possibly be," said the President. "I think you learned a little something, and I enjoyed teaching it to you. If I hadn't got into this other business, I might have turned out to be a teacher, and if I do say so, I don't think I'd have been so bad of it."

He was right. I learned a lot from him that I've never forgotten. As this is written, it is only twenty years and a few months since Harry Truman left the White House, and we have progressed to *Watergate*. By looking again to Mr. Truman's was I have found in it some hint of how we can get back what we have lost. We must, you know.

On day I mentioned to Mr. Truman that when General Eisenhower had become president of Columbia University a friend had given him a book. The General thanked him and said that he'd try to read it but that to tell the truth it had been nine years since he had read a book. (I'm not sure if this incident *Zero Group*.)

The President looked incredulous. "Nine years? It just doesn't seem possible. No wonder he wasn't worth a good podium as President. He just didn't know anything."

He laughed and shook his head. "Nine years? It just doesn't seem possible."

Mr. President, can you remember a time when you haven't read?

"No, I can't, not unless I was sick, and even then, if I could manage it, I'd pop up a book and read on the sickbed. I read the Bible clear through twice before I went to school. My mother taught me to read, and my father, too, of course. I guess I read the Bible because the type was large, but then it developed about the time I was six years old, it was then that they first noticed it. It developed that I had that eyeball. So my mother took me to a doctor, and he tested my eyes and gave me a pair of glasses, and I've worn them ever since."

"But, glasses or not, I never stopped reading. I've never regretted it either. I suppose considering the fact that I became President of the United States it wasn't too wasted."

I mentioned that, complete, and not too long before, President Kennedy had made a speech in which he listed a whole series of books he had been reading recently. I said that to my knowledge Mr. Truman had never data that.

"Well, no. I never thought reading was something you went around bragging about. It was just something you did. And when I was a boy you kept as quiet about it as you possibly could. Bragging wasn't any too . . . wasn't the most popular thing to do around these parts."

I understood that you feel you learned a good deal about politics from *Pitarch's Loves* and that your father read it ahead to you when you were a boy.

He said, "No. I never knew, there was no use in the way of an old trunk, and they accumulated faster than you'd think even in those days, and then my father sent away, or maybe he was my mother, but one of them sent away, and we got the next set of *Shakespeare* you ever did see and a book of *Pitarch's Loves*. It had a beautiful red cover, and I was right. My father and I read me out loud from that. And I've read *Pitarch* through many times since. I never have figured out how he knew so much. I tell you. They just don't come any better than old *Pitarch*. He knew more about politics than all the other writers. I've read just together."

"When I was in politics, there would be times when I tried to figure somebody out, and I could always turn to *Pitarch*, and nine times out of ten I'd be able to find a parallel in there. In 1946, when I was running for reelection to the Senate, there was this big apple grower named Stark trying to beat me. I'd started him out in politics, but in 1946 he was out to lock me, and I couldn't figure it out."

"But the more I thought about him, the more he reminded me of what *Pitarch* said about Nero. I'd done a lot of thinking about Nero. What I was interested in was how having started as well as he did, he ended up in ruin. And *Pitarch* said the story of his troubles was when he began to take his friends for granted and started to buy his enemies."

"And I noticed some of these same traits in old Stark. That's how I decided I could lock him, and I did, of course. Nobody thought I could, but I did."

Mr. President, several of your biographers have suggested that you have great education for military use and for the military. And one some what more I don't know about. I guess the fact that you wanted to go to West Point proves it.

"Well, that's a damn fool thing to say and whoever said it is a damn fool and I don't care how many degrees he has or even if he's a professor at Harvard [as stated] College or some place like that. The only rea-

son I wanted to go to West Point was because I wanted a free education; my father'd lost his money, and that was the only kind of education I could get. But because of my eyes I didn't get to go, of course. So there's no point in getting into it. And even if I had gone, I'd have bailed out in my third year probably when they started getting into the foreign languages. . . . The military man I liked best you might say was General George Marshall, and he'd have been a great man no matter what he was. It just wouldn't have mattered at all what he was he'd have been the best there was at it."

Then Ashton made that. "The nearest General Marshall entered a room, everyone in it felt his presence."

"Yes, that's true. He was one of the most remarkable men who ever lived. I never knew anyone like him and never will again."

Didn't Theodore Roosevelt come to room when you were working at a desk in Kansas City when you were a young man?

"He did. It was in 1904 when he was President, and I went to hear him. I was working at the Old National Bank of Commerce when the Commerce Trust Company is now, at Fifth and Walnut. Teddy made a trip to Kansas City and was scheduled to make a speech from the back end of a car at Fifth and them, just a block down the block. When it came time for him to speak, half a dozen of us little kids in the row, just called it, the cops where we worked, half a dozen of us left our desks and ran down the street to hear Teddy speak."

"He had a very high tenor voice, and it carried very well. He made a good speech, too, but nobody really wanted to hear him speak. They wanted to see him grin and show his teeth, which he did. He was a short man, only about five foot six. The Roosevelts were one of them very big people, and they all seemed to have a lot of teeth to show."

What's the first Presidential election you can remember?

"In 1892 Grover Cleveland was running for his second term." Cleveland, who had been President from 1895 to 1899, ran for a second term in 1902 and was elected.

"Cleveland was running for President and Adlai Stevenson was running for Vice-President as the Democratic ticket, and I had a white sap that said on it Cleveland and Stevenson, Grover Cleveland and Adlai Stevenson on the back."

I gather you liked the first Adlai Stevenson better than you liked his grandson.

"Yes, I did. Old Adlai wasn't any reluctant debutant like his grandson. They didn't have to beg him to make up his mind whether he wanted to run for office. You know if a man doesn't enjoy running for office and doesn't think he can do something good for people by doing it, I don't know what the hell he is in politics for in the first place."

Anyway, Grover Cleveland ran against Benjamin Harrison in 1892, and when he was elected, my father climbed up on the roof of the old house out in Grandview. It had a tower on the corner with a rooster as a weather vane, and my father climbed up, after the election returns came in, and descended it with red, white, and blue streamers. Then he rode a gray horse and carried a torch in a torchlight parade, and so did everybody else in town if he could get a gray horse. Everybody was very pleased that Cleveland had won the election.

"But in his second term Cleveland was a great dis-

appointment. Between his first term and his second bid worked for one of the big life-insurance companies as a lawyer. I believe it was the Prudential Insurance company that he worked for, and in his second term he was more interested in the big money people than he was in the common people, and he accomplished very, very little. It's a shame when that happens to a man, but it sometimes does."

"Why do you think some men are more of *paras asperit* is that kind of thing than others are?"

"Some men are greater than others, and they get to thinking they are the power rather than the instrument of power."

You were quite an admirer of William Jennings Bryan, I believe. Bryan was the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1896, 1900, and 1908, and he was best known for being a proponent of the free coinage of silver, which he felt would help farmers and small business men.

"Old Bill Bryan was a great one, one of the great ones."

A good many people don't think as much of Bryan as they used to, largely, I believe, because of his opposition to the teaching of evolution in Tennessee. In 1925, was it?

"Yes, yes, I think it was, around that period survey, and he was an old man then. What you say, I think shouldn't be held against him because of... because of the things he said and stood for when he was at the height of his powers."

"My goodness, the things he stood for—he was one of the first to come out for the popular election of Senators, you know, and he was a very able legislator, and he was a legislator, and you know how state legislatures are always, almost always controlled by the money people. And old Bill Bryan was one of the first supporters of an income tax, and he was for woman suffrage and I don't know what else."

"And in 1912 when the Democratic Party was split every which way—who, he held a together behind Woodrow Wilson. If it hadn't have been for Bill Bryan, there wouldn't be any liberal outfits in the country at all now. At least there's what I think Old Bryan kept liberal men alive, kept them."

"I don't know whether you ever heard him speak or not, but I used to derive a hundred times as much from that old man speak, I didn't care what the subject was."

"I see as I speak with him one time in Kansas City, and he had a bowl of marmite and a plate of butter in front of him, and he'd better the marmite and eat them. And that was his whole lunch."

"Nobody had a voice like old Bill. They didn't have anything like this microphone in those days. You didn't need it."

"I think he made a statement here I'll never forget. You know what he said?"

"It was just an ordinary luncheon. He just happened to be in town, and they invited him, and he came. And he said, 'I've been in this political game since 1896 when I got myself nominated for President, and I got killed, as I did twice after that.'"

"But he said, 'You know, I've often thought of my first vote in a Democratic convention, which was in 1876 [Bryan was sixteen], and he said, 'They had to let me go as a note strapper outside the building, and then they said to let me go in a window, and you know they were busy trying to put me over the brasserie ever since.' And then he went on and made a beautiful speech."

"And another time I heard him. In 1900 the Democratic convention was here in Kansas City, and I was



"If it hadn't have been for Bill Bryan, there wouldn't be any liberal outfits in the country at all now. At least that's what I think."

a man. The ball them could hold... Oh, thousands of people, maybe seventeen thousand people, and I was up in the roof garden. From where I was watching he didn't look more than a foot high, and as I told you he didn't have a microphone, but I could hear every word he said. I never will forget it."

"Why do you think he never got elected?"

"I don't know. I think he's given it a great deal of thought, but I've never figured it out. The best I've come up with is that he was just too fair about his time, and the people in the East, the big money people, were against him and did everything they could to defeat him. Three different times they did it."

"And the first time, in 1896, we got McKinley. He got the Republican nomination, and he ran what they called front-porch campaign. He didn't say anything. He just sat on his front porch in Canton, Ohio, and they brought people to meet him."

"No doubt he's doing things, of course, which is a very common use of the fellow who ran against me in 1904. He talked a lot, but he didn't ever say anything."

"People said that old McKinley had his ears as close to the ground he got goosepimples in them."

"The whole campaign was run by a man named Mark Hanna, who was a rich old man who only came in to get the prize, and that's what happened when McKinley got elected. He was another one of those who was good for the sick and bad for the poor."

"They say he was a nice man, and I'm sure he got shot. But he was still a damn poor President."

"And then we had—oh, almost two terms we had Teddy Roosevelt, and he was just one of our best Presidents."

"How did a man like Teddy Roosevelt get to be President, elected President as the Roosevelt ticket?"

"Well, in 1898 he got back from Cuba, and he and his Rough Riders, his soldiers, had just one some great victories in the Spanish-American War, and he was a great hero. About the most popular hero since Andy Jackson was the Battle of New Orleans against the British in the War of 1812."

"He got back, and the old Republicans, the Republican bosses, couldn't stop him; he practically got a zero-

mostly elected governor of New York in 1898. And he made just a wonderful record in favor of the common people, the same kind of record that Franklin Roosevelt made later. And they were scared of him. They didn't want him to be elected, so they did what he had in mind. And that old boss in New York, whenever his name was, was scared of what Teddy might do in a second term. And so they arranged for him to get the Vice-Presidential nomination. They figured he couldn't do any harm there."

"First, of course, we know what happened. McKinley and Roosevelt were elected in November and inaugurated in March, and in the fall, September 6, McKinley was up in Buffalo at the Pan-American Exposition, and he got shot, and Roosevelt wound up being President. I'll bet those old birds were a pretty scared when that happened, and they should have been. That's one of the things you have to keep in mind in picking a Vice-Presidential candidate. It's a place... well, so you know I've had some experience in that line."

"Whether it is only one up-bumpy President."

"That's right, and some have made good, and some haven't. But Teddy... he was just a connoisseur. He didn't do all he had in mind doing, of course. You never can do that, but there's just been very few Presidents where've done as much for the country as he did. The only trouble his made was picking William Howard Taft to succeed him. He picked Taft, and Taft took Bill Bryan in 1908."

"Taft was the father of the man [Robert A. Taft, Republican Senator from Ohio] I had so much trouble with when I was in the Senate and in the White House as Vice President, but Taft was a very good guy who was more against what I stood for as Taft was."

"And his father, the fat old man who was President, Roosevelt's handpicked him to be his successor in the White House, and he was no damn good at all. He didn't have the slightest idea of what being President meant. At least that's my opinion."

"And the inside Teddy Roosevelt got out of the White House, the memories took over again, so they always do if you don't keep your eyes and ears open. Taft wasn't even in Washington most of the time, and he didn't have any idea of what he was doing for the office."

I understand he wanted to be a judge.

"Maybe so, and he might have been a good one, but I'm talking about the Presidency of the United States. And the fact that during the four years Taft was in the White House the country started to hell."

I gather you think the question can take a bad President out and again and still remain.

"Oh, yes. That's the beauty of what those men who wrote the Constitution did. You can have a bad President. Why, I'll tell you—there was a time when we had a bad President in a way and I'll tell you."

"We had a President who was so bad that we had to have had a Civil War if it hadn't been for those five fellows, but the government survived. It's just a miracle at all, what this government is."

"Could you tell me about the first bad President?"

"That was one of the very worst periods in our history, the twenty-one years before Lincoln was elected, before the Civil War. And if we hadn't had those weak Presidents, we might not have had a Civil War. Although that's just a guess on my part."

"When I do know is that when you have weak Presidents, you can't ever win."

"There's always a lot of talk about how we have to fix the man on horseback, how to be afraid of the... of a strong man, but as far as I read our American history right, it isn't the strong man that have caused us most of the trouble, it's the ones who was weak. It's



Harry's Reading List

Judge Albert A. Ridge: "Harry Truman always said that a man could do anything he set his mind to. I believe he volunteered some figures as a list of about ten or so books that I ought to read. I don't know what happened to that list, although I treasure it greatly. But I can remember that it included Plutarch's Lives, And Caesar's Commentaries, and Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography. He said in it, 'Al, you'll find a good deal in these don't have to make use of every minute of your day and a lot of horse sense about people.' And he was always talking about the Roman lawgivers. He knew all about them. And he had read all of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* several times. He was always reading two or three books at a time and always making notes in the margin, especially in history books. Frequently... very often he knew much more than the writer, the historian, and he was quoted."

"His favorite word was bunk."

"He told me to read a book called *Bunker Bean* and one called *Mosses's Struggle for Statehood*. The Bible. I remember he said even back then that the King James version was the best and that he doubted it could be improved on. *Plutarch's Lives*, he said, he'd have to read it all of Shakespeare, but he recommended *Hamlet* and *Leah* and *Othello* in particular, and the *Senate*. He insisted on the *Senate*."

"He recommended to me the complete works of Robert Burns, which he was always saying himself. And Byron. All of Byron, too, I believe, although his favorite was 'Child Harold,' which is a poem about people who do not, but I don't know Harry Truman would not have expected him to choose. It's a very... you might say it's a very poem."

"There was a book called *Peter Dromey*, *Butler of the World*. Harry Truman felt that you had to understand war to understand mankind. Because man was always getting into wars, and if you didn't understand how wars happened, you couldn't be expected to understand how to prevent them."

"And I remember the *Records*, Charles and Mary Beard, but just come out with a book on the history of the Constitutional Convention, *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*. I believe that book was a best seller at the time, and Harry and I each got a copy. We'd sit up and discuss what the *Records* had to say about the Constitution. And he insisted that I read the Constitution over and over and really understand it. And, of course, the Bill of Rights. And he gave me a book with those in it."

I have never known a man who was so interested about the Constitution more or understood it better than Harry Truman."

the ones who just sat on their asses and twiddled their thumbs when they were President.

"It started out . . . that whole period started out in euphoria and thirty-nine when the Whigs nominated William Henry Harrison. Harrison was another one of these who was great for getting his name in the headlines and treating the truth with considerable carelessness. He was of the same ilk as [General Douglas] MacArthur in that regard, although not so much so.

"The campaign of 1840 was the first one in which the Madison Avenue people took over. Only, of course, it wasn't Madison Avenue, it was just that the campaign was run by people who didn't know or care what Harrison's policy was. And anyway he didn't have any policy. He wouldn't be known what a policy was if he'd been one.

"They made a very big thing out of the battle of Tippecanoe in Indiana, which had taken place about thirty years before. In 1811, I believe it was, and it wasn't much of a fight, just a few hotheaded soldiers under Harrison's command and some Shawnee Indians, and some historians seem to feel it ended in what might be called a draw, although the Indians withdrew.

"But Harrison wrote back to the Secretary of War in Washington saying practically that he'd won one of the greatest battles against the Indians since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. And he said he'd defeated the great Shawnee Indian chief, Tecumseh, which wasn't the case at all. Tecumseh was one of the finest of the time; he was his brother, an Indian by the name of the Prophet.

"Harrison got away with it, though, because there wasn't anybody around to check up on him. There's a lot wrong with the newspapers and the radio and television and all of that but in the long run, like Jefferson said, about newspapers that is, we'll be worse off without them.

"So as a result of Tippecanoe, Harrison got a somewhat inflated reputation as a general, and it kept him going for thirty years, and finally got him into the White House, although not for long.

"The campaign slogan in 1840 was 'Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too.' I'll tell you about Tyler in a minute.

"And the people who were running the campaign called him 'Old Tippecanoe' in a big catch, which was a damn lie. His family had . . . was very large landowners in Virginia, and his father, Benjamin Harrison, was one of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence.

"And Harrison himself had a big farm in Ohio, down near Cincinnati I believe it was.

"But in the campaign that was never mentioned, and they sent out a lot of lies on wheels around to various parts of the country. They also claimed he drank brandy and got very a drunken car, it reminds me a little, and I wouldn't want him to get out. . . I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings, but it reminds me of that fellow from Tennessee [John Calhoun] that was acting to be President and went around getting his picture taken in a coachbar.

"Of course the idea was that Harrison was a plain man of the people, while the folks that were President and he was a good, strong President, too. Martin Van Buren, they claimed he put perfume on his whiskers and ate on gold plates in the White House. That wasn't either, but in that campaign, like at that time, you don't want that I could mention, the true facts didn't matter much.

"And, of course, Harrison won the election. He was sixty-eight years old, and an inauguration day he was shoveling off. It was raining cats and dogs, but he in-



" . . . hadn't read a book in nine years. It just doesn't seem possible. No wonder he wasn't worth a good goddamn as President. He just didn't know anything."

noted on leading the inaugural parade back to the White House on horseback. He wouldn't wear a hat or coat or anything, and that was on March 4, 1841, and shortly one month later, on April 4, he was dead of pneumonia. So he . . . I'll not mention him as one of the five. It's like he never had been President, and it's just as well. He wouldn't of had any notion at all of what to do.

"John Tyler, who succeeded him, was the first Vice-President to become President, and he was the brother of my great grandfather's father, and so he's knuckle of mine in an indirect way. Margaret's got his nose. His picture's hanging in the family dining room, and I used to say, 'Margaret, look at your nose up there!'

"And she'd say, 'Turn that old man around.' I don't want to see him.

"Old Tyler. He was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the Whigs, although he was really more of a Democrat if he was anything. I never could figure out what he stood for, and I don't see the Whigs ever did either. I don't think they ever asked him. And they were interested in was getting Harrison in the White House. It just never seems to have crossed their minds that he'd catch pneumonia by sitting like a damn fool—and die.

"John Tyler had been in the Virginia legislature and in Congress, and he was governor of Virginia and then was in the Senate. And he resigned from the Senate because the Virginia legislature wanted him to express a censure of Andrew Jackson from the Senate's record. He wouldn't do it, and so you can't say that he didn't have principles, but that's about all you can say for his record. In none of those jobs did he have a record so that you could figure out what he stood for.

"And in the White House about the best thing you can say for him is that he was a stubborn man. The Whigs wanted him to let Daniel Webster, who was Secretary of State, and Henry Clay, who thought he ought to have got the Whig nomination in 1840 and been President . . . let those two run things. Tyler and no, he said he wasn't about to be an acting President, and eventually he was out, and Webster resigned.

"But when that had been accomplished, Tyler couldn't seem to figure what to do next, and in the meantime the Whigs wanted the States were getting close to being inevitable, and Tyler and the ones that followed him just watched it happen. They were all one-term Presidents, and not one of them was able to fill the office he held."

"He really was a little out of it, they seemed to feel that if they just kept quiet and didn't rock the boat, the difference between the slave states and the free states and the opponents of slavery and the proponents could just disappear.

"That's right, and that's the one thing that won't ever happen, and it's a million years. That's the weakness of government. If you're in it, you've got to govern. Otherwise, you're in the wrong business.

"Now Tyler . . . about the only time he's gone down in history for, I think, is that he was President. He was in his fifties, and he married a real young girl in her twenties. It was quite a scandal at the time.

"And so after that . . . after his years in the White House, he went back to Virginia, and he finally tried to call a non-partisan peace conference of those other scoundrels that had been in the White House. That was in February, 1861, but, of course, it was too late, and without any chance of it.

"Tyler finally turned up in the Confederate Congress, and that was the end of him."

"President Tyler was the only one of our presidents who was not a member of any political party."

"Did I not remember . . . Well, if I did, I must have learned something since."

After Tyler came Polk.

"You and Polk, James, he was nominated by the Democrats in Baltimore in 1844. He was a real dark horse, and he was only nominated at all because the delegates to the Democratic convention in Baltimore in 1844 were deadlocked, and the Southerners didn't want Van Buren.

"Of course during Polk's Administration we fought and won the Mexican War, which came on a larger area of new territory than at any time except for the Louisiana Purchase. Polk had a good deal of trouble with his closest, though he just couldn't keep it in line and he was a little bit of a troublemaker. He was a decent player in the White House, and they say there were times when she got it into her head that the herself was President. She was a very strong-minded woman.

"Polk . . . after his term in office he went back to Nevada, and he died within a month or so after leaving the White House.

"The next man was 'Old Rough 'n' Ready,' Zach Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista, and he was another of those damn fool generals that didn't know anything about politics, and he was a very stupid man. He was so stupid that he was Secretary of State, and Henry Clay ran things, and after sixteen months in office, on July 4, 1850, he went to an Independence Day celebration, and they say he ate too much watermelon.

"And he fell off the back of his place, the Vice-President, was Millard Fillmore, who had started at the very bottom and worked his way up, and I think I told you, his son was ashamed of his father's origins, and after the old man's death, his son buried all his papers.

"Not that I was an idiot, but that Fillmore was much of a President. He fought all about his origins. He'd been born in a big cabin somewhere in New York State and was appointed to a wool order. He married a schoolteacher and started working his way up, but at the same time he started looking to the rich, which he continued to do all the rest of his life, including when he

was President. As a result, he was never any kind of leader. He did just what he was told, and what he was told was to do anything to please anybody. Which, of course, meant that he ended up by offending everybody.

"But he was just a meekie, he took to having his both wrists perfumed, and he surrounded himself with every kind of luxury you could think of.

"As President he was . . . well, I'll tell you, at a time when we needed a strong man, what we got was a man that moved with the slightest breeze. About all he ever accomplished as President, he sent Commodore Perry to open up Japan in the West, but that didn't help much as far as preventing the Civil War was concerned.

"And, of course, he was followed. Fillmore was followed to the White House by Franklin Pierce, most looking more like a woman ever than a man. He got the best picture of the White House, Franklin Pierce, but being President involves a little bit more than just putting a beauty around, and he was another one that was a complete failure. He signed the bill that repealed the Missouri Compromise, and that did it. That started the Civil War. There just wasn't any looking it back after that.

"Pierce was a friend of the folks that wrote *The Scarlet Letter*, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and when he was elected President, Hawthorne said to him, 'Frank, I'll give you from the bottom of my heart, and what's just about right. That's about what he should be doing, felt sorry for him because Pierce didn't know what was going on, and even if he had, he wouldn't've known what to do about it.

"The last of them, of course, the last of these weak Presidents that brought on the Civil War, that at the very last allowed it to happen, was James A. Buchanan, and he was just like the folks that followed me into the White House. He couldn't make a decision to save his skin in life.

"He was an old bachelor, and the only reason he got the nomination was that he'd been out of the country, he'd been the American Ambassador to England, one France had sent him over, and as a result Buchanan hadn't made any enemies to speak of on the slavery question.

"Another reason he got the nomination, he was from Pennsylvania, and in those days the Pennsylvania election was held in October. Then figured if he could carry Pennsylvania in October, he could carry the whole country in the November election, and he did both.

"When he was inaugurated, he was sixty-five years old, and he was another one of those fellows, he'd been a man to be President his twenty years, but when he got it, he had to be the first man what to do. By the time his four years was over, he was in England just about everywhere, and he died a very unhappy old man.

"But there you are, five men, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan, not mentioning Harrison and Taylor. And the last of them ended right after the war or made the Civil War inevitable. But that I'm saying it might not have happened if we'd had strong men in office, but there's a chance that it wouldn't.

"They were no damn good at all, but they were all honorable men. It's a most interesting study to read out the President's lives. I don't think I've ever seen any more honorable men, whether you like them or agree with them or not. Not a corrupt man among them."

Now you are here, how do you like it? Or is it back? "No. Look had nothing to do with it. His due to the

fact that we've got the best Constitution in the history of the world!"

Well, what do you consider the biggest mistake you made as President?

"Tom Clark was my biggest mistake. No question about it."

Oh, sorry, sir. I'm not sure I understand.

"That damn fool from Texas that I let make Attorney General and then put on the Supreme Court [Thomas C. Clark, Attorney General, 1945-49; Justice U.S. Supreme Court, 1946-1967]. I don't know what got into me. He was no damn good as Attorney General, and on the Supreme Court. It doesn't seem possible, but he's been even worse. He hasn't made one right decision that I can think of. And so when you ask me what was my biggest mistake, that's it. Putting Tom Clark on the Supreme Court of the United States. I thought maybe he was on the Court had no power, but of course that isn't what's happened. After a certain age it's hopeless to think people are going to change much."

How do you explain the fact that he's been such a bad influence?

"The main thing is... well, it isn't so much that he's a bad man. It's just that he's such a dumb ass-fucking. He's about the dumbest man I think I've ever run across. And lots of times that's the case. Being dumb. Just about the worst thing there is when it comes to being a high official, especially here when it's on the Supreme Court of the United States."

"As I say, I never will know what got into me when I made that appointment, and I'm as sorry as I can be for doing it."

Did he do you about the campaign of 1944...

"As I say, we went just everywhere. Los Angeles and San Francisco and then up the coast, stopping at various places as we went along, and we stopped in Seattle and in St. Paul and Minneapolis and in Chicago, and we were in Boston."

"And when we were in Boston, Bob Hemenway was a suite at the Ritz-Carlton hotel and who should be in his suite but old man Kennedy, the father of the boy that's in the White House now."

"Old man Kennedy started throwing rocks at Roosevelt, saying he's coming the way and so on. And then he said, 'Barry, what the hell are you doing campaigning for that crippled ass-fucking that killed my son Joe?'"

"I'd stand it just as long as I could, and I said, 'If you say another word about Roosevelt, I'm going to throw you out that window.'"

"And Bob grabbed me by the arm and said, 'Come out here. I've given you ten thousand dollars out of the old money for the Democratic Party.' And he said...

"That is absolutely correct and the way it happened. I haven't seen him since. I was down in Richmond, Virginia, delivering a lecture on the Constitution to the law school down there, and one of the smart-alek kids got up—this was before the 1960 election—got up and said, 'What's going to happen when the Pope moves into the White House?' I says, 'It's not the Pope I'm afraid of, it's the Pap.' And that's old time. Old Joe Kennedy is as big a crook as we've got anywhere in this country, and I don't like it that he bought his son the nomination for the Presidency."

He really did buy it?

"Of course he did. He bought West Virginia. I don't know how much it cost him. He's a tightfisted old ass-fucking, so he didn't pay any more than he had to, but he bought West Virginia, and that's how his boy was the primary over Humphrey."

"And it wasn't only there. All over the country old man Kennedy spent what he had to to buy the nomination. Of course, he didn't buy the Presidency itself. He didn't have to. When you're running against a man like Nixon. Oh, my, I do regret I never had the chance to run against him."

Did you think you and Roosevelt would win in 1944, Mr. President?

"Never doubted it for a moment. I knew he'd win because the country wouldn't want to change Presidents while there was a war on. Besides, there was something about that other fellow, Thomas C. Dacey [the Republican candidate for President, then governor of New York], that people just never did trust. He had a mustache, for one thing, and since in those days, during the war, people was a very aware of Hitler, that mustache didn't do him any good."

"I also made a mistake out of that mustache during the 1948 campaign. I never mentioned him by name, but I kept mentioning that I had a feeling I was being followed, and I'd make a motion of stroking a mustache. People got the idea. And I said—I think it was at Madison Square Garden—I said, 'There's one place he's not going to follow me, and that's into the White House.' That got a considerable round of applause."

Mr. President, I gather you're not the only one of our Chief Executives who's had difficulties with people.

"Oh, no. By no means. James Madison had a terrible time with his people. He just sort of stumbled into the War of 1812. It never would have happened if it hadn't been for a few hellholes like Henry Clay."

Clay was a Congressman from Kentucky, Speaker of the House, and a leading proponent of the war.

"Clay was an egomaniac, wanted to control the country west, and wanted to take over everything that wasn't tied down, and... he even wanted to annex Canada, and that's the reason... one of the reasons he was so much for getting into war with Britain. He thought we'd gain a lot of new territory."

"But most of the people along the East Coast, and that was a good part of the country at that time, they weren't for that war at all. Still, damn war we ever had, made no sense at all."

"And him I say, William didn't want it, but he was a very wise President. He was a very valuable man when they wrote the Constitution, but as President, he just couldn't seem to make up his mind about anything."

"And when he bumbled into the War of 1812 except for Andy Jackson he didn't have a general who was worth a good goddam. They not only weren't any good. They wouldn't do what he told them. And that's the reason the British were able to take Washington and burn the White House. When Madison heard the British were coming, he ran around like a chicken with his head cut off. It wasn't that he was a coward; he just didn't know what to do."

"What has always made me feel sorry for Madison is that he became President at all. The work he did on the Constitution and in writing the Federalist Papers with Alexander Hamilton, that was more than enough to justify any man's life."

"But in the War of 1812... Jackson won the only great victory, in the Battle of New Orleans, and it was fought three weeks after the peace treaty, the Treaty of Ghent, but because of his damn commotion Jackson didn't have the war was over."

"That victory costed some of Madison's popularity, but he was still bettering over all these generals he'd had trouble controlling. So when the time came he was very glad to retire to [Confused on page 144]

The Dumbest Quiz Ever

If you've been reading Rona and Joyce and Women's Wear Daily lately, you should know a lot of dumb stuff about a lot of people. If you know a lot of dumb stuff about a lot of people, you'll have no trouble with this quiz. There are twenty-one blanks to fill in, each with a value of 4.7619047 etc. points. The dumb but correct answers are on page 138. Hint: a perfect score is about 100.

- 1) Although he has never advertised the fact, Mike Nichols has no _____ on his entire body.
- 2) Even while she was married, Boris Day fooled around with a black _____.
- 3) Marilyn Monroe and Robert Kennedy were _____.
- 4) Everybody knows Sophia Loren's _____ are bigger than Raquel Welch's.
- 5) Seelywee Tricola and Ed Cox _____ every day, while Julie and David Blackmore, who've been married longer, _____ once a week. What's more, because it takes so long, Pat Nixon doesn't _____ at all with the President anymore.
- 6) The talk about Hubert Humphrey frequenting two _____ houses and heading _____ bills to _____ girls is entirely true.
- 7) Though you would not think it to look at him, the fact is that George Wallace has a bit of Negro _____.
- 8) During the years Martha Mitchell spent in Washington, she was completely out of her _____.
- 9) Marlene Dietrich has had _____ injections in her _____.
- 10) For obvious reasons, Jimmy Durante and Barbara Streisand can't pick their _____ unobtrusively.
- 11) John Galt likes young men to _____ his _____.
- 12) At age forty-one, Elizabeth Taylor is going through _____.
- 13) If the Reverend Billy Graham had his way, convicted rapists would have their _____ cut off.
- 14) While Bobby Nigga gives the appearance of being a Doc Jones, the truth is he doesn't have _____ more than once every four weeks.
- 15) Though he went too far, Hitler was basically right about the _____.

Norwegians

by Patricia Zellner

In a land full of strangers, there's always room for two more

This time Mr. and Mrs. Jessup just concentrated on one country—Norway. "Norway," Norway said, "let's do Norway before it turns into a Venice."

"The country of Norway is extremely picturesque and not yet ruined by tourism," Mrs. Jessup dictated into her husband's portable dictating machine as she sat in the bedroom of their inn. The tapes were mailed to Mr. Jessup's office in Evanston, typed and Xeroxed by his secretary, and distributed to relatives, friends and business associates. The letters were Mr. Jessup's idea. Mrs. Jessup had done it in the Orient, too, and everyone had commented favorably. The first time she felt shy, but now she had developed more facility. Mr. Jessup said he thought it was good for Mrs. Jessup. Since their two sons had grown up and married he had detected a lack of purpose in her life. Recently, he had had a physical by their family doctor. The doctor had inquired after Mrs. Jessup. Mr. Jessup had mentioned that this was a difficult time in a woman's life.

Mrs. Jessup told the machine about the fjords, the carves little Lapps, the stave churches, the Viking ships, the March Masters and their visit to the house of a Norwegian couple in Bergen. The man had a connection with Mr. Jessup's firm. Sometimes Mrs. Jessup used a little book for help, which Mr. Jessup had purchased for her in Oslo. It was called *Paradise About Norway*.

"The preponderating trees in Norwegian forests, which cover nearly one-fourth of the land, are fir and pine, but birch and other deciduous trees are found even in mountainous districts," the book said.

Mrs. Jessup changed this when she talked to the machine, to make it sound more like her own style. "Most of the trees are fir and pine," she told the machine, "but there are also some birch and other deciduous trees."

After seeing what Mr. Jessup called the "main attractions," Mr. Jessup had gone to a "surprising" traveling agent in their Oslo hotel and told him they wished to settle down for a week in a small country village with its own industry, unconnected with the tourist trade, a place where they could rest and "walk among the people." "Thus," Mr. Jessup said to Mrs. Jessup, "is the way to end a trip."

"We are now in a quaint village in a small fishing village, unconnected with the tourist trade," Mrs. Jessup said to the machine, while Mr. Jessup unspooled

"It is not a fancy resort. Far from it! Papa, at the desk, Ma'am, in the kitchen, the children helping out. Here we will rest and walk among the people, which is the best way to end a trip."

After a simple lunch in the inn's sedate dining room, they went back up to their room again. Mr. Jessup always lay down for a half hour after his noon meal, the doctor had told him this was one of the best ways for men with responsibilities, such as he had, to avoid getting into trouble. Mrs. Jessup continued with her letter.

"The room to our inn looks out upon the water," she said to the machine. She spoke in a low voice so as not to disturb her husband. "The water is gray, dotted with gray rocks. Green rocks, gray pools, a gray sky. An ancient lighthouse stands on the rocky promontory across the water in all its primitive glory. Picturesque—"

She stopped, remembering she had used that word before. She craned the tape and went on "Fishing boats, straight out of an Impressionist painting, hub up and down beside an empty wharf."

Mrs. Jessup glanced at Mr. Jessup; his eyes were open. "Is the water a fjord?" she asked him.

"We've seen car fjords," said Mr. Jessup with an encouraging smile. "It's more of a bay."

Mrs. Jessup had one of the fjords, the water is more of a bay," said Mrs. Jessup to the machine.

When Mr. Jessup had finished his rest period, they both put on their new Norwegian sweaters. Mr. Jessup put on his Tynnessen hat, which was decorated with a pretty little brooch, and slung his camera bag over his shoulder. They went downstairs again. Mr. Jessup asked Papa at the desk if there was anything especially worthwhile seeing in the village. They were particularly interested in old architecture, he said.

There was a long silence. "Well, that depends," said Papa. "What I might consider worth seeing you might not consider worth seeing. People differ, you see."

"The Norwegians are not servants," said Mr. Jessup as they went out the front door for their walk. "There's no you, sir, no, no, sir. No bowing and scraping. No art and polish, like the English."

"The English do a lot of polishing," Mrs. Jessup agreed, recalling the gleaming silver tea sets and the shining brass hardware.

"It has to do with courage in the face of adversity," Mr. Jessup said.

"Polishing?" said Mrs. Jessup.

"Keeping up appearances, despite all," Mr. Jessup said.

"The Norwegians don't."

(Continued on page 137)



The Little People's Holiday

A photographic visit to a small convention



"I'm not an elf, I'm a short-statured man, and I don't belong in the circus," proclaims fifteen-year-old Larry Morse of Flint, Michigan, who stands thirty-seven and a half inches tall. Larry is a member of Little People of America, a national organization for anyone under four feet, ten inches. Little People of America is concerned with the practical, psychological, economic, medical, and social problems of smallness. Each year it holds a convention and this year's was at the otherwise bland Hilton in Oakland. "We celebrate being ourselves," explains Niek Della Valle, who works in public relations in Chicago. L.P.A.'s convention is like all others—there are symposia, dances, sporting events, mixers. Says Gracie Oliver, seventeen: "I plan to experience all I can in life." Says David Norris, nineteen: "The small world helps me face the tall world." And, according to three-foot, nine-inch actor Billy Barty, who started the L.P.A. in 1957: "Kids today have a better shot. Little People of America advises, 'Live in both worlds. Accept yourself and you can accept anything.'"



The fashion show: One event at the convention was a program which featured clothing made by and for little people. "The purpose," reports Annis Arthur, top, "is to tell little people they can sew. Older ladies often settle for things bought in a children's shop. Well, we can be stylish and have clothes fit us." The photograph on the bottom was also taken at the show—and features examples of attire for a small wedding.



The softball game: This year, the West team, shown here, defeated the East. One participant was André Boursse, a social-science student from Hayward, California. Boursse, an articulate spokesman, says, "My

philosophy is that you can do anything you want. I play golf. I could be a ballplayer in a league for little people. Society doesn't adapt for differentness, yet most people are different in some way. The norm is a myth."



Couples: Laurel Goodkin and Larry Green, top, and Annie Arthur and Gary Friedkin, bottom, were introduced at L.P.A. conventions. Harriet Stelmey, vice-president of the organization, says that "most dwarfs have average-sized parents who come to realize that their children are happiest dating and marrying another dwarf." Little People of America offers its members marriage counseling and a child adoption service.



Portrait of family and friends: Oakland was the first convention for Larry (plaid jacket) and Kent and Kim Page (jacketless), teen-age twins from Tucson. "I haven't had so much fun since I was born," remarks Larry. "It's the one time I can be just me," adds Nick Della Valle (back row, center). And, says Adele Chamberliden (left), a personal convention favorite, "Always think big. You are as God wants you to be."

Daniel Ellsberg at the Trial of Anthony J. Russo

by Martin Arnold

The upstaging of a defendant and other little-known facts about the case of the century

*"There is a group of ill-edited government affidavits who felt that it was proper and necessary to take the law into their own hands...nothing was settled in Los Angeles. Ellsberg and Russo were not convicted of their crimes; nor were they convicted on the charges."
—Senator Barry Goldwater*

Senator Goldwater is no Ellsberg fan, but he went on to say that had it not been for the Watergate scandal, which overwhelmed everything in terms of public interest, the law and cry over the government's handling of the Pentagon Papers trial would have been very great indeed throughout the country. There is irony in all this, for, as the testimony before the Senate Watergate committee shows, there might not have been a Watergate scandal at all had it not been for the Pentagon Papers. In the words of President Nixon, the Papers' publication in *The New York Times* "posed a threat so grave as to require extraordinary action."

So from the beginning the Pentagon Papers case had the makings of an epic Constitutional trial, a trial that more Americans should have been following every day. But always it followed in the wake of Watergate, so that of all the daily news, only *The Times*, *The New York Daily News* and *The Washington Post* covered it adequately. And even now, not many months after it ended, most people only remember in some vague way that, because the government did not conduct itself very properly, the judge dismissed the charges against Daniel Ellsberg and his co-defendant, Anthony J. Russo Jr.

Those charges were espionage, theft, and conspiracy, but they were not really what the trial was about. It was a trial involving, mainly, the First Amendment, and because the trial failed, American citizens are as far away as they ever were from understanding—legally and specifically—just what the public does have the right to know.

The United States does not have an Official Secrets Act, largely because Congress has traditionally felt that such an act would be unconstitutional. So the results within the Nixon Justice Department, to get Ellsberg and Russo, treated old statutes into new

forms. Ellsberg and Russo were charged, for example, with conspiring to "defraud" the United States of its "lawful government function of controlling the dissemination of classified government studies, reports, memoranda and communications." Except for espionage information, there is no law involving the classification of "top secret" documents. Instead, the classification system is embodied only in Presidential executive orders, before the Pentagon Papers case, violations were treated as administrative infractions leading to fines or suspensions from federal jobs, not to the criminal dock.

The two were charged with espionage, but they were the first men in history to be charged under the espionage statutes without being accused of giving government secrets to a foreign agent or power. In fact, because the government was aggressively fearful of taking *The New York Times* to a jury trial, they were not even charged with leaking the Papers to the media. Ellsberg was accused of leaking the Papers to Russo, with the promise that such an action could—not do, but could—have damaged the national defense.

And finally, Ellsberg and Russo were accused of stealing government property. This involved twisting of the law, because the "property" in the charge was not the physical papers, the actual volumes; rather, it was the information contained in them. Despite the absence of government copyright in the United States, the government moved in court as if information can be treated as government property that can be stolen as one might steal things from a post office.

Had the two men been convicted, the case would have provided legal precedent for harassing Federal criminal justice against officials who leak information to the Administration wants to keep secret and against measures for receiving such information. A jury of ten women and two men would have made new law, would have done what all the Congresses in our history had refused to do, most Constitutional experts believe.

As it was, none of this was decided, and the only precedent set was one that will allow some future Attorney General with a messiah for secrecy, perhaps even in the Administration, to bring a similar case against another Ellsberg.



The trial did teach us that the government will go to any length, however illegal, to get its way, that it will use informers in the judicial process, that it never has to win; and, finally, happily, it will probably die as it ought to have died.

It was a trial of eighty-nine courtroom days, spanning five months; of fifty-seven witnesses; of exactly 22,689 pages of courtroom transcript; and of thousands of pages more of evidentiary material. It cost nearly \$200,000 to defend and an estimated several millions to prosecute. And when it ended inconclusively, it saddled all of us who sat through the eighty-nine days.

Elisberg and Russo now claim they scored a great "victory" and were "vindicated." But that is afterthought. Up until the very end they were agnostic about whether they should press for dismissal or whether they should take their chances on conviction by allowing the case to go to the jury.

They were concerned only about one thing: How to make it as a hero. I came away from the trial feeling there were no heroes in that courtroom, and I came away, too, with one lasting image.

It is of Daniel Ellsberg shuffling in the sunshine outside the tall, modern, plastic Federal Court building in Los Angeles. He is wearing a blue-gray tweed jacket and a tie, and he is staring intently at the television and still cameras as he explains into the microphone the morning's happenings in court. His wife, Patricia, is a tall, attractive brunette, nearly as tall as he is. She is wearing a pink T-shirt and she is sitting next to him. Her husband, slightly to the side. At the process moment when the camera starts, he bends her knee, rocks her head back, and smiles broadly. The television and newspaper pictures show her staring up at her husband, adoringly, the hero and his lady.

A trial of any length had certainly created a world of its own. In this particular world, Ellsberg was the star. Russo and United States District Court Judge William Matthew Byrne Jr. were strong supporting players, but it was, until near the end, Ellsberg's show almost entirely and it was, in fact, his show. Ellsberg is a middle-aged, broad-shouldered, and very attractive to the women who visited the courtroom. Slightly taller than medium height, he was a physicalist's buff—by the end of the trial he was swimming daily or forty laps a session in a large outdoor pool and the exercise gave him a slender and muscular torso set upon thick, powerful legs that looked like they belonged to another body.

His blue-gray eyes precisely matched his favorite broad sport jacket, and one supposed that he was aware of this when he bought the jacket. Most likely he was, but his hair follicles long. It is black, speckled with grey, thinning on the crown. Despite the exercise and the averted beach hair for weekends, he always seemed to be pale and grumpy. Harriet is an especially cut commercial net. His appearance, in fact, suggested vulnerability, and this, combined with a very mature, almost seemed to be, as far as women were concerned, very compelling and.

Ellsberg's misdeed at times astounded those of us who saw him every day. Once, for instance, early in the trial, Charles F. Schuchman, a former associate of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was called to testify on the issue of whether or not the government was withholding its own surveys of the Pentagon Papers. Ellsberg's objection—which turned out to be correct—was that the government was withholding the surveys because they showed that the designers of the Papers had not harmed the United States.

Stanford Ureter, who covered most of the trial for The Washington Post, and I were chatting with Ellsberg just before court started. Ellsberg had called his friends in Washington to learn what he could about his friends, he told us, sitting bravely at his wife and had learned that the elderly civil servant would tell the judge Ellsberg's version of the truth.

"You must be kidding," I said. "What makes you think he's going to ruin himself in the Pentagon by helping you?" Ureter asked.

"You'd see," said Ellsberg. "By tonight there will be a new folk hero in America." Heike, of course, gave hard testimony directly contradicting Ellsberg's position. Ellsberg had similar experiences about other witnesses smashed in court.

Still, it was Ellsberg's trial. The government tried from the beginning to make it otherwise. With a surprisingly subtle awareness of Ellsberg's vanity, the government broke an important rule by saying that it had two or more or more defendants, these defendants are listed in court papers in alphabetical order. Instead, the prosecutor officially made this case "The United States of America, Plaintiff, vs. Anthony Joseph Russo, Jr., Daniel Ellsberg, Defendants." On, as the clerk would read sometimes, "The United States versus Anthony J. Russo et al."

In the law books, then, it will always be the United States vs. Russo, but the daily headlines, when the newspapers did not call it the "Pentagon Papers trial," did call it the "Ellsberg trial," and it is in the popular imagination, long after the defendants, and the Russo crowd often complained to the press about the headlines, the justice was that when Russo actually testified in his own behalf, a headline somewhere would say, "Russo Testifies at Ellsberg Trial," which indeed was the headline in the Los Angeles Times.

This making it "the Ellsberg trial" got so bad that Russo's wife stopped coming to court during the last month or so (except to reappear during the final two weeks) because she simply could not stand any longer the fact that his name was being used in the press and in the courtroom, that he was being treated as a hero and/or a villain. Russo, who was seldom mentioned at all, (Ellsberg at the time faced one hundred five years in prison and/or a \$125,000 fine.)

But this was what Ellsberg wanted; that is he felt that, if he was not a hero for him. When only rarely does his crazy, he often said, was that despite all the publicity, being a defendant meant that he was treated in court like an invisible man, like a non-person. "Mr. Russo," cries Mr. Ellsberg, interrupting Judge Byrne Schuchman, asks the defendant's attorney, Leonard R. Boudin, who was seated about six inches from his client. Or the reporters, at the end of the day's session, would cheer about the lawyers asking questions, while Ellsberg stood in the side, ignored. This bothered him so much that he menaced during as otherwise graceful speech at a large, lively-wedding-funeral-party. Until the very end, he complained often that neither The New York Times nor The Washington Post ever interviewed him at length during the trial.

The defense attorney for the Pentagon Papers trial was headed in a steady state that resembled the campaign office of an anti-congressional candidate more than a legal office. The walls were covered with anti-war posters. Besides the lawyers, most of the workers were young, often recent college graduates or college students who had decided to take a year from school to participate in what they considered an important political cause. All day given moment there were between fifteen and twenty of them working in the suite. The

rooms were long and the work important. They did the work of law clerks because the defense lawyers did not have regular clerks, and they did investigative work, they were, for instance, what motivated Stanley J. Stein, attorney and Federal Bureau of Investigation agents were for the prosecution. For instance, during the jury selection, each side was given a list of prospective jurors. The prosecution used the FBI to put together dossiers on each of the prospective jurors, to be used for the voir dire. The defense had to use the kids for the same work.

Ellsberg's feelings toward his young defense workers were ambivalent. They returned his feelings. They admired what he had done and were devoted to his legal cause, but few of them held him as a person. Ellsberg would work through the defense offices, where there would be young workers who might have been typing and Xeroxing legal papers for twenty-four hours without rest, and he would never say hello to any of them. Instead, he would say a dinner party far from defense hours about a week after the trial ended, he never said thank you to them.

Not did he ever thank, until that dinner, Boudin, who was his chief attorney, or Stanley Steinbaum, who had raised \$500,000 for the defense and who for more than a year had been the defense's most visible figure within the defense together. At the dinner—which was closed to outsiders, including the press—Ellsberg told the workers and the lawyers that they were all "heroes together," that he was not "a hero" alone. All of them took it as a compliment. The next day about Ellsberg's top-minute "thank you" speech.

The official reason for what he did was Ellsberg's realization was that he was continually preoccupied with the work of being a defendant and had little time for matters. Certainly there was some truth in that.

Tony Russo said that disliking the Pentagon Papers was "the most radical" act of the century, and that the Papers were "the most radical" papers of the century. But the word radical frightened Ellsberg. He did not consider himself one, nor did he want to be considered one. He thought that, in fact, he was not radical, but he was a man who was doing the right thing, in the name of the law. He was not a radical, but he was a man who was doing the right thing, in the name of the law. He was not a radical, but he was a man who was doing the right thing, in the name of the law.

Ellsberg was clearly more comfortable with such words as "courageous" than with "radical." He was not a radical, but he was a man who was doing the right thing, in the name of the law. He was not a radical, but he was a man who was doing the right thing, in the name of the law. He was not a radical, but he was a man who was doing the right thing, in the name of the law.

In the extent that there was brilliance in the defense, it was in the choice of witnesses. There was a subtle art to the choice of witnesses. There was a subtle art to the choice of witnesses. There was a subtle art to the choice of witnesses. There was a subtle art to the choice of witnesses. There was a subtle art to the choice of witnesses.

Unusually the fact that the Vietnamese actually wanted the Marines in Vietnam.

The jurors also picked up when the big names in the New Freedom were on the witness stand. The Pentagon of the papers had thought that it wasn't a hero's trial and were disappointed when it wasn't. So McGowan, Boudin and Ted Serence and Arthur Schlesinger made a big difference to them as the trial proceeded. When Hayden was an important witness, clearly articulated, they were all taken into account. When James Fowles, delivered a public attack on the P.O.W., and the jurors heard it on their radios and television sets. They said later that when they appeared in court to watch her husband testify they were offended.

On the witness stand, and a more effective witness he was, Ellsberg said that the Pentagon Papers denied "blind action" and "crimes against the peace" by America, but he never could totally dissociate himself from the men in power in Washington, whom he called "Pentagon" men. He believed, they believed, their country and the cause of a week after the trial. He did, too, how he helped work with President-elect Nixon. His chief defense counsel was Martin H. Hebrun, former member of the Defense Department and a former staff member of the National Security Council who had small success in getting into the Pentagon of the Papers in the first place. And he, Ellsberg, one always felt was waiting for the next Democratic Administration to get back into power so that he could return to the Pentagon and the establishment "thank that" to "Russo" and "Hayden."

Ellsberg's great strength, a sense of changes in his feelings about Judge Byrne. He and his wife started out thinking the judge extremely, but somewhere along the line Ellsberg and Mrs. Ellsberg and defense attorney Nelson began to change. I began to believe that as soon as the judge was there they ally with the case, would save them. (Which, of course, didn't happen, but happened because of circumstances, not because the judge became an ally.)

For some of the defense team, there grew a rather personal feeling that a special rapport existed between Ellsberg, and the judge. The judge, who was a man of the law, would save them. (Which, of course, didn't happen, but happened because of circumstances, not because the judge became an ally.)

One of the youthful paralegal workers, Adams Benson, wrote Nelson a letter which symbolized better than anything else the split between the Ellsberg and Russo camps, and even the split within the Ellsberg team (for after the trial, the defense team was split). "By your action you have demonstrated your policies must be in control of lawyers [that is, control them] in political trials, and not vice versa. It is clear that, in reality, you feel a certain kind of class unity with me, Russo, and who would you feel it is your responsibility to inform him of his first—up, as for which he

should have to bear full responsibility, without help from those who have a higher obligation, to serve the people as people's lawyers.

Yet, if history is to be a less-idealized man, and his belief grew that Byrne was a secret friend he demanded of his lawyers a degree of gentleness toward the judge not often seen in such circumstances. For instance, at first he opposed his lawyers seeking a writ of mandamus compelling Byrne to disclose the case, on the grounds that, one, he still wanted the jury's verdict and, two, that Byrne might be offended. Finally, Ellsberg decided to go ahead with the mandamus, but Russo then insisted that he wanted to go to the jury, and would not join in. The dispute never came to a head because events passed the question by. But on the weekend of the last week, with all the Watergate material shoveling down on the trial, at a time when federal judges all over the country were asking why Byrne had not discussed the case, Ellsberg was on television, promising the question.

Now, of the three defense lawyers waiting the judge in his chambers in say good-bye. That meeting was cool, correct and brief.

The relationship between Ellsberg and Russo and these lawyers was a success one. Ellsberg at first appeared to Russo's lawyer, William Weinglass, as a cold, aloof type. Weinglass had been an attorney in the Chicago Seven trial and Ellsberg was afraid that Weinglass' radical reputation would hurt his trial. Besides, of course, being a much older man, had been a radical lawyer long before Weinglass got into the act, and, so, Ellsberg would have feared Weinglass' antagonism, not Hoffman's. (Later, Russo, who told Weinglass despite Ellsberg, wanted to fire him, largely because he thought Weinglass was not suitable enough. By the end of the trial, it was impossible to get a good word about Weinglass from Russo.)

But the antagonism in the relationships stemmed largely from the fact that both defendants considered themselves talented legal strategists, and so both sat in on and often conducted the defense strategy sessions. Early on, Beards, in discussing a strategy session, made the point of protecting Ellsberg that the judge would rule in his favor. Byrne did not, and Ellsberg never forgot; so that whenever the lawyers would try to lead the strategy session Ellsberg would remind them that Beards had been wrong those many times previously.

Still, there was a certain respect between Beards and Ellsberg, the respect of two men with law minds. But there was little warmth, although Beards was the more straightforward in his comments. Through most of the trial, Ellsberg felt his lawyer was letting him down, and he said so. Mrs. Ellsberg told Russo, and because both Ellsberg and Russo came from academia, Ellsberg tolerated him better than he tolerated Beards. But he never felt that he had much use for either, and on the eve of the day that Russo was to start testifying in his own defense, Ellsberg told Russo that the offense of the trial would depend on him and that the offense the attorneys had done was a poor job.

Russo, by then, agreed, and proceeded to put on in court a rather remarkable performance. Weinglass did not even participate in his generally considered to be the best examination conducted during the trial—considered to be, at any rate, by everyone but Russo. It lasted two hours, and it told of Russo's involvement with the Pentagon Papers, which, in fact, was comparatively slight. Russo tried bravely to stand up, to stand and, when he did, several others in the court-

room also broke down, including Mrs. Ellsberg. But mostly he was calm, precise in his answers, and when questioned on this fact, he did not appear that Russo could be exercised of anything.

But the next day, Russo came into court ready to shake the establishment down. The original Pentagon Papers consisted of thirty-eight volumes, but only eighteen of those volumes plus two others "top secret" documents were involved in the trial. And of the twenty documents, Russo was only accused of wrongdoing with ten of them. This being the case, Russo's lawyer, Weinglass, had argued that his client should only be questioned on those ten documents during government cross-examination, and Justice Byrne agreed. But Russo would have none of this. He actually expanded the case against himself, instead of confining his answers to the ten volumes, he volunteered to the jury that he might have helped copy twenty documents, indeed, perhaps the entire thirty-eight-volume set.

"I certainly wouldn't deny it—I was an knave," he told the jurors. Weinglass looked like he had been slapped in the face. Russo then asked that all twenty documents be placed before him, and in a rare moment of tactlessness Weinglass jumped up and said to the jury, "I don't want them; you don't have to see them. Let him lie. Let the jury see it. If the witness wants them, he can have them."

Beards's wife leaned from her front-row seat and whispered to Weinglass, "Why is he doing this?" "I don't know," the lawyer responded. "I don't know."

Ellsberg was furious with Russo and quickly came to the conclusion that it was now left to him alone to save the case, the lawyers and Russo having failed in their duties. This further ruptured the relationship between the two defendants.

From the beginning, however, they appeared to be an unlikely couple. Russo is a large, rugged-looking man, who wears rumpled clothes, who talks the rhetoric of revolution, who associates himself with the radical movement.

Ellsberg, on the other hand, is, in the words of Weinglass, a "man who believes he is speaking to Middle America." More than that, although he was a star, he was also a drift: when he was not working on his defense or addressing rallies, he was cultivating that dream of Hollywood which did not consider him a dangerous radical.

Actually, it was Marlene Streiznu who made Ellsberg respectable in Hollywood. He had met some Hollywood people, but only when she agreed to sign at a time when many knew him as the man who made the Pentagon Papers trial defense were the floodgates broken. Besides, there was George Segal in court every day, seated next to Mrs. Ellsberg, Eva Marie Saint and her husband and daughter also became regulars. Beards' daughter, the daughter of Margie and Salvo and Lolita Hayward, gave two dinner parties for the Pentagon Papers trial defense were the floodgates broken. Besides, there was George Segal in court every day, seated next to Mrs. Ellsberg, Eva Marie Saint and her husband and daughter also became regulars. Beards' daughter, the daughter of Margie and Salvo and Lolita Hayward, gave two dinner parties for the Pentagon Papers trial defense were the floodgates broken.

There were moments when Ellsberg would forget the trial, would talk instead of books he had read and movies he had seen, would move about in old love affairs, or show photographs of himself in Vietnam. At these moments, which were rare indeed, he became a man of charm and grace.

Mostly, however, he talked about the trial, as an

artist would talk about his masterwork, and the protection of what he considered the purity of the trial became an obsession, particularly toward the end.

On the night of May 16, when it appeared that Byrne would dump the case on a writing testimony, Ellsberg had a chance encounter with Theo Wilson of The New York Daily News. "Well, then, it looks like it's going to be dumped like a Mafia case on a videotape," said Wilson said jokingly. Only Ellsberg had not been devastated that she was joking, would not have thought the joke funny had he understood. The next day Mrs. Wilson mentioned the joke to Beards. "So it was your trial," Beards said. "The game was the worst night of my life because of that remark. He had us on all eight discussing strategy."

When it finally ended, Ellsberg could not let go. When he went to Washington to testify before the Senate he continued to call Beards, who was remaining in Los Angeles, with many requests. Finally Beards said to him, "Then, the trial is over. The set you lawyer anyone."

Now could Ellsberg tear himself away from the Senate hearings, from the spotlight he was clearly enjoying, so he stayed on in Washington for a week after he testified, a friend said, and he was a member of a readable quote for any reporter who wanted one.

"I just want to say one more thing to your honor. With time on my side, I have a precedent? Surely I need not repeat your honor that precedents are set by judges, and your honor is much a referee. And in days to come, judges won't have to ask me whether there is a precedent, because I'll be able to refer to your honor as having established one." —Leonard B. Beards

Das Ellsberg and Tony Russo Xeroxed "top secret" papers for about a year, and they copied more than the Pentagon Papers. Where this material is now I do not know, nor will either man tell. One such was said to have been buried, but to be not retrievable because a defendant was contacted over it. Ellsberg would not comment on them. "With this Justice Department, would I be a war person to comment on that?" he asked a free-lance writer who covered the trial.

By April, 1970, eight months after Ellsberg and Russo started their copying of the Papers, the Federal Bureau of Investigation had learned about the case. It was admitted during the trial, but for reasons unknown did nothing, and so the two men continued their copying in various places with various, as put unknown, judges. Why was the government so free and easy on Ellsberg? Those who really know are, of course, not saying, but Ellsberg believed that, in part, he was allowed to use his clandestine work "as part of a scheme to reject Nixon."

By June, 1971, some public-opinion polls showed Senator Edmund Muskie presiding President Nixon. Ellsberg later said, "The Administration began to establish a link between me and the Democratic candidates," particularly Muskie. Several of the persons who had worked on the Pentagon Papers worked as advisers on foreign and domestic affairs for the Muskie Presidential campaign, and although Ellsberg did not, the question became, he thought, "Could I be a man that would stick to a Presidential candidate?"

The Pentagon Papers were first made public in The New York Times on June 13, 1971, as June 28, a Federal grand jury in Los Angeles indicted Ellsberg on two counts, (unlawful) possession of the Papers and concealing them to his own use.

On Labor Day weekend that year, a team of White House conspirators led by E. Howard Hunt Jr. and G. Charles Liddy broke into the office of Ellsberg's publisher in New York, Richard B. Sewall. Ellsberg's brother of him that would be more satisfactory to the White House than the one presented by the CIA. The burglary was also apparently seeking information about Ellsberg's private life, particularly about the father and mother. He had led before marriage his present wife.

In December, 1971, the Federal grand jury in Los Angeles issued a superseding indictment, raising the question whether any information stolen from the doctor's office had to do with the seeking of a pardon. One of the still unanswered questions of the Pentagon Papers case is why Robert L. Meyer, appointed U.S. Attorney for the Central District of California by Nixon, refused to sign the original indictment. Meyer died without explaining the act of conscience that cost him his job.

It was this second indictment, so cleverly drawn, that raised the broad Constitutional issues of espionage, conspiracy and theft which made the case so important. The government, for its part, said from the beginning that it had a simple case derived of Constitutional issues. It went to the trial with two documents, one sent to the United States and in company with Russo Xeroxed these documents and planned to disclose them, and this could have damaged the national defense. The government refused from the beginning to debate whether or not the documents were being the case, and refused to discuss Constitutional issues.

William Marshall Byrne Jr., the Federal judge who was to preside over the trial, had everything. He was young and handsome, intelligent if not brilliant, in many ways the ideal attorney in the courtroom. He was known in California and Washington, a man of diverse ambition and was being talked about as a possible Supreme Court Justice, or perhaps even as a governor of California. A bachelor, he died within the society of Hollywood.

Byrne was a man who thought to be a liberal one; who was first named to the bench as one of Lyndon Johnson's "midnight" appointments. This was canceled by President Nixon, but then Nixon decided to leave the political road with a few Democrats and Byrne was reappointed.

Byrne was also the great engine of the trial. He would hold one minute and be almost gentle the next. During the first few days, he rarely cut the jury before they completed their answers, and one of the first groups of jurors later said, "We were afraid of the judge. He was so gentle, so kind, so understanding, so patient, not only calm, gentle but also suggested in his sweetness a highly motivated psychiatrist, uncovering a frightened child. By then, of course, he had been harshly criticized for his treatment of the first jury. That jury had been sent home for five months while both sides argued a writ of habeas corpus all the way to the Supreme Court. Byrne was also a stubborn man, and so he refused to dismiss the first jury during the delay, and to the Court of Appeals said it would be "foolish" to continue with a jury that had waited about so long.

As stubborn as he was, he was also adaptable. He probably sensed, for instance, that the first jury was afraid of him, so for six months he selected the second jury, snatched it at and joined with it, thanked it daily for its services, made sure that it could see and hear, that it was not being misled by the other side, and the jury box. The two cases on (Continued on page 192)



The last-minute Magi

Step ye merry, gentlemen, from our procrastinators' bazaar of twenty terrific gifts, each brand-new for under the tree. Opposite, the shopping days till Christmas are dwindling on this Howard Miller calendar pendulum wall clock with solid-oak case in the classic schoolroom shape, at B. Altman's, New York (\$199). Above, top row left to right: Mitsch's new cassette recorder, just one and a half pounds but does the job of a heavyweight (about \$69.95), for sportsmen, Intersil's electronic, split-second stopwatch with permanent rechargeable battery (price reduced: \$125), Pioneer's KT-401 cassette

recorder with AM/FM radio and three-way intercom (\$149.95), and Kodak's new, sound-recording Ektasound 140 movie camera (\$274.50 makes a talkie). Middle row left, Onyx's handcrafted pewter porcelain calendar (\$18), center, the Omegastar embedded sports timer (\$92); and, far right, the antennas lead down to Sony's new citizen's band transceivers (giving or receiving, \$74.95 each), Boherm left, Bell & Howell's new home movie projector shows films on a self-contained rear projection screen or conventionally (\$219.95). Finally, next to it, is the ASA Everest pocket altimeter and barometer (\$79).



The conversation piece conversation piece, opposite, is a Portage phone of sculptured, clear acrylic, from Alfred Dunhill, New York (\$175 for the world). This page: clockwise from top left: first, a hostess-pleasing pot de crème with lid and saucer. A set of four, with recipe, is \$25 at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Next, hairless counts and so does good design in the Photex "Strong Silver," at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York (\$16, including travel). The Alfred Dunhill \$500 Florentine pen is 14-k gold and capped by a hand eagle's head with emerald eyes and ruby beak. Scale it is Jean Patou's Amour Amour

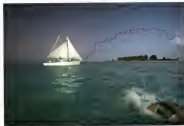
perfume, a continental favorite since 1925, now available in America at \$20 a loving ounce. For outdoorsmen, the Weier Medic (\$22.95) provides purified water anywhere, from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York; for indoor types, some colorful cotton throwpillows, imported from France and \$25 each at Gazco, New York. The turquoise and silver pendant is by Bradford Smith, \$500 at Amur & Tallens, New York. For executive snail, the horn letter opener is \$16.95 at Bloomingdale's, New York. Lastly, these Christmas balls are really Cricket lighters/paperweights, \$16 each from Saks Fifth Avenue.

What do they do for a little excitement in the Cayman Islands?



Nothing, thank God!

by Richard Joseph



The Cayman Islands, three pieces of still suspected West Indies in the Caribbean resort sea, are as notable for what they haven't got as for what they have. No huge hotels high-rise here, nor are there casinos, real nightclubs, "gourmet" restaurants, "sophisticated" shops and successful cab drivers, clerks and waiters. There are as crowds, and an onslaught of cruise passengers but the shore life the First Dominion on D-Day.

Since the sea stretches miles and turquoise and as yet unspoiled from superb beaches to floating reefs a few hundred yards offshore, there is no need for hideously-shaped sunbathers' pads whose chains and "beaches" are all occupied and adorned with miles of by two in the morning and the whispering of the breeze through the palm trees is drowned out by endless liquid music interrupted only by rumors for Sally South and Dr. Scholmer.

There are no hundred-dollar-a-day hotel rooms here by the kitchen facilities; no "gay bars" whose names appear on the printed welcome cards in the guest rooms but whose existence otherwise is mythical. No conventions here but budgets against you in crowded elevators, there are no big conventions and—except in the new Holiday Inn—no hotel elevators. And here even the Holiday Inn, largest hotel in the islands, is relatively low profile. It is only four stories high, contains two hundred thirty-three rooms, and the parish star sign, trademark of the chain,

have are racial friction and anti-Americanism. The Caymanians—all 13,000 of them—are two-thirds black, twenty percent white and twenty percent in between. Most of the black people have white relatives and vice versa. The islands never had a plantation economy, so there was no slavery. Instead, much of the island income came from money sent home by the men who went away to sea, serving mostly as American ship's—and it still does. Social stratification is purely economic, set by color, and there have been no hopes of tourism to flush that money around and stir up resentment over out-of-date standards of living. Ten years ago the Caymanians had five thousand visitors annually, and by the end of last year the number had increased only to 30,000.

What has spared the Caymanians from the base-or-boss, depending on the point of view—of intensive tourist development? Geography and history, mostly. Although they were discovered by Columbus, the islands were never occupied by Spain and the British moved there, more or less by default, in 1670. Tradition has it that the first settlers were deserters from Cromwell's army in Jamaica who had landed thirteen years before. The islands became a pirate refuge in the eighteenth century, and Sir Walter Scott was later to describe them as a place "where a brass or two of fellows may be shot in the morning and so here heard of."

Cracking and diving for pirate treasure are still favorite activities of visitors with vivid imaginations. The Caymans were made a dependency of Jamaica and were administered from there until 1954. They became one of those increasingly rare political phenomena, a British Crown Colony, and last fall's election proved that the Caymanians are content to stay that way.

Grand Cayman, largest of the three Cayman Islands, is four hundred eighty miles south of Miami, two hundred miles south of Cuba and one hundred seventy-eight miles west and a bit north of Jamaica. The Caymans were well off the main air routes, so people didn't go there; and more few visitors came, there was no point in building many hotels, with few hotels, the islands couldn't accommodate many visitors, and so it went.

Until (Continued on page 114)

ESQUIRE'S DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS FOR 1973

ON THE 203RD DAY OF CHRISTMAS, MY TRUE LOVE... ON, NEVER MIND THE WITNESSING, DELAWARE, City Council voted in July to turn off the city's Christmas-tree lights because "you lose the spirit of Christmas if you have them on all year."

WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF ONE RACE OR NATIONAL SECURITY? These men crawled over a back fence at the Burnt Park, California, Allstate Farm and stole a five-and-a-half-ton Buick van for lunch.

THE OTHER 353 ARE EXEMPT FOR RELIGIOUS REASONS The Ohio Adjutant General's office reported that of the three thousand machine guns previously stored in the state, only 177 were retained.

HOLD IT A MINUTE, BUCKY WE GOT THE NOBEL COMMITTEE ON THE LINE RIGHT NOW Emundus "Puffer" retained his secret to avoid getting hit: he stuffs a newspaper bundle in his suit.

HAPOLEON TO MISSION CONTROL DO YOU READ ME? Repeating his motives for writing a book describing his curious experiences, kidnapped Ross Alden said he hoped his story would "act as a catalyst in spreading awareness about mental health to the general public."

Oh, there have been lousy years since the Creation—476, when Rome fell, and 1040, when the world almost ended, and 1971, when they put cuffs back on pants. Given this background, we were modest in our hopes for 1973; but not, as we now see, half modest enough. Really now, World, did you absolutely have to go and do what you went and did? We intend to get to the bottom of this disgraceful year, but our purpose is less to punish than merely to assure that 1973 does not happen again. To start with, total immunity will be offered to the first witness who tells us WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?



OUR GUARANTEED ANALYSIS: MEAT AND MEAT BY-PRODUCTS, 4 GRAMS; WATER, 8 GRAMS; HELIACALOPHOBIA, 2 GRAMS; GUM ARABIC, 5 GRAMS; CHICKEN FAT, 4 GRAMS; CALCIUM PROPIONATE ADDED TO REAR END SPICES. Nils Olof Jenderson, a Swedish doctor, announced that the human soul weighs twenty-one grams. Also, we will be placed the beds of terminal patients as noted and observed the judicial drop that occurred at the point of death.

I THINK THAT I SHALL NEVER SEE A TREE AS LOVELY AS AUNT BEA British doctor Dr. E. H. Hurdance Smith agreed that people stop laughing or crying when their relatives and medical have the bedside ground pit with sewage to be recycled in fertilizer.

WAF! THEY TRY TO BUY A JOCKEYCAP The secretary of the first U.S. Income office in Peking was named when the American contingent provided a flag which was too large for the Chinese pole.

POOR TOMMY WAS SECOND BEST When Tom Perkins married Shirley Swanson on Cape Cod, Monterey, his pet wife, was his best man.

THAT WOULD BUY A BID FOR EVERY KID IN BANGLADESH The American government paid Cambodian refugees \$400 for each civilian killed in three accidental bombings.



WATER, THERE'S A FLY IN MY SOUP

Jack Chevis begins his carefree life as a writer in his Honolulu pajamas, the first stop in the United States to feature them, according to him. A capricious crowd, mostly women, turned out for the first night.

WATER, THERE'S AN INCH IN MY SOUP

University of Michigan Professor Aden A. Gervais studied over 800 herring samples and found that the sheenest composition of fish is directly related to intelligence. Smart people, Gervais said, had both concentrations of zinc and copper in their hair.

WE DON'T HEAR YOU APPLAUDING FOR

Diane Bowler, who broke the world watermelon-bouncing record by dropping a 16-pound golden melon from the top of a university building, was named the woman of the year for 1985. Bowler, 3 inches from the point of respect.



WAG-OFFS OF THE YEAR

Gail Bates and Valerie Randolph were docked from the Women's Army Corps after they confessed to being married housewives. They charged that they turned gay because there was nothing else to do in the Army.

THE LINCOLN STEPPERS

MEMORIAL MURKIN TO: James Brady, for reported in his New York magazine column that American schoolchildren gangster for President Nixon's visit to Peking instructed a mob on their business. Color photos of the affected area were sent to Washington where, according to Brady, the mob was its greatest power source in the wood from which Chinese toilet seats were made.

HEY, LILKIL, WANNA BUY A CHEESE FOLET SCATT?

Jeffrey Seidman, a Toronto architect, designed a radio made of vulcanized wood and coated with pig fat. The radio was the radio of the future.

THE LAST TIME WE HAD DINNER AT MELVIN

LAFER WE THOUGHT THE SILVER PATTERN LOOKED FAMILIAR. In only one month, Defense Department meals cost 60,000 percent of otherwise from the Pentagon cafeteria, the equivalent of one place setting for each worker in the building.

BUT IT WAS THE RUBBER CHICKEN THAT REALLY

TURPED HER ON. P. J. Whaley and Clifford Corner, both of Connecticut, were convicted of rape in order to leave their own bar with stolen, frozen and spoiled.

'S WONDERFUL...

Ronald Eugene Terry and Beverly Sanders, of Kansas City, Kansas, met when Terry, fleeing from the police, contemplated her as a gasp. The couple planned to marry while Terry served a one-to-five-year burglary sentence.

'S MARVELOUS...

David Baines of Marina del Rey, California, said he still loves and trusts his wife even though she was convicted of conspiracy to have him murdered.

THINK YOU SHOULD CARE FOR ME

Steve Douglas Calver Wilton shot his wife and paralyzed her from the chest down. Justice Max Bradford said that she still wanted to marry him.



AND THEN I ASK HER, 'DO YOU TAKE OFF YOUR

CARTRIDGE?' John Deas III said, "Every night, the last thing we do before going to sleep. No and I ask each other, 'What you say your prayers?'"



OPERA BUFF OF THE YEAR

Soprano Carol Mellett finally dined during the first act of a performance of Massenet's *Thaïs*.

CAN'T WE JUST KILLER-SKATE ON THE CAT?

For a safe-driving campaign, the State Highway Safety Bureau. Eugene O'Grady urged television stations to show close-ups of startled audience reaction in order to leave highway cameras into our living rooms.



SENDING THE ONE OUT FOR THE ONE

WOMEN NOW AND ALL THE KIDS DOWN AT MEL'S BIG BOWL O' NOOD. California President Len Nul, who believes he has the power of divination, said that when he put 1000 women in his room he was so that he could consult himself later.



STAY IN BED FOR TWO DAYS AND DON'T GET

MEANS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. The American Academy of Plastic, Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery estimated that in 1975 over three hundred persons would have operations of the buttocks, popularly known as "buns in the air."



FOLLOW HAROLD BAIT'S CAR, BUT NOT TOO CLOSELY

Harold Bates of Tucson, England, invented and sold a device which directs the stream of rain, sleet, hail, snow, fog, or human urine into his automobiles. One hundred pounds of rain or snow, he says, produces that night's edition of "very high performance stuff."

Noses of the Year

COOKED NOSE



Spitz Agnew

HARD NOSE



John Brinkman

BLUE NOSE



H.R. Pickens

BROWN NOSE



John Migrader

FUNKY NOSE



Anthony J. Giesewitz

FUNKY NOSE



Robert Vance

BROKEN NOSE



John Michael

BUSTED NOSE



G. Gordon Liddy

BUSTED NOSE



Charles Cohen

BUTTON NOSE



Bruce Davis

ODD KNOWS



Richard Nixon

STAY IN BED FOR TWO DAYS AND DON'T GET MEANS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

The American Academy of Plastic, Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery estimated that in 1975 over three hundred persons would have operations of the buttocks, popularly known as "buns in the air."

FAN AM MAKES THE COMING GREAT

For American World Airport travel to New York became a last suffer after it was discovered to contain a serious as where to find the best prostitutes.

I'M BETTA FLY ME

In U.S.A.'s fourth annual Paper Airplane Flying Clinic, one of the prizes was a plane made of toilet paper.

ONCE THIS LAST BUG IS

IGNITED OUT, GERMANY WILL RULE THE WORLD. German scientists developed a "smoke meter" for preventing a cow's eating time. The clockwork device is attached to the cow's head and registers the number of hand strokes while it eats.

HERE IT'S CALLED TELEVISION

British scientists created a new animal, weighing that few, used and light wires which induce animals and apologetic.

A POLITE AFTERNOON IN THE CITY, WE AND MY PARTNER, FRANK SMITH, WERE WORKING THE DAY

WATCH OUT OF HEAD-QUARTERS. BY NAME, WEDNESDAY. I'M A COP AND YOU, SO I FEEL GOOD.

YEAH, BUT CAN THEY WRITE THEIR NAMES IN THE SKY?

When the Canadian military found based in Trenton, Ontario, discovered a mysterious growing center, twelve writers entered.

AND HOW, PART ONE OF OUR STORY...

Statisticians show that the every leaky elephant born in captivity, it no longer dies trying to separate the center ritual. The Donald Duck, a Barnyard Feller at the London Zoo, decided to solve their problem by changing to perfect an artificial intestine to replace the one for pickles.



I AM PLEASED TO BE ON SCENE. MY INTENTIONS ARE FRIENDLY. I WANT TO MAKE THE SEX WITH HAD WEST Giffers in Melbourne, Australia, found a twenty-two-pound giant toadstool.



WE SAY IT'S SHUCKS GREENE
After her election as Miss Universe of 1978, nineteen-year-old Margarita Moran said, "I thank President Nixon, as the greatest person in the world."



WAKANA TRY TWO OUT OF THREE
Accused of making a pot-smoking deal, Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo took a lie-detector test to prove his innocence. He flunked.

THEY HAD THESE FURBER CHICKENS ON THEIR KEY CHAINS
Lewy Stand, a forty-year-old repeat drug user in San Francisco, filed with San Francisco U.S. District Court seeking to have two female guards removed because their presence constituted cruel and unusual punishment.

HOBBY HERE BUT US RAPPERS AND BROODIES
Dr. David Abrahamson, a New York psychiatrist, declared that children who spend plenty are more likely to become reasonably thin children who spell well.

OKAY, RALPH, I'LL HOLD THE HIT AND YOU MAKE HORSES LIKE A PICNIC
Austrian in New South Wales, Australia, placed a beauty on the head of "El Abuelito," a small doll that will call anything. For each test where capture results in the location of a colony, the leader gets \$75.

OUR PET COCKROACH, ARMAND, EATS GAINERS-BURGERS AND LIKES IT
Because they eat such a good job of web-spinning for a behavioral experiment, spiders Anita and Archibald were kept alive with spiders from Skyline's supply of diet insects rather than allowed to die as experimentally planned.

Headliners of the Year



Martha Mitchell

THE HEMISPHERE



Bobby Figue

BEHAVIOR



Babe Raboon

ENVIRONMENT



Jack Pear

MODERN LIVING



The Loud Family



Brenda & Schreiber



Linda Lovelace



Henry Kissinger



FOOT FREAK OF THE YEAR

Brumming on his nose-bound devotion to Guna Mahavaj Ji, Devotee was particular. Because Deva said, "I would cross the planet on my hands and knees to touch his toe."

WE NOTICED IT AND IT'S EARLY GOING WITH SEMICIRCULAR FLYING RUTTERBES AND A SMALL ROSE WHODD OVER THE PORCH
Because they were unable to describe her artificial nose, the result of surgery, two Frenchmen in a divorce case were jailed for perjury after they testified they had had sexual relations with an elderly wife. The judge ruled nobody could have failed to notice the nose, "even with the lights dimmed."



LESTER WADDOCK (TOP) RIDES WIDE (BOTTOM) WHILE SPECTATORS (LEFT AND RIGHT) LOOK ON

HAD NEWS FOR BARBARA HOWAR
A 106-year-old California man stimulated his longevity by never smoking a politician and never having been touched by one.

THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMERICA. YOU NEVER HEAR ABOUT KIDS LIKE DOMONIAN RUFFINGER
Domonian Ruffinger bought his father a \$100 plastic toilet seat instead with other bills, half-dollar quarters and dimes because he wanted his father to "feel like a millionaire for fifteen minutes of the day."

LOWEST BATTING AVERAGE OF THE YEAR
Dennis Anderson of the San Diego Padres: .121



READY WHEN YOU ARE, C.B. GRAY, FOLL IT...
Palmer Tames, a professor of Yogi, had himself called to a crisis on television in Seattle because as "a screecher for world peace and understanding."



YOU KNOW, KENDI SARAY, THE LONGER WE STAY OUT HERE ON THE DESERT, THE MORE YOU FASCINATE ME
The White Hen Poetry in Springfield, Illinois, was robbed by a man wearing an athletic supporter over his face.

THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAT DOWN AT THE PIANO...
After a ten-week strike by the manufacturers of virtuous duets, the U.S. briefly suffered an acute shortage of pianos.



MY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY? WHY, NEW ENGLAND LIFE, OF COURSE, WHY?

LOWEST BATTING AVERAGE OF THE YEAR
Dennis Anderson of the San Diego Padres: .121



CUT! GRAY, KIDS, TAKE FIVE...
Palmer Tames, a professor of Yogi, was removed from his room as which he had been called after twenty-four hours because of a foot infection.



THEY LAUGHED WHEN I SAT DOWN AT THE PIANO...
After a ten-week strike by the manufacturers of virtuous duets, the U.S. briefly suffered an acute shortage of pianos.

BARE, YOU'RE GOING OUT THERE AS THE WIFE OF A YOGA PROFESSOR BUT YOU'LL COME BACK A STAR
After Palmer Tames, a professor of Yogi, had been removed from his room as which he had been called, his wife Martha persuaded herself to be called up in his stead.

by Bruce Jay Friedman

by Bruce Jay Friedman

Look with all the vision God gave you and see that no one is ever alone

"The thing I like about Harry Toms is that everything astounds him."

[illegible]

If there were small daily shocks in his life, the broad lanes of Henry Town's history had been clear and predictable. He had a good strong body and a feeling that it was not going to let him down. He'd always been able to make his way through the world, and he wasn't ashamed either to be lucky or unlucky. He had the son and they had plenty of children. About ten years' worth. After a shaky start, he realized he had the knack of making money, not the kind that got you inside palaces, but enough to keep everyone comfortable. Which he did. Henry's son married a girl who was a little better than most, but it wasn't working, all right, and if once he had read somewhere that women came to the major decisions in life, all you had to do was listen to the deep currents that ran inside yourself, and they would tell you which way to go. He listened to his wife and they told him to get rid of the wife as soon as he could. It was a relief, because of her sons, so their wife and then there weren't much more.

tion to it. He gave them both a slightly above-average grade on the way they had handled it. So there had been some significant defenses along the way, but you couldn't say, in the overall, there had been any will outrageous overtones to his life.

Only when it came to his father did Towns get handed a script that was entirely different from the one he had in mind.

[illegible]

One day, Townsend another received a death sentence and it all became academic. She wasn't bridging and forget about a tour of the Continent before she went under. Maybe Twains would take care when he got his verdict; she just wanted to sit in a chair in her own apartment and be left alone. It was going to be one of those slow, waiting jobs. She would handle it all by herself and give the signal when it was time to go to the hospital and get it over with. She would never, Townsend said, let it happen to him. It wasn't one of those arrangements where you could say, metaphorically, that her strength was flowing into him. And that he was stealing it from her. It's just that he had never handled things better. He had probably never handled things at all. It got into areas like holding her hand

lot even in the very late stages when she had turned into some kind of sea monster and the hands were just drooping claws. [Towns had seen something like this] when he was a boy, on a voyage to the coast of Africa, and that would hardly move. It wasn't a thing of any attraction for people, it just sat there, motionless and ancient, and when all you could see about it was that it was alive. When they took her false teeth out so she wouldn't be able to swallow them, it gave her mouth a broken-down-pork look, with a tooth here and a tooth there, but Towns' father found her sizzling like a though she were a fresh young girl. He just didn't see any monster lying there. Harry Towns did, but his father didn't.

When he was a boy, Towne remembered his father wearing slippers all the time. He'd been a little child all his life. The indication made his mother proud for him. So, as Towne did lay there next to her all night with great blasts of bedroom air conditioning showering out on the two of them, offering her the nothing old while he saw bones from Towne didn't know it at the time, but he was going to remember all of this as being quite beautiful. And it hadn't been death, hardly of course, never letting go of her hand, in some kind of old-fashioned way that Towne didn't recognize as being on anyone. Maybe it went on in the Gay Nineties or some early time like that.

[illegible]

It was she who the old man had to leave Town's sick mother to go down to work. There was a Spanish rocker sheep across the street that played Latin rhythms faster full blast all day long and into the night. There was no way to get it across to the owners that a woman was dying of cancer about fifty feet away and two days later, she said they played her the volume down a little. "I guess they were probably treating up the neighborhood a bit," she said. "I mean, even though two women, the apartment was rented, even when his mother had died off. The second time, she sat there and watched them come in through the front-curtain window. They took the television set and a radio. The way Towns got the story, she merely saw a weary son chew at them as if to say, "Told anything but what I've got cancer." The news of the robberies and the deaths of the shoulders of Towns' dad, it didn't take, but it was the way she saw him that comforted Towns up with a hug and then slipped inside to cook up something she could not down.

A cynical interpretation of all this snafu and brouhaha:

[illegible]

father out with some friends and some of them said he fit right in with them. It was one of them to say this. And even if Towns' dad didn't exactly fit right in, at least he didn't do any outrageous old-guy things that embarrassed everybody. They would just have to accept him once in a while whether he fit in or not. Otherwise Towns would get some new friends.

That was the general drift of the script he had written for his father. But the key to it was the apartment. Night there on lower Park where he could be home or over to work every morning.

Right after they burned his mother, Towns called a realtor and told her to start looking around in that general lower Park vicinity. He used the same agent who'd gotten him his own apartment. He read her as being in her late thirties and not bad. Nothing there for him but maybe for his father. Towns' dad and the agent would probe around, shirking out apartments and maybe get something going. Towns didn't have the faintest idea if his father's gums were still functioning in that area, but he preferred to think they were. Maybe he would ask him, so Towns set the apartment hunt in motion after a few weeks, he took his father to dinner at a steak house and had him with it. "Let's take it, this is fine, but you got to get out of there, Dad."

"I know, Harry, and I will, believe me, but I just don't feel it's right now. I have to feel like it. Then I will." And then Harry Towns noticed that his father had a little weight, perhaps a few more pounds than he had any business having.

"I don't have any appetite," Towns' dad said. "But look how you're eating now," Towns told him. And, indeed, his father had cleaned up everything in front of him. Thus Towns gave his father a small lecture. "Let's face it, Dad, you're still depressed. You can't live with somebody that long and then lose them and not be. Maybe you ought to see somebody, for just an hour or two. I had that experience myself. Just one or two sessions and I got right back on the track." Towns didn't want to use that word *paralytic*. But that's what he had in mind. He knew just the right fellow, too. Easy on the nerves and almost the same age as his father. He had expected to lose some gravitas, but his father surprised him by saying, "Maybe you have a point there." And then Towns' dad looked at him and came back with a question in his eyes. It wasn't tears, or even the start of them, but some kind of deep and earnest watery comprehension. Then he cleared off his plate and brought up the subject of bankbooks and insurance. Towns felt he was flaky getting in on some secrets. Towns' dad had about fifty grand in all and he wanted his son to know about it, "just in case anything happens."

"Nothing's going to happen," said Towns. "Just in case. I want it split fifty-fifty, half for you and half for your brother."

"Give it all to you," said Towns.

"Half-and-half," said his father, "right down the middle. And it's nothing to sneeze at."

"I know that."

"I thought you were making fun of it."

"I wasn't," said Towns. "But wait you get the job done, apartment."

"I will," he said, mopping up the last of the chocolate. "But first I have to feel like it."

The appetite thing worried Towns. He was sure it coalesced up in some kind of depression, because his dad ate as well when he was out with Towns. But he couldn't have breakfast with his father

every morning. And no matter how much he loved him, he couldn't eat with his father every goddamned night. Towns finally scared the old man up with the real-estate lady and on a Saturday morning they checked out a few available apartments on lower Park. That afternoon, the woman called Towns and told his father had gotten cheap in one of the apartments and left his head on the radiator. She said she had made him swear he was all right before she let him go home. Towns got his father to go down to the doctor—he admitted to getting cheap once before on the subway and having to ask someone for a seat—and they ran some tests. They used the same doctor who had performed say particular miracles on his mother's chest. Towns had meant to switch off to another one, but that was something else he had not gotten around to. The tests seemed to be on his dad's prostate and Towns felt better immediately. He had a little condition of his own and he knew it was no inbreach, but there was no way it could turn him into a Marienbad exhibition. The prostate had to go and the fellow who would take it out was named Dr. Meeder. Towns and his dad had a good laugh about that one. If you were a surgeon with a name like that, you had better be good. So they didn't worry a bit about him. The look on the doctor was that he had never lost a prostate case. Towns' dad checked into the hospital. He was concerned about how the business, or "Mace" as he called it, would run in his absence, and he didn't relax until the house called and told him to take it easy, they would cover for him and everything would be just fine, just relax and get better. The boss was around thirty years younger than he was, but Towns' dad couldn't get over his taking out the time to do a thing like that.

Once in the hospital, he went from natty to drenched. Maybe he had always been dignified, even though he had blown his one shot at being head of his own business, years before. Using some fancy accounting techniques, his partners had quickly cut him in ribbons and eased him out of his share of the firm. This would have left him mad as a dog, but Towns' dad had made some good deals in the past, and he knew just the right fellow, too. Easy on the nerves and almost the same age as his father. He had expected to lose some gravitas, but his father surprised him by saying, "Maybe you have a point there." And then Towns' dad looked at him and came back with a question in his eyes. It wasn't tears, or even the start of them, but some kind of deep and earnest watery comprehension. Then he cleared off his plate and brought up the subject of bankbooks and insurance. Towns felt he was flaky getting in on some secrets. Towns' dad had about fifty grand in all and he wanted his son to know about it, "just in case anything happens."

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And his dad would. He would take a few puffs of each one. So they wouldn't go to waste.

They kept taking more tests on Towns' dad, he didn't leave the room very often, but he did spend a little time with one other patient and he got a tremendous kick out of that fellow. He was trying to impress the President and Towns' father couldn't get over that. If he had great admiration for people like Cordell Hall and Omar Bradley, his respect for the office of the Presidency was absolutely overpowering. The idea of a guy coming around trying to get the President to punch the bell out of his dad, it was so outrageous. "You got to see this guy," he told Towns. "He's got a stern him but over his door, some kind of unimpaired man. He's trying to get some signatures up. And he's important, too. I don't know what the hell he does, but he got out of an important impression. He says he wants to meet you."

"What's he want to meet me for?"

"I don't know, maybe he heard we were important, too. Why don't you go over there and give him a hand."

Towns wasn't terribly interested in the important man. He was more interested in the tests. But for his father's sake, he met the fellow in the lounge. He was

a square-jawed gentleman, a bit younger than Towns' father, and he talked a mile a minute, but he seemed to be carefully staying off the subject of impeachment. At the same time, he kept checking Towns' eyes as if he were looking for a go-ahead signal. Towns gave him a signal that said *nothing doing*.

"What'd you think of him?" Towns' father asked, as they walked back to the room.

"He's all right," said Towns.

"Well, I don't know what you think of him, but to me he's really something. Imagine a thing like that. Gung around trying to impress the President of the United States!" All the way back to his room, Towns' dad kept checking his head about the fellow. He acted as though it were the most amazing thing he had ever come across in all his seventy-five years.

"Would you like to see that map he's got on the outside of his door?"

"I don't think so, Dad."

"I think you ought to take a look at it."

"Maybe I will, on the way out."

They decided to break up Towns' dad by moving him a couple of transferees before the surgery. When his

in the city. He had always meant to get around to her, but she lived with a friend of his and he claimed that was one rule he would never break. Or at least he'd try not to break it. She had a private patient down the hall and she knew about his father and that a week before he had stood just outside his door and asked her to come in and have a cookie. Towns wished his father had been much more recently than that. Why didn't he just reach out and punch her out? On the other hand, the cookie invasion was something. He made his promise to sit in and visit his dad and sort of hid around with him, of the sort of course he would. Towns didn't even have to ask. He had the feeling this was the kind of girl his father would love to fool around with in an old-way way.

The trust issues gave Towns father some fears, but they went ahead and opened anyway. This pleased Towns a bit. Except that his father seemed to come out of the surgery all right. He didn't appear to be connected up to that many tubes, which struck Towns as a good sign. Towns kept bringing him books about desert warfare, the defense of Stalingrad, Operation Sea Lion, but he kept them over to the side where his father couldn't see them and have to worry about not wasting them. Before they got spoiled. On the third day after the surgery, Towns brought along a real tapestry of a cactus, rock, firagrat, arositic, the best he could find.

"What'd you bring that for?" asked his father, who was down to one tube.

"Why do you think?"

"I ain't smoking it, Harry."

"The hell you're not."

The next day, his father looked a little weaker, but the doctor said it was more or less normal to take a little dip on the way back from surgery. When they were alone, Towns' father asked his son, "What the hell are you doing here?"

"I came to see you, Dad."

His father turned his head away, waved his hand in disgust and said, "You ain't gonna do me any good." Then he turned back and chuckled and they started to talk about what was going on outside, but that cried random slash had been there. Maybe you were allowed to be a little crank right after surgery. Towns wasn't sure. It was only the second piece of bad behavior Towns could think of since he'd been born. The other had to do with Towns at around eight or nine, using a word about somebody; he didn't know what the word meant, but his father instantly asked out and left him halfway across the room. He thought made two in fifty years. That word was "You ain't gonna do me any good." Not a bad score. The next morning, the doctor phoned and told Towns he had better come down, because his father's pulse had stopped. "What do you mean stopped?"

"The nurse stopped out for a second and when she came back he had an pulse. She called a round-the-clock resuscitation team and they went down there jehony-on-the-spot. They do quite a job."

"How come the nurse stopped out?"

"They have to go to the bathroom."

"Is he gonna live?"

"It depends on how long his pulse stopped. We'll know that later."

Towns got down there fast. He met the doctor as the ambulance came. The doctor asked if he would like to see the trust markers on his dad and he said he would. He took Towns down the hall and displayed the huge resuscitation outfit. His father was hooked up to plenty of tubes now. He was like a part in a large

industrial city. He was the part that took a jolting apocalyptic bang every few seconds. Towns got as close as he could—what the hell, he'd seen everything here. He tried to spot something that wasn't covered up by gaudiness. Something that looked like his father. He finally picked off a section from the worst to the others that he recognized as being his father's son. He was pretty sure of it. "There's no point as you staying around," the doctor said. "I know that," said Towns. He went up to his father's room and got the cigar. Then he walked to the end of the hall and took a look at the impassioned map. It showed how much across the fellow had across the country. He didn't have much. A couple of pins in Los Angeles, Wisconsin, New York and out. On the way down, Towns stopped in at the commissary and had some peach yogurt. It was the first time in his life he had ever tasted yogurt and it wasn't bad. It went down easy and it didn't taste the way his assigned it would. He made a note to pick up a few cartons of it. He went back to his apartment and fell asleep. The call came early in the evening. Towns had promised himself he would fix the exact time in his mind. However, a week later he couldn't tell just what time or even what month it had happened.

"That's it, huh?"

"I'm afraid so," said the doctor. "About five minutes ago. I'd like to get your permission to do a medical examination of Dad so that maybe we can find out something to help the next guy who comes in with the same condition."

"How come you operated on him with fever?"

"We tried to contact you on that to get your permission."

"You should've tried harder."

"See," said the doctor, "that's part of it. We talk to people when they're understandably upset and they say no to medical examinations. In Sweden, it's automatic."

"Work a little harder on what you know."

"The next one could be your child. Or your children's children."

"Up yours, doctor."

So that was it. The both of them. And for the moment, all Harry Towns had got of it was a new experience. Back to back. He had had both his parents, back to back. He based on that one for about six months or so, especially if someone asked him if he was late or why he was late on a deadline. "Hey," he would say, "I lost both my parents, back to back." And he would be all the look. He told his brother from Omaha to fly in as fast as possible and take care of everything, clean out his dad's apartment, settle the accounts, the works. He was better at that kind of thing. Maybe Towns would be good at it too, but he didn't want to be. The only thing he could hardly wait to do was get an touch with the nurse who had officiated over his mother's funeral. He was a fellow the chapel had on top in case you didn't have any particular cabin of your own in mind. It was like getting an attorney from Legal Aid, except that the nurse turned out to be a real find. He showed up in the whole Harry Towns had in recall as a cloud of smoke, with a sharp black suit and one of those metaphysical tufts of hair sticking up on his head. He turned up two and a half minutes before the ceremony and asked Towns to sum up his mother. "What are you, nuts?" and Towns. "Treat me," said the nurse, a homely fellow with an anatomy's robbish jaw that was totally out of sync with his otherwise unobscure features. Towns took a shot. He told him they really shouldn't have been taking his mother out to the grave, they ought to have New York taxes. Wherever she had a (Continued on page 135)

THE ELEGANT GETAWAY MAN

For the midwinter escape to balmy climes, this year's big fashion news is a pronounced chromatic shift: the bright and flashy, the dresser subtle and the good. With designers increasingly decided that a redness should look like redness instead of bougainvillea, shades of beige, cream and off-white predominate in the 1974 resort-wear collections. Our sun seeker arriving in the Bahamas wears an ideal lightweight, all-cotton travel suit by Bellini (\$260), its extremely pale stripes emphasizing current color restraint. The tattered shirt with contrasting white collar and cuffs is by Balmain (\$35). The belt is by Paris.

Photographed by Chris van Wageningen



If you're wondering how our vacationer, opposite, keeps his cool going out in the midday sun in tweeds, the answer is a new, tweed-textured, all-cotton suit designed by Larry Kane for Radley Wear (\$158), as comfortable as it is handsome. To go with it, he picks a Gant shirt (\$14.50), Rooster tie and Canterbury belt. On this page, for an afternoon stroll along the seaside links of the Great Harbour Club, he's changed into lightweight flannel trousers by Radley Wear (\$45), a lamb's wool sweater by E. Meisodani (\$30), Euro shirt (\$9), Harness House belt, and a Handicap silk scarf. The jaunty Panama hat is from Eyer-Kolnick.



Sunbide, he goes with two easy-wearing, classy coordinates typical of the contemporary sports-suit approach to leisure clothing. Both are unconstructed, unlined and cut with classic safari styling. On this page, his cool cotton gauze shirt suit outfit (\$30) and loosely woven hat are from Brains Apparel. On the facing page, he wears a cotton twill safari suit (\$85) by Before Six. All sunglasses are by A. R. Trapp.





For a suit with a rich air that can hold its own on the yacht, he chooses Oscar de la Renta's lightweight, no-vent, saddle-ridged tan gabardine (\$198). Under it, he wears a Balmain sweater (\$37) and open-neck Manhattan shirt (\$59). Opposite, he sits by around the harbor in a sporty boat and quodriga suit. The burn-white, cashmere wool-blend sweater (\$516) is from Hinesley. The lightweight flannel trousers (\$55) are by Jockey.





The farewell evening calls for a drink at the Great Harbour Cay Tamboo Club's poolside bar and Pierre Cardin's double-breasted, short-cut, featherweight flannel blazer (\$545) and matching trousers (\$40). The shirt is by Eagle (520), and the creamy knit tie is from Rooster. Tomorrow, it's back to shoveling snow out of the driveway.

What Can You Do About the Soaring Price of Wine?

by Roy Andries de Groot

This article explains why the prices got so high, why the less expensive wines are getting better—and offers a take-to-the-store shopping list of new wine bargains

Everybody is talking about the high cost of wine, but nobody is doing anything about it. Can anything be done? I say yes. I have a master plan and I am prepared to prove that it works.

The first problem is psychological. When you buy a bottle of fine wine, you are looking, primarily, for quality and security. For almost two hundred years, we have associated quality and security with old wine that has developed an established reputation, guaranteed by a label with a famous and trustworthy name. A few months ago, I spent six days on a grant at Château Latour, one of the supreme vineyards of the world. At the rate of ten bottles a day—four with lunch and six with dinner—I tasted every living vintage of that extraordinary wine—from the 1865 through the still-organic 1989, the great vintages of 1963 and 1979, then step-by-step forward to the current vintages tapped from the barrels in the cellar. As I tasted and noted, I made the remarkable discovery that the 1929 was the best of them all. The earlier vintages had clearly fallen off. The later ones, alongside the 1935, seemed uncertain and uneasy. Obviously, it takes almost forty-five years for a great Latour to reach its peak. When I told the Wine Master of Latour, Jean-Paul Gardère, that I thought the 1929 was a few points better than the 1945, he said: "Have patience, weather, give the 1945 the benefit of those extra twenty years."

At a recent wine auction, a case of 1929 Château Mouton-Rothschild was knocked down for \$2,500. If I had been the "lucky" buyer, would I be able to find pleasant and unfamiliar in drinking a 1940 bottle of wine with my support? A few days ago, I put the question to Jean Martin, the president of the Profes-

sional Committee of the Bordeaux wine industry. His official job is to persuade the world that it should be willing to pay absolutely any price for virtually any Bordeaux wine. He pool-pooled the idea of my continuing to be devoted to very great and very old wines. He said: "Was it like a woman—up to thirty years, fine—but beyond that . . . ?"

Come now, Madame Martin. How wrong can you be? A woman with the qualities that make a great wine—body, bouquet, coloring, balance, roundness, nose, taste—reaches her peak of perfection at just about the same age as the Latour. I happen, also, to be an admirer of 1929 women, and I enjoy their company most of all in the presence of a 1929 wine. Before the mad closing of Le Café Cheveron in New York, I believe I

privately will drink its collar out of the 1929 Chateau Margaux.

When last I was in Paris, I was amazed by Waverley Root, the infallible reporter of the Parisian enological scene, that 1929 women are now much easier to come by than 1929 wine. He says that they are also much less expensive. The problem in finding them is that women do not carry vintage labels. They do not even disclose their alcoholic content. That makes women more risky than wine as an investment.

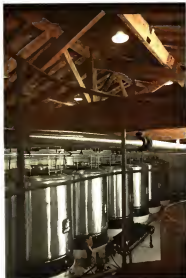
Last week in Chicago I took a beautiful 1929 woman in a small restaurant where I found a 1929 Chateau Beyleville. The price was \$125. There's the rub. Today, it is no longer possible to be an "amateur" of wine. It is no longer practical to go to your local merchant and say:

"Tonight I'm having chicken cacciatore. It will have a bottle to go with it." You will end up either with something so terrible as to be completely undrinkable, or so expensive as to be entirely unobtainable. Today you have to buy wine with at least some reasonable knowledge and skill. Believe it or not, it is fairly easy to learn the technique for buying the high cost. The first step is to understand what happened in those years—and why—and where they are here to stay—or whether, possibly soon, the inflationary bubble will burst.

The root of the trouble appeared first in Bordeaux after the harvest of 1964. It was a terrible vintage. The weather had been so cruel, the grapes were so unripe, there was so much rot on the vines that many of the growers suggested openly that as wine of that year should be labeled with the name of any old vintage, but should be sold off under the greatest unscrutinized label of plain "Bordeaux Rouge." Financially, for most of the growers, it was a disaster.



First, forget your sommelier. Good wine need not always be made in wood, as here at Chateau Margaux in Bordeaux.



For instance, these gleaming stainless-steel vats are not in some mass-produced winery but in the cellar of Château Lafite, one of the greatest wines in the world.

When we were lower than the name Bordeaux, we tend to think of great, baroque châteaux, with battlements and towers, with estates that everyone knows—Lafite, Latour, Margaux, Mouton, Haut-Brion, Yquem—owned by millionaire Frenchmen named Rothschild, or a millionaire Englishman named Vincent Cowie, or a millionaire American named Douglas Dillon. This is not the real Bordeaux at all. There are only about thirty famous châteaux names—out of about 10,000 vineyards.

Many of those relatively tiny plots are heavily owned. The vines are inherited by each new generation of sons and daughters, but they have

insufficient capital to modernize the wine-making machinery. These children have nothing to inherit in the property and export little from it. Their average production of wine per acre of land is roughly half that of their more efficient neighbors. The grates they have been receiving for their grapes and wines were simply not big enough. Each spring they had to borrow from the bank to buy bottles and barrels, to print labels and to have the labor for harvesting the grapes. For the previous twenty-three years, since the end of the German occupation of Bordeaux during World War II, the grapes mortgaged by the majority of Bordeaux farmers—grown had been lagging a little

behind the inevitable rise in the costs of living and production. The vintage of 1968 was the last straw.

Panic with the threat of financial ruin, they unanimously decided that their only solution was to try to push up the price of the remainder of the good (but not great) 1967 vintage, which was then still aging in the barrels in the Bordeaux cellars. As they tightened their belts and hoarded their barrels, they looked anxiously toward their neighbors in Burgundy.

Compared to Bordeaux, Burgundy is a minuscule wine-production region. For every twenty-five bottles of Bordeaux, there is only one of Burgundy. If only one American in ten would drink only one bottle of Burgundy per year, the U.S. would absorb the entire Burgundian production. With worldwide demand, there is always a shortage of Burgundy. Over the years, shippers had been willing to pay steadily increasing prices just to keep their pipelines filled to their wine-rare-thirty overseas customers. Watching this profitable progression, the Bordeaux growers said to themselves, "If only we could have a bit of a shortage. . . ."

It now seems to me that the seeds of rebellion against the customers were sown in that Winter of 1963. By the Spring of 1968, the prices of both the 1967 and 1968 vintages had been steady but steadily pushed up. Everyone agreed that what was needed was a magnificent 1969 vintage to create a world demand. Up to the end of August, the weather was superb and hopes were high. There were even gatherings of "winter 1969." Then came that terrible September—perhaps the worst in the history of Bordeaux wine. It rained heavily and steadily for twenty-three days out of the thirty. When the earth became completely saturated, the vines pump water instead of sap up their main stems and each grape, while remaining unripe, becomes fat and dull—its sugars and taste oils diffused. Any hope of making great wines went out the window.

The harvest of 1969 was another financial disaster. The rains had ruined rot on the vines and one third of the total production was lost. At the beginning of 1970, total stocks of new and old wines in all the cellars of Bordeaux were down by twenty-five percent. Bordeaux had its hoped-for shortage. All prices were at once boosted by as much as another fifty percent. At first, the Bordeaux wine men were terrified of their new prices. To their amazement, sales were not slowed down. In fact, there was a wave of panic buying by over-

seen importers. No distributor of wine—in retail merchants—dared to fear the prospect of his warehouse shelves being empty. He must have something to sell at any price.

Then came the harvest of 1970 and, at last, after two lean years, Bordeaux had a magnificent crop. It was the largest production of wine in thirty years. I was in Bordeaux for the harvest. The excitement vibrated in the air. I drove among the vineyards with Nollet Johnson, the present head of the ancient Bordeaux shipping firm which was sending wine to England at the time of Lord Nelson before the Battle of Trafalgar and to the Marquis de Lafayette in the United States. Looking across the vineyards, Nollet said, "Si d'été moi le bon Dieu, je n'aime pas fait mieux." If I were God, I couldn't have done better! Now, stocks would be replenished—1968 and 1969 would slide away as years to be forgotten. As I left Bordeaux in October, 1970, there was one question on everyone's mind: Now that the shortage was over, would prices come down?

The answer came from Lafite and Mouton. Virtually at the same time—almost by mutual agreement between the Rothschild owners—they announced their selling prices

for the 1970 vintage. They were increased by one hundred percent!

Few Bordeaux wine men are as naive and sensitive to the tastes of the local enological scene than Peter Allen Serbel, the English-born and educated heir of the Serbel family shipping firm, which is a major stockholder in the great Château Lafite in Margaux. In a brilliant report to his customers, he documented the shock waves that moved and re-moved Bordeaux. The news, he wrote with supreme understatement, was "not uncontrollably restored."

Yet he found that, even at these inconceivable prices, there was no slackening of world demand for the noble and great red wines of Bordeaux. Why? Why will buyers pay virtually any price for a bottle of top prestige and assured security? The question is worth a moment of psychological analysis. The few snobs, snuff-drapers, and wine vineyard—led by Hunt-Brown, Lafite, Laroche, Margaux and Mouton—among them release for sale each year about one million bottles. For these bottles, there are, around the world, only twenty million people willing to pay any price.

Think of all the owners of restaurants eager to maintain the reputa-

tion of their wine cellar. Each is determined to add a few bottles of every vintage of every great wine so that he can grant the name on his wine list. If he can show an enormous price for it, so much the better. It makes most of the other wines in the list look that much less expensive. In fact, he is not at all eager to sell the great bottles. The larger they remain unsold, the more prestige they add to the wine list.

Think of all the businessmen looking for glamorous and slightly expensive gifts for their clients. Think of all the wine snobs and their shelves of cellars. Think of all the politicians deciding to lay down one great bottle of the year of the birth of the baby—a bottle intended for the twenty-first birthday. Think of all the investors and speculators hoping to resell the great bottles at a huge profit.

Finally, add to all of these the true connoisseurs and lovers of the great wine prepared to draw on their savings to buy at least one bottle and, bang!, the million bottles are sold so fast as they can be shipped on the boats from Bordeaux. The more expensive each bottle is, the more desirable it becomes. And, tragically, the less likely it is to be opened and the wine made drunk while it is at its



The vats at Château La Mission Haut Brion are of glass-lined steel; the new machines shown above are sophisticated modern items which can pump a wine in a few hours. The traditional slow seeping process in wooden barrels used to take years.

prizes. Great bottles of wine have become, like ingots of gold, an investment to be got away and never touched. Perhaps, a hundred years from now, the great bottle may be sold at auction for a staggering price and finally opened at a super-palatial dinner only to be found by the unforlunately guests to have faded into a delicately light mixture of sediment and vinegar. The tragedy of over-inflation will have run its full course.

But to return to Bordeaux in 1971. It is fascinating to speculate what might have happened to wine prices if the 1971 crop had been as good as the 1969. Prices might have become stabilized. But the harvest of 1971 was almost fifty percent below 1970 and it was far from outstanding. The

1972 vintage was also below par. Both the 1971 and 1972 vintages, which will be heavily sold beginning in 1974, are lighter, less lively, less generous, less seductive than the normal average. There is only about half the wine to sell and it is only about half as good! Good wonder that the producers have been becoming increasingly nervous.

Over their breakfast coffee, down on the vineyard, they have been reading the headlines in the Paris papers about these Breton-style wine auctions in the United States. They have been reading about a single bottle of old Lafite being knocked down to a buyer dealer for \$5,000 and a four-bottle case given away to all Mexican going to another

luxury dealer for \$6,206. They interpreted these astronomical prices as having been inflated by the American love of TV publicity. They noted that, as seen in the TV camera had been switched off, other bottles of exactly the same were sold for \$450 each, while smaller bottles were available in Paris at \$240. These crazy Americans with their pockets full of dollars!

The French wine men were both stunned and shocked by the original stories in the Paris papers about the fictional scenario deliberately woven around the bottles at these American auctions. Each bottle, they read, is always described as being "a rare discovery" in an obscure corner of some dark, moss-covered, private cellar. In fact, according to the press reports, one such bottle, and to have come from "the private cellar of a great gourmet," turned out to have been traded around commercially and merely placed in that cellar for a few months, presumably to gather a few cobwebs and some dust. Each bottle is usually billed as being "the only one in existence," but then, a few months later, another, exactly similar bottle is "discovered in the cellar of a nobleman."

The French wine men, many of whom have far older bottles still in their possession, were fully aware of what they considered to be the falsity and dishonesty of all this high-pressure, sensational, commercial American campaign. Hardly unexpectedly, they began to feel that they were not only to have changed more in the first place. Why should so many others have made so much more profit from their wines than they did themselves?

With this explosive pressure building up, the French wine industry entered 1973 and, almost immediately, felt the impact of two new forces. The first was the devaluation of the dollar. It used to require \$18 to buy 100 French francs. Now it takes \$24. This represents, for every bottle of French wine imported into the U.S., an automatic price increase of thirty-three percent. For wines from Germany, the devaluation increase is about fifty percent.

The second factor is much less tangible, but its impact is no less forceful. It is a bit in the heart of every Bordeaux owner of a great, vine-grape, or important vineyard. It has to do with the famous "Climatologie of 1855." In that year—if one may tell the old story once more for readers who have just walked away—there was a World's Fair in Paris and the government wanted to publicize French wines by putting out a list

of the great vineyards in some sort of pecking order. The Ministry of Agriculture, unwilling to accept the responsibility, asked the Bordeaux merchants to make out their own lists. They, of course, failed to agree among themselves. Who would admit that anyone else's wine was better than his own?

So it was decided that they would all open their books and note the cheapest strictly according to which wines had most regularly commanded the highest prices over the previous one hundred years. After all, it was argued, a wine that consistently fetches the highest price must be the best. Thus, the 1855 list was born and, after almost one hundred twenty years, it still stands, even though some châteaux have disappeared, others have been enlarged or reduced or have merged, and yet others have been economically improved by their owners. The government has never quite dared to suggest a revision of the list, although every owner of every château, except the top four, has been clamoring for decades to be moved up.

By the leaders of these complaining voices has been that of Baron Philippe de Rothschild, owner of Château Mouton-Rothschild, who insistently claimed that his second class

status was a betrayal and a snub.

In the last weeks of 1972, the winepeople began stirred Bordeaux that the government was about to elevate Mouton-Rothschild to among the Premier Grand Cru, raising five marquis of four at the very top. And indeed, this past summer, the official announcement came that Mouton-Rothschild had been elevated to a first place. At first, the 1855 list was no longer inviolable. The list of Pundara's list had been opened, bringing the fortune of every owner of every important Bordeaux château. Now, he hoped, his vineyard would be upped to the rightful place on the list. He remembered, of course, that in 1855 the price of such wine was the double of today. Every owner was determined to make sure that the price of his wine would be damn well higher than that of the incompetent fool down the road. The dusty pages of financial control charts began.

By midsummer, 1973, the vineyard owners had gulped up their prices, notch by notch, by between three hundred and four hundred percent. Fear Aron Scheel, reporting from Bordeaux to his American customers, asked the question, "Can this be justified?" and answered it himself, "We think not." He went on

to report that the new prices terrified the shippers and horrified their customers. He wrote that "in spite of considerable efforts . . . to install reason and stability, anarchy took over" and prices reached a "nagging level."

His report continued: "It is not a market of willing buyer and willing seller, but one of desperate buyer and reluctant seller. It is a market where buyers are fearful that, unless they buy at any price, they will have nothing to sell . . . they have no control over the supply . . . but are at the mercy of the growers . . . nobody is pretending that this position is a happy one, or a healthy one . . . but it is one of the consequences of . . . the well-known human factors of greed and lack of discipline . . . as we say in France, 'l'egoïsme n'est pas sans danger,' the egoistic growth is one risk . . . By summer of the magnitude use it is claimed that the wines of 1972 are, by their quality, justifiably the prices being asked for them . . . These wines are grossly overpriced."

Noting the equivalent overpricing at the recent Burgundy, at Chablis, at Meursault, of Pommery-Frédéric, at Beaune and, especially, of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, Scheel summed up. (Continued on page 112)



The cuts at Chateau L'Angelot are enormous. All this new technology never fails and fine, thus making the best possible wine to be made substantially better.



California vineyard France: this is one of the extremely grape-tuning machines operating in Bordeaux. It was developed on the West Coast and allows two men to do the work of about a hundred pickers. This vineyard chosen here in Chateau Beauvignac.



FOUR GREAT AMERICAN WINE MAKERS

In the forty years since 1961, the United States has become one of the largest wine-producing regions of the world. But always, with wine, *The Machine* is secondary to the man. Here are four vinticulturists who came, who saw and who conquered the noble grape.

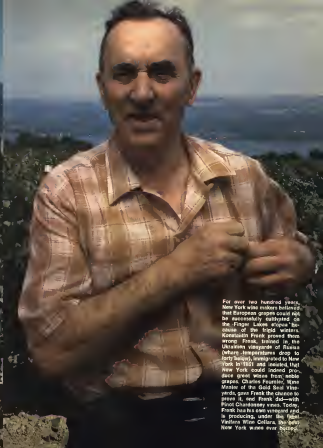
Joe Heitz became fascinated with wine making while stationed at a California Air Force base during World War II. After a Master's course in oenology, he joined the Beaulieu Vineyard, working under the great winemaker André Tchelistcheff. In 1961, Heitz bought eight acres of Napa Valley vineyard land (since expanded to forty) and dedicated himself to producing only wines of the highest quality, under the Heitz Cellar label. His Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir reds, in their greatest vineyards, are generally considered to be America's best, his whites and rosés rarely except. In the background is Heitz's son, David, a university student, who is majoring, of course, in enology.

President Nixon served Jack L. Davis' Schramsberg champagne at the Presidential banquet in Felling. Davis bought the Napa Valley Schramsberg estate in 1965 and developed the winery while preserving its historic 19th-century storage caves, above. Today, connoisseurs rate three Schramsberg sparkling wines as among the nation's best: the "Blanc de Blancs, Réserve Cuvée" which Davis holds, made by the classic méthode champenoise and aged on the yeast in the bottle; for those with bolder disposition, the pink "Duvet de Gange," at right, made from red grapes; and a white "Blanc de Noir" made from black grapes by removing the skins early in fermentation before fermentation.



When a large group gathered to celebrate Fred McGee's seventy-fifth birthday, McGee, who calls himself a "canny Scot," humbly bought jug wines from a neighbor to avoid the too-rapid consumption of his own Stony Hill Pinot Chardonnay, which consistently has been rated the finest white wine of the United States. Fred and Elvira McGee originally bought their Napa Valley property as a weekend retreat, decided on vines to grow grapes, built a midsize winery, and the rest is history. The Stony Hill output is so small and so desired, so great that McGee seriously allocates as distributor (mainly within California) a select list of his friends as a post-surveyor base.

Photograph by Michael



For over two hundred years, New York wine makers believed that European grapes could not be successfully cultivated on the Finger Lakes slopes' because of the hard winters. Konrad Frank proved them wrong. Frank, trained in the Ukrainian vineyards of Russia (where temperatures drop to forty below), immigrated to New York in 1921 and insisted that New York could indeed produce great wines from noble grapes. Charles Fournier, Wine Master of the Gold Seal Vineyards, gave Frank the chance to prove it, and Frank did—with Pinot Chardonnay vines. Today, Frank has his own vineyard and is producing, under the label Vintana Wine Cellars, the best New York wines ever bottled.

Magna Cum Vino

by Neil Morgan

Californians are so serious about their wine they need a college education to drink it

Already we were a safe high in the Southern California wine woods, and now to get further. I take a congregation into communion, we had gathered to taste forty-five wines in forty-five hours under the auspices of the University of California and to hear the gospel according to Davis, the world's largest wine school. From the campus at Davis, bastion of the wine industry in the California wine industry to the name of more and better wine, new fortunes, and converts around the earth. Occasionally the experts struggle with the drinking public in a sparkling wine contest at \$100 a head, the truth for a foot.

Yet the last on this Sunday morning was not entirely serene. "You want oenology?" squealed one of Ronald Reagan's wife who from Sacramento. He was awaiting a California Pinot Noir, his nose deep in the glass. Then he tasted, and frowned. "But it lets you down."

A robust professor from Los Angeles topped the wine and poked me. She had come along on this weekend picnic to the university conference center at Lake Arrowhead, a sparkling wine university from the golden-brown vine.

"I taste this one way down here," she said, tapping the base of her gullet near her appendix. "The wine had great at last. Slightly. 'Deep throat,' he murmured. She smiled at him, a look that was elevated but hopeful.

"There's a certain ambivalence about some of these little California wines," said the connoisseur from Palo Alto. "This one smells like the classroom in grade school."

"I got a tomato-pottery quality." This from a winegrower who had just bought an alcohol-beverage license and was learning the trade.

A psychiatrist from San Diego hesitated, then bent over his source sheet and gave the wine two and one half points for aroma and be-

quest. The Davis system allows three writers a maximum of four on a scale that affects twenty points in a perfect wine. The system is intended to force tasters to make decisions, and half points are disallowed.

"There's no way to avoid doing it," the psychiatrist said. "This wine is halfway between two and three."

The ebullient Bradford Webb was taking a weekend away from the superb 1973 grape harvest in Napa Valley, and his mind was understandably wanderer. He had been standing idly before our little group, working his own glass. Now he struck a platitude note.

"I can't be sure," he said, "when you people are through calibrating and are just taking their drinks."

We must begin to report our scores as he called off numbers from twenty down. The Pinot Noir fell in the thirteen-to-twenty range along with most readily available wines, standard wine, neither an outstanding character nor defers. "Fewer than one in ten wines of any country rank seventeen or better on the Davis scale. Four points go for aroma and bouquet, two each for appearance, color, lack of economy (vineyard tending), total acid, flavor, balance of aromaticity (grape power) and general quality, and one point each for drink and body. The great wine is well known and increasingly out of reach. During the Lake Arrowhead weekend, we were living on an standard wines to learn the shortcomings of wine made often drunk, and to sample results of new wine from California valleys of unknown potential."

There were born losers among our forty-two wines. The course is billed as the only one among those offered through the California campuses for which all wine is brought off the shelf at market price. There is none within the state university and the California wine industry, and professors find it awkward to knock fine wines made by former

students. Wines are given samples to serious tasting groups but generally put forward their better surfaces. Instead, ours were a cross section of good and mediocre California wines to contrast with others from Australia, Italy and Spain, and some costly sales from France. The differences were vast. For years the California wine trade had insisted that the state began to equate a climate that there is little variation among vineyards. The Wine Advisory Board has conducted such foolishness because most California wine has been of modest quality and the industry has tried to strip wine drinking of the mystique that puts off novices. Sometimes they have seemed to be talking to children, warning them that all wine is good and any wine may be good with any meal.

But suddenly we have been disconnected in America and hundreds of thousands have better. The talk of wine is no longer a weekly affliction. California, which produces five of every eight bottles of wine drunk in America, is again taking the lead in a social trend. True, you can go up everywhere in the state. Many are led by people like Jim Sumner of Del Mar, a twenty-eight-year-old wine-shop proprietor who speaks in evening each week leading hotel wine tastings in private houses where couples bring their own glasses and divide the cost of the wine. Wine-wrap meals are held every Saturday in San Francisco. Hospitals routinely offer wine at a marketing beverage. (Three cases turned up at state offices in San Diego not long ago to men for an alcohol-beverage license for that city's Mercy Hospital.) Members of the Wine and Food Society of London started their distant overseas last summer by holding a tasting of six wines made by members of the chapter. A Denver chef, John brought a bottle of Barossa made in his parents from Mexican grapes

that he had trailed across the border.

As it has to long been in Europe, wine has become a family affair. Couples dominate the newer wine societies. At Lake Arrowhead, a traveling foreigner dealer explained that his wife had fired the dead end and done the maid's room over as a wine cellar.

"My wife has caught it too," a young physician said. "She measured the garage to see how much space my VW needed. She also turned the rest over to wine racks. I figure to be parking my car on the street soon."

Women have begun to penetrate the hallowed circles of wine making. An increasing number of women are among the forty to fifty who take degree each year from the department of viticulture and oenology at Davis. One of them, Mary Ann Graf, is wine maker of the third winery; Mr. John Long, who studied at Davis, is in charge of quality control at the Robert Mondavi winery.

As before, women are ranked by Davis economists as more subtle but less reliable. As drinkers, they are so positively involved with wine there don't see men. They find much to contrast between the look and word in California wine. A few superb wines are emerging from California, and the old consensus to compete them with French wines is disappearing. They are of their own style. Some, like the Calaveras Sauvignon of Berkeley and Inglewood and Mendocino, are as juicy as better French wines and are equally short. Galia's Henry Brandy is the California sensation at another level, a technological triumph in cheap bulk wine. Made from the Davis-developed Ruby Calaveras and Petite Sirah, Carapasso, Zinfandel, and Barbera grapes grown mostly in the Napa Valley. An immigrant who worked for Ernest and Julio Galia for years is not surprised at the success of this month's Mendocino winery. "While his

competitors were off on their yachts in San Francisco," he says, "Galia would be attending at the winery sixteen hours a day, tending, tending, tending. He would put in the long kids out of Davis. 'There are no mysteries in making wine around here. If you don't know the answer, try something.' When somebody talks to me about the end of the American nation state, I send them to look for the Galia brothers."

There is wide critical interest in California wines, and vendors are hard pressed to learn enough about their wines to hold their customers. The baby talk of the past is out. The complete demands completely. Everyone seems willing to risk opinions about California wine. But most of what is known has come by way of Davis. Its students are predominantly Californians but include a sprinkling from most of the wine-producing nations of the world. California wine-making technology, now devastated by Prohibition, is renewed now even in France, where Davis techniques are both depicted and adopted. The Davis faculty of fourteen assistants put the school far ahead of other prominent oenology departments at Bordeaux and Cornell. Davis has its own old cellar, a 30,000-bottle library of most California wines of most vintage since 1934, including the sweetest (Riesling Calaveras, Robert Mondavi) and sensational (Pinot Noir) of its own vineyard school. The heart of the Davis school is its tasting room, in which a row of grey bottles provides each taster with a chair and small stainless-steel rack washed by a steady stream of water. Wine samples are pushed through wall slots in black glass (to minimize the use of the eye in tasting) and, after being tasted, go down the drain. Up to twenty thousand pounds of wine are poured out here each year. It is one of only two wineries in Yolo County, but no wine is sold and little is swallowed. Many of the hap-

py of wine technicians at California wineries (more than fifty of them at Galia alone) return to this room at Davis in answer to approval the department's recent research.

Our man from Davis at the Lake Arrowhead weekend was Alfred Dussan Webb, a small, friendly professor who correctly presides over the Davis department. Davis oenologists are so absorbed in their techniques for use of California wine grapes that they tend to judge foreign wines by Davis standards.

Professor Webb seemed less intrigued than some of us with sampling of Sauvignon, Chardonnay, Merlot, Cabernet, and Chateau Grand-Arche, Davis plans a higher premium than the French on carrying the aroma of the grape through to the wine. Our Monsieur was a more elegant wine than the California Pinot Noir, but his Chardonnay bouquet was submerged in the flavor of oak and Professor Webb marked it down. Yet even he rebelled after we particularly liked California Sauvignon Blanc.

"It's rare to see a wine like this put in the bottle," he said. "There are a whole lot of things in this wine. It's better than some of them even out."

During our year after minutes, we looked some of those things in non-aliquoting celebratory session. Sitting in the sun around tables with foil-wrapped tomato and for our sips, we sniffed and tasted clear solutions of water tinged with the components that make wine mediocre and warm. Mendocino one or two of them when you need not lack a bottle of wine, and so another will try to store you down.

Terrible acid as a natural component of the grape. But it acts hidden in your stomach if too much

Hydrogen sulfide is used to shut the grapes in the vineyard. If any remains, (Continued on page 110)

I Made My Own Wine

by James Villas

And lived to write about it

Fellow connoisseurs of the grape: Have you ever been thought about making your own wine? No? Well, guess your next of kin just happens to be a Rothchild, Lichner, or Schenck, or, takes me know a few friendly buyers or someone connected with a fine wine society, you might do well to move the idea some consideration if you have any intention of showing your effort for the future. And the reason should be obvious enough.

Just a few years back most of us could afford cases of superb Burgundy and Chardonnay wines, a reasonable number of bottles of first- and second-growth Bordeaux, and, for special occasions, perhaps a ceremonial La Tache, Cuvée, or something from Dom Pérignon. But now even the most reckless oenophile group is disabled when given a chance to study the inflated prices quoted monthly in *Wine Spectator*, the Bible of the wine-and-spirits industry. As the American appetite for wine continues to grow, buyers and speculators on today's oenophile market have not only been grabbing up every bottle of good wine available (both foreign and domestic) but also pushing prices to absolutely incredible heights.

So what's the solution? The most logical idea (and one that might bring those in the industry back to their senses) would be to give up wine altogether and begin drinking Pepsi along with dinner. Unfortunately, my own passion for wine has remained too overwhelming for me to resort to this primary type of gastronomic protest, but at least I made some effort to test out a few secondary types.

First, there was the root beer, then I stumbled through a Japanese phase, and next I learned about "special natural wines" (or, if you prefer, "mad" or "pop"



The Contraption

wine) selling at one dollar a bottle and accounting for twenty percent of the nation's wine consumption. All failed.

Convinced the possibilities of ever again having dinner wine in a place I could enjoy were few, even if one of my more astute friends drunkenly admitted I try making my own. A brilliant, effervescent idea which seemed simple enough and which went extraordinarily well so far as my hope for my parched palate. If the English had been profane, insensitive but excellent homebrewers for decades, who shouldn't I give it a try? God knows, I had no more vinous-analogy to lose!

Almost everybody has at least heard about the wine-making kits presently being marketed throughout the country, but that isn't I want to attempt to march to such unorthodox No indeed I fully intended to attempt a top-notch professional job, boy and slomp my own grapes,

learn about yeasts, etc. (After all, I was no dummy in chess class and I did learn about Pasteur's theory that when yeast attacks the natural sugar of grape juice, carbon dioxide is gradually released and after a while you have *vin*. All very basic.) Then I began reading about the importance of fermentation, various terms, seal-testing kits, sterilizing equipment, and clarifying agents, all of which sounded not only pretty complicated but also dreadfully expensive. What really brought me to my knees, though, was a short article I began studying pertaining to fermentation. Now be honest, would you not not have checked out what confronted with something like this mean?

"The 3-phosphoglycerate is converted to pyruvate which, in turn, is converted to acetaldehyde. As the acetaldehyde is formed, it becomes a hydroxy acid and through aerobic conversion produces the ethanol. This process determines the rest of the fermentation."

I'd had enough. To begin the hassle of cleaning what appeared to be the best kit of these widely available on the market, I finally chose one designed to make enough to produce five gallons (twenty-five bottles) of "homemade" equal to the best Europe has to offer at a mere fraction of the cost, and I arrived at my small brownstone apartment exactly three days after it was ordered. The all-inclusive (price! \$249.95). The parcel, no longer than a bath, contained, according to the enclosed booklet, the following unbelievable number of items: 1, three quart case of gourmet-quality super-concentrated (Spanish?) grape juice; 2, five-gallon (plastic) fermentation container; 3, bonded stopper; 4, (plastic) fermentation air lock; 5, aerolock (plastic) siphon tubing; 6, wine yeast; 7, wine yeast nutrients; 8, citric acid; 9, six-

size capsules (sterilizing tablets); 10, wine stabilizing tablets; 11, wine-bottle labels and corkers. Everything necessary for twenty-five bottles of wine except tap water, few pounds of sugar, and the bottle.

After perusing all the weird-looking packets and gauges, I turned to the step-by-step instructions of the booklet, connected as directed a quart of the bonded fruit in an empty cranberry-jam jar (my preferred therapeutic beverage, by the way, for a glacial liver), and began the long-horizon task of blowing up the inflatable fermentation container until it resembled the shape of a mammoth plastic jar. Totally exhausted, I had to rest before carefully washing, sterilizing, and running every piece of preliminary equipment. I saw in the box (Make note of that important last word; you'll understand why in a minute.)

Following the directions word for word, I measured six inches and ten inches up from the bottom of the container, left my well-lit and working area in the kitchenette for my poorly lit bathroom, stepped inside the bathtub, and proceeded to fill the jar with warm water to the six-inch mark. Back in the kitchenette, I finished the points of white granulated sugar into the container (really about four pounds, twelve ounces, since I got bored and twice over-poured), screwed the cap on, and shook as vigorously and liberally as I would a two-pound whiskey cask.

After spending a quarter of an hour searching for a fan and a fan that archaic tool which still has its unique value in three (not-of) times, I removed the three cases of grape juice from pots of hot water in which the aerolocks had been loosening, punched two holes in each top, fasted the clip, gagged, pulled a few indecent drops on my shirt and into the tub, and coupled the aerolock into the container. Next, the packets of ammoniac, yeast nutrient (a supposed that allegedly gives the yeast an extra kick), and citric acid, then more shaking. Then, snicker back to the bathtub to fill my plastic incubator to the top-inch mark. The booklet finally directed that you must once more "invert the fermentation container several times to make sure the aerolocks are seated. Well, I was tired, I'd even a swill to try to "invent" what I'd scraped over the side of the tub! I found the one and only way to ventric with the weight

of that water was to lie back flat on the floor, roll the baby container up onto my midsection, clasp it in my arms, and exercise obscure body contortions. The technique worked.

Once I got the container safely balanced on top of a high stool in an appropriately dark area of my kitchen, I read that I was to remove the cap, insert the tubing capped at the bottom of the stopper, pour a little water and stirring fluid into the network of tubes, fix the apparatus tightly into the neck of the container, and...

Bored again? Panic? I didn't remember sterilizing my type of stopper or cork with a hole! A thorough search of the kit, the kitchenette, the drain in the sink, the kitchen drain—everywhere, and no bored stopper! Absolutely certain that this essential item had been left out of the kit and that rapid primary (or aerobic) fermentation (the action of which the aerobic Fermentation kit only observing the speed with which the water moved in the air lock) was already beginning, I had to improvise fast by substituting for the stop a wet rag wrapped around the base of the air lock and crumpled as tightly as possible in the neck. It worked. I guess, far, sure enough, the water began going up one hole and down the other.

You made it to the phone, made contact with the distributor who admitted "such mishaps do occur in packing," and was assured of receiving the bored stopper in time to solve for a day and the moisture all have had been blown inside that jar. Well, enough, huge purple bubbles climbing up the sides as oxygen escaped the remains of grape juice and my entire supermarket "invested" someone had sprayed it with a grease-encrusted aerosol.

Since I was honestly trying to make this an strict instruction with the directions, the matter, at all, amputate, vague, and, above all, non-explanatory (they were), I was thrilled when the envelope containing the bored stopper finally arrived. Flashed, the kit, I discovered that the stopper was made of hard plastic and that it wouldn't fit into the neck of the container. Now, believe me, not have never experienced real frustration until I've tried to put a bored stopper without air escape (proof, no bubbles), etc. From beginning to end I kept a daily chart, making notations (Continued on page 188)

Wine Shop, U.S.A.

Every major city has at least one outstanding store for wine, usually located in the center of town, buttressed by tradition and furnished with a proprietor who knows wines and can help you find the best for what you want to spend. But most Americans who buy wine regularly do their shopping in liquor stores near their homes, in suburban shopping centers, in supermarkets, or in smaller stores where wine is not the owner's prime concern. Here you're on your own. Any shop can try to order what you ask for, but most often the salesmen will tell you everything in stock is great. You need to know your way among the labels. Within a single week in September, *Esquire* photographed the wine being offered in neighborhood shops in several cities around the country. One category of wine was selected for each shop.



Red Bordeaux, at Hunter's Liquor Store, Boston

There's not much here to crow about. The firm of Cruse, a famous exporter, has become involved in the recent scandal in which it allegedly bought a lot of Bordeaux wine that wasn't from Bordeaux at all. This is not to suggest that the Saint-Emilion labeled La Garderie does not emanate from the Saint-Emilion district, but here Cruse is asking you to trust its taste totally, for La Garderie is a trade mark not a vineyard, and the wine is undoubtedly a blend and very mediocre. Monsieur Henri has made two "selections" among these wines, Chateau de Maus '70 and La Haute Gervaise (crab), which is to say that the St. Henri company has im-

ported them. This is a large and impressive firm but the label cannot by itself guarantee top quality, since the variety of wines they handle is very wide in price. The appellation contrôlée of the first is Bordeaux Supérieur, which means it's very ordinary, and of the second, Graves, which means it's a bit more distinctive. Two bottles, de Luxe Elise and de Luxe Rouge, offer wines that are certainly varietal and geographic but creations of the de Luxe family in Bordeaux. "Trust us" they say, "we'll buy something good." Maybe they have (the famous Boston purveyor B & Ponce has put its imprimatur on the bottles), but make sure the price is

low. Second from right is another Cruse wine, a Merlot called La Dame Escapée. This would no doubt be better than the La Garderie Saint-Emilion if only because the wine comes from the south, which are known as the Médoc. Finally, in center stage are two of the greatest Bordeaux made, Chateau Mouton Rothschild '67 and Chateau Latite-Berthechild '68. These are for the snob trade, since neither is a distinguished year and neither bottle would represent these splendid wines at their best, moreover the prices are very high. Of the two, given somewhat equal pricing and considering the envelopes, the Latite is the better buy.



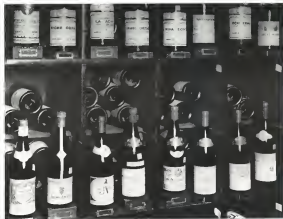
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Formulate a cigarette so low in tar and nicotine it could become America's best-selling low tar and nicotine cigarette. It worked.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health

Regular 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine
Menthol 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report Sept. '73



Red Burgundy, at wine shop in the Sandburg Supermarket, Chicago

This shop offers some lovely bottles, the very best and most expensive Burgundy there is to be had. Bottles in the top row include Ruchberg, La Taille, Grande Réserve, Rosaline-Cotté, Réserve, and Clos de Vougeot. The prices should be out of sight. But, alas, the wine in the 1989 vintage set should not be drunk for at least two years—certainly would be better. So, if you're buying a bottle for dinner, or don't have a wine cellar, or are giving the bottle to someone without facilities for storing wine properly, you're wasting your money, and only proving you don't know how good wine can be. Note, too, that the prices '84, '86

and '89 are better for all these wines than '89. Also on the top row is a Gervy-Charlartier '89 and a Nuits-St. Georges les Perrets '89, excellent bottles both. The first is a commercial wine, not necessarily from a single vineyard. The latter is a very fine and distinctive wine. Both, however, should be held for a few years to achieve their full potential. On the lower shelves are two versions of Beaune Supérieure '74. This is about as old a Burgundy as you should buy. The labels are very distinctive in that they offer no guarantee of quality, or even that the grapes came from the Beaune region. If the price is low enough, buy and try. These

from the left, however, is a Pinot, a Beaune which, since the commercial name is official, does guarantee a fine Beaune wine. There are three lesser wines which look fancy: Pernand-Vergeles, Côte de Nuits-Village, and Pinot Noir. All these might represent good value if the price is 40 or under, and in this case the name of the importer, Frank Schenckler, is much to be trusted. There is a Merlot '88, a lovely wine and good value, drinkable but still probably a bit too young. And a Côte Blanche which is a Rhone wine and can be true indeed and a bargain. Look for the names Domaine de Gervy or Chapoutier on Côte Blanche labels.

Photographed by Rodell Jera

The wine you serve with a meal can say as much about you as the meal itself.

Ruffino Bardolino

Viet Picotta begins with this red-pounded even fatter. Then it's a scallion lightly in olive oil, butter, salt, freshly ground black pepper and lemon. It's the kind of meal you serve guests who love Italian food. And to show them you know how they feel, the wine you serve is Ruffino Bardolino. Ruffino Bardolino is a dry red wine that brings out the best in casseroles, light meat dishes and fowl. Certain meals tell people you care about the kind of food you serve. And certain wines tell people you care about them.



Ruffino Soave

Because your guests like the seafood, you're serving Trout Almondine. Fresh brook trout, lightly salted and floured, sautéed in oil and butter and topped with almond almonds. And because you like your panini, you're serving the whole wine that's going to tell them and how much thought went into the evening you planned for them. Ruffino Soave. A light, dry white wine that does all the right things to seafood and cold dishes. And says all the right things about you.



Ruffino Valpolicella

Baked rack of lamb, fresh baby peas, corned beef and mint jelly. A hearty, robust meal you serve to guests who really enjoy eating. The wine to go with it is Ruffino Valpolicella, a red wine as delightful and distinguished as the meal you're serving. It goes as well with meats, veal, quail and chicken as it does with lamb.





White wine, Burgundy and Bordeaux, at Maison du Vin, New Orleans

You know how to tell the difference, of course! Burgundies have bottles with the gently curving shoulders. This shop offers some respectable white wines, but, in judge by this collection, with little thought for the buyer's purse. The Clos Blanc de Vougeot '76 is a beautiful wine, very fruity and expensive. Chateau d'Yquem '66 is, of course, the supreme dessert wine, sweeter and more luxurious than any Sauterne Alsace. It costs a bundle but is as rich as usually drink; but one small glass. Accordingly, the bottle may add the price note to a number of fancy dinners. Mouton-Radet

'70 from Baron Philippe de Rothschild may be conservatively inexpensive, since it is blended from grapes taken from all over Bordeaux. The Barons' prestigious name on the label may not always justify the final price, yet might do as well with a good California Chateau LaSalle '71 is good value and is made by a small chateau in the Medoc. (The word Medoc may not legally be used for white wines from the district which is primarily famous for its great reds.) The Chateau d'Yquem-Lesclapier is also good value, although a bit old. '66 was a fine year, but in this case it may indicate the wine is past its

prime. This, however, is a splendid wine of the Graves district of Bordeaux. Two really great white Burgundies are seen second and third from right. Chateau-Mouton-Radet '76 and Clos des Mouches '76. For special occasions only, you'll pay for the pleasure. Finally, Ponty-Vincent '69 represents a newish appellation created by France to cash in on the popularity, indeed the notoriety, of the Ponty-Vincent label. The wine should be dry and enjoyable but is probably overpriced. As Gerald Asher, a New York wine expert, has said, "Ponty-Vincent is like a dog that went to the ball too soon and got her head turned."

Perth sends you its Best for the Holidays



We do not have much snow in Perth. It is said that we gave it to America to make your Holidays brighter.

Along with the snow go our best wishes...

and our good whisky.
We don't miss the snow. And we always keep enough Dewar's "White Label" over here to toast a few friends of our own. The season would be mighty cold without that!

Authentic.

DEWAR'S
"White Label"

Dewar's never varies.



BURTON ESTATE WHISKY - 50 & 60 PROOF - SPECIALTY IMPORT CO., N.Y., U.S.

Share America's Whiskey.



White wines of Germany and Alsace, at Berbiglia, Forty-fifth and Main, Kansas City, Mo.

These wines often represent extraordinary value and are a good alternative to the white Burgundies and Rieslings. Left to right: Schloss Volstead '71. From one of the three greatest vineyards in Germany, these wines nevertheless come in a range of prices. An inexpensive Volstead would be very high value. Another outstanding Rhine wine is the '70 Schloss Johannisberger. There are two here, one shows the scene of the vineyard, another a picture of the children. The scene is the standard label of the chateau; the picture of the children is reserved for more special wines. Two Lichtbrautliche follow, one labeled Madonna, the other Blue Nun. Both are popular, for the wine can be made from grapes grown anywhere within the enormous Rhine region. The imports of the Madonnas, Dreyfus and Ashby, is a firm to trust, and Blue

Nun is an extremely popular brand. Zeller Schwarze Kelt is one of dozens of German wines bearing this label. The importer's name is the only guarantee of good quality and value. Next, Cordon d'Alsace from Willen. This inexpensive blend would be outstanding value since it is made by one of the great winemaking families in Alsace (others are Trimbach, Hugel, Dugot, Laroche). The second Willen wine, a Gewürztraminer, would be even better, smoother and spicier though more expensive. Next, two Pinots: Goldtopfchen, both '71. Like Schwarze Kelt, Goldtopfchen is what the Germans call a "true fantasy name." It indicates very little as to quality. One bottle, though, came from Reischelches Korvikt at Trier. This is a good name and the one to buy. The 1978 Bernkasteler Schilberg is also a true fantasy name but this wine

would be better than, say, the Madonnas or Blue Nun, because the grapes are limited to those from around the town of Bernkastel. Goldfink, Bodenheim '71 is an estate-bottled wine and, although it varies greatly from year to year, it gives very good value. Scharshofberger is one of the very finest in Germany and can be relatively inexpensive. Look for the name Egon Muller. The 1971 Bernkasteler Doktor from the Thomas family is a great wine and, at present, very fair value. Second from right, a Trockenbeerenauslese from Bernkasteler Badstube is a sweet dessert wine of the highest quality. The year, 1969, is one of the greatest in the century. The price in this shop was \$42.50 in September and this is a bargain. Wladimir Sommerer '68 may just be getting a bit old but will be pretty good. The name of the maker to look for is the Sommerers in Pfalz.



When you head out for a Christmas party in the country, sometimes you find the roads aren't plowed.

Sometimes you find there aren't any roads.

But no matter. A little snow won't hold you back. Not when the lodge is just around the bend. Where the fire is crackling, and a turkey's turning on the spit.

It's a time when old friends make new friends, and everyone shares the joy of the season.

It's a time when all over America, people share the friendly taste of Seagram's 7 Crown. Not only as a gift, but in the holiday drinks they serve.

Seagram's 7 is America's favorite whiskey. Especially for America's favorite time of year.



Give Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's favorite.





DON'T LET THEM SEE THE LABEL UNTIL AFTER THEY TASTE THE WINE.

"No pecking. Taste it, first."

"Wow, that's good!"

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, I'm sure it's great!"

"Not too sweet?"

"No it's... say, what is that?"

"Sort of different?"

"Yeah, it's light... smooth... kind of... crummy?"

"Oh. Are you ready for this?"

(At this point, bottle is turned to reveal label, although some fans like to drag things out a little longer.)

"MANISCHEWITZ?"

"Corny. White Concord."

Manischewitz doesn't always

mean sweet white, y'know?

"But this is terrific!" Y'know, if

I'd seen the name, I might never

have believed it."

"Uh-huh."



Manischewitz Wine Co., New York, N.Y.

NORWEGIANS

(Continued from page 61) seem to peck," she said. She thought for a moment. "But Norwegians are courageous, too, aren't they?" she said.

"We know that they are," said Mr. Jessup. "Their Vikings, their Rosinances, their brave battle with the sea. It's another tradition, that's all. That's why we travel. The Norwegians are a proud and independent race."

Mr. Jessup made a note in her book of this last phrase for her letter. "Though the Norwegians do not push him the English," she said to herself. "They are a proud and independent race."

It was a cool September afternoon. "A hint of winter in the air," said Mr. Jessup, buttoning up his sweater. They were walking through a small park. A young woman in a sun-dress and boots sat on a bench beside a baby buggy. Mrs. Jessup, thinking of her new grandchild, hesitated for a moment beside the buggy, then passed on. Mr. Jessup, who liked to walk briskly—the doctor had told him this was the best sort of exercise for men who spend their days at their desks—was already some paces ahead of her. When he noticed that Mrs. Jessup was not beside him, he stopped, he waited with a restless patience as he admired the water and contemplated the water. Suddenly, Mrs. Jessup stood by his side. She seemed to catch up with him, as if she had been caught day-dreaming in school. Mr. Jessup took her hand in his and squeezed it tenderly.

There were two statues in the park. One statue, on a pedestal, was a bearded, bearded gentleman in a frock coat, with a watch and chain dangling from his vest pocket, the other—made of white stone—was a young girl, naked, with smooth, pink breasts and flowing, wavy hair. The girl stood, proud, under the gentleman's sober gaze.

Mr. Jessup stopped in front of the man. He studied the inscription on the base of the pedestal. "Herbert Jones," he said. He glanced at the girl. "The nude was obviously done later," he said. Mrs. Jessup. "I must say, it's a curious juxtaposition."

"Maybe somebody was playing a little joke," said Mrs. Jessup.

"Then," said Mr. Jessup, "in one of their national heroes."

"That's what makes it funny," Mrs. Jessup said. "It wouldn't be funny if he were."

"You don't make jokes with public statues," Mr. Jessup said. "I would guess it was just bad planning," he said.

They walked on. School was just out and the streets were alive with children. Two large boys were talking, while a crowd of their companions cheered them on. A tiny girl, with a mass of curly yellow hair, stood next to her father as Mrs. Jessup. When Mr. Jessup wasn't looking, Mrs. Jessup

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FINE CIGARS SINCE 1883

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Everything you ever wanted
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Good for a lot of things

stuck out her tongue at the girl. A small boy picked up a red lid and pretended he was going to bowl it at Ma Jessup. Mr Jessup gave him a stern look. The boy looked and made no show of putting it with his finger. Mrs Jessup giggled.

"Bendy back," said Mr Jessup, taking Mrs Jessup's arm.

A few blocks further, they found themselves in front of a small military installation surrounded by a stone wall. Its gate was guarded by a young soldier with long hair hanging out loose beneath his helmet. Mrs Jessup looked past the soldier through the open gate. There was an interesting old building in there, he said to Mrs Jessup. "I wonder if the fellow speaks English." He went up to the guard. "We are Americans," he said.

The guard nodded solemnly. "My wife and I would like to take a look at the old buildings in there. Would this be possible?"

"Sorry," said the guard, "it's against the rules."

All their moment, a battle of wits, wearing their stars on his epaulettes strided out of the gate. Mr Jessup said he was not at all much of the guard, and then approached him. "Excuse me, sir," he said respectfully. The officer stopped.

"My dear American. We are traveling in your splendid country. I happened to notice the fine old buildings in your grounds. They appear to date from the early years."

"Yes, yes, very old," said the officer. "I wondered if it would be possible for my wife and I to take a look at them."

The officer pulled a ballad out of a pocket and presented it and handed it to Mr Jessup. "Read this," he said affably. "You tell the guard at the gate that I said you may go in."

"That's extremely generous of you, sir," Mr Jessup said.

"My pleasure," said the officer, with a little bow of his head, then he hurried on.

Mrs Jessup looked at the card, then smiled at Mrs Jessup. "It's really awfully a matter of appreciation the old guard," he said. "So, you go to the guard again and presented the card. The guard gave it an indifferent glance and he handed it back. "You'll need to see right now the old building," Mr Jessup said.

"Sorry," said the guard, "it's against the rules."

Mrs Jessup's voice took on a slight edge of exasperation. "But you can see, just this moment, talking to him?" he said.

The fellow grinned. "Yes, but you see, it's like this," he said. "The General won't know me, so he'll let me in the house."

"It's easy to see how the General took over if their private talks up all the rules," Mr Jessup said to Mrs Jessup as they left.

Mrs Jessup remembered seeing a church when they entered town. She knew Mr Jessup liked taking

photographs of churches. She led him around another part of town, past the youth, down a narrow street of small shops and across a plain. "This," she said proudly, pointing to a small yellow wooden building with a cross on its top, surrounded by a graveyard.

"It's not a stone church, is it?" Mrs Jessup asked, a bit surprisedly.

"We've seen some stone churches," said Mr Jessup. "They resemble the stone temples. Some thousands, some hundreds."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs Jessup.

"This," it was a new building, Mr Jessup walked up the steps and found the door. It was locked. He looked up a few steps, arranged his fingers long and began to tap with his fingers, murmuring the first word with a whisper, admiring the form. "You stand on the porch," he said.

Mrs Jessup knew how long it took Mr Jessup to get things up properly when he took a picture; he took great pride in his photography. She would try to look bright and alert, but her mind would be more wondering. Standing on the steps of Notre Dame, she had seen a dog look by and was surprised at the way she had found a child in front of the Taj Mahal, the warm, sunny air had taken her back to a summer evening and a boy she had laughed out loud, remembering Mr Jessup had caught her laugh on the picture. After their trip, when they had presented their small white stone for their friends, there she was laughing—and everyone had remarked how much Mrs Jessup seemed to be enjoying her artistic adventure.

"I haven't had my hair done for days," she said to Mrs Jessup now. "You take the picture and I'll go for a walk in the graveyard."

Mrs Jessup walked around the church on a path which led through the grove. An old woman was bent over one of them, bending, pulling out weeds from around a flat stone marker. Mrs Jessup stood quietly in back of her and tried to make out the words carved on the stone. They were in Norwegian, but she could read the name and date.

Old Olafson

1858-1945

Old Olafson had been seventeen when he died, Mrs Jessup thought. Darius, finished his school, had been the name of her old boyfriend—but he was twenty when he was killed on Guadalcanal.

The woman looked up at Mrs Jessup. Mrs Jessup smiled at her. "You can't," she said, raising an imaginary lake in her arms.

The woman nodded. She picked up her black pocketbook, which was on the ground beside her, and stood up. She opened the bag and took out a photograph and showed it to Mrs Jessup.

"He was very handsome," said Mrs Jessup, hoping that he was true and expressing the old woman would understand.

The old woman put her pocketbook back upon the ground. She stood up. Her body stiffened in a weak effort

perhaps, she swung her head to her husband in a weak salute. Then she dropped her head, just both hands around her head and bowed down, her face gone completely, her tongue hanging out.

Mrs Jessup gasped. Old Olafson had been hanged, she thought. There was something in her head bent stretched to a sinister smile.

Mrs Jessup took the old woman's hand and shook it. She walked slowly back around a church, waving tears from her eyes.

Mr Jessup was still talking with the woman. "You have killed the man," he said proudly. "I need some more material."

Mrs Jessup took out her comb and combed her hair and patted her hair on the church steps.

"You look like you just lost a year last friend," said Mr Jessup. "Let's have a little more. Come on, over this church."

Mrs Jessup said "please," and Mr Jessup snapped the shutter.

"That would be a good one," he said, putting his camera equipment away. "The light was perfect."

"The people of Norway are a good and independent race," Mrs Jessup said to the woman, while Mr Jessup took his camera before dinner. She pointed. She could not write about Old Olafson—not in this kind of letter. It was not a bad, people would expect. Nor did she think Mr Jessup would approve. She had not, in fact, even told Mr Jessup about Old Olafson. She was not sure why she had not told him. He was a kind and thoughtful man. He would certainly have been sympathetic.

"Norwegian differ from the English, though you are independent, you, that may not agree their true philosophy," Mrs Jessup told the woman. "Despite this, it is a strong meaning. Norwegian culture is more than the structure of a simple design."

She had never told Mr Jessup about being Olafson's widow. She had told no one at all. When he died, nobody knew she had lost a love. She was not the same person who had loved the old man, either.

"Architecture of a simple design," she repeated to the machine. She was not to be hanging down. Perhaps it would help to look at. From Adam's house, when this time she talked directly from the book. "Each piece from the 17th and 18th centuries 1800 A.D. show that once at that time, Norwegian had a great sense of beauty, color and form, and tried to express themselves most beautiful things."

Mr Jessup came out of the church, wrapped in a towel, all pink and steamy.

"The afternoon," Mrs Jessup was saying in her own words now, "was not a pleasant one. There is a kind of water in the air."

Mr Jessup smiled at her approvingly.

Mrs Jessup shivered and put on a simple black dress and the gentle Mr



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Elegant, tasteful and in the traditional holiday colours.
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Joseph had given her for their thirtieth wedding anniversary. Mr. Joseph came downstairs. Mrs. Joseph opened the apartment. They were about to go down for an early dinner when they noticed a commotion below their window. Mrs. Joseph looked out. "Something is happening," she said. "Another boat has come in."

"I could stand some of a stroll before eating," Mr. Joseph said.

The whole town seemed to be on the wharf; it was like a carnival. They surrounded the boat, which had just arrived. Its deck was filled to the gunwales with very olive fish.

"It's a herring catch," said Mr. Joseph.

The fishermen were shoveling up the herring and dropping them into crates. The kids had gone wild. They swarmed over the boat, latched on to the gunwales, climbed the rigging, and threw themselves violently into the shining, slippery catch. A few older kids, remarking the men, were trying to help out. No one seemed to mind.

"Somebody should stop those kids. These are heavy men," said Mr. Joseph. Mrs. Joseph did not answer. She was looking on in amazement. As she looked, the little girl and she had seen on the dock pulled her hand out of the herring, her scalded hair clustered with fish scales. She saw Mrs. Joseph and stuck out her tongue again, with a grin. Mrs. Joseph stuck out her tongue in reply.

"The children would bring us a trip of the boat rather than to come to see," Mrs. Joseph said to herself. "If only I had a lot of fish, but even if I did, I'd give up all my fish and stockings and jewelry and silver and gold. The situation is very serious. We must do something to help. I have experienced nothing like it in all my travels throughout the world."

She thought she must caution the thought, as Mr. Joseph had back down the wharf following the noisy crowd.

It was now very cold. Mrs. Joseph shivered and put up the collar of her coat.

"Cold?" said Mr. Joseph with concern.

"A bit," Mrs. Joseph said. They were passing a pub next to the wharf. It was crowded with people from the wharf and soldiers from the army port. Loud voices and the clinking of beer mugs came from the open door.

"A drink would warm you up," said Mr. Joseph.

They entered the pub. The tables were all filled. Two young men, admiring their predicament, beckoned Mr. Joseph to join them.

"Thank you very much, gentlemen," said Mr. Joseph in a hearty voice as the young men sat down before him. The young men spoke English; they were from Bergen; they were in the army now, spending their weeks here on compulsory military duty. "We are here to see our country," said one of them. They both laughed, they seemed to be a little drunk. The General's

Joseph had not that morning was at a nearby table, he greeted them with a nod. "Hello, my friends!"

Everyone seemed to be enjoying himself immensely.

The second young man came forward. He was a young man, thought Mrs. Joseph, spoke to them. "You are Americans?" he said.

"Yes," Mrs. Joseph was about to say, then she remembered that Mr. Joseph did not care for that word.

"We are Americans here to see your country," Mr. Joseph said. He smiled to a waiter. "May I offer you gentlemen some beer?" he said.

"Thank you," said the first young man.

Mr. Joseph ordered a glass of beer for Mrs. Joseph, and three beers.

"And what do you think of our country?" the second young man said to Mrs. Joseph.

"We think it's very beautiful. We like it very much," she looked at Mr. Joseph for confirmation, but he was keeping his eyes for the drinks.

"Yes, we Norwegians are very fortunate," the second young man said. "I went to school in your country, by the way. I went to the University of Columbia. Every method, I drove up to your house to do."

"Did you ever remain staying there?" said Mr. Joseph.

The young man laughed, as if at some secret joke. He said, "I'm a Norwegian. Perhaps if I were a Duke or a Swedish Knight, I might have considered such a business proposition. But I'm a Norwegian, you see."

"It must be like belonging to a private club," Mrs. Joseph said. She felt oddly content, as if she were standing by a window looking at a sea party in which she had not been invited.

"Yes, yes, that's a confident analysis," the young man said to her. His eyes, she noticed, were curiously blue and bright with an early glow of interest.

"If it's no satisfactory home a Norwegian," said Mr. Joseph. "I'm only sorry that I don't know the current of your understanding—how do you explain your high suicide rate?"

The young man smiled. He had a charming smile on his left cheek. Mrs. Joseph almost had to keep herself from reaching out to touch it. The theory, she thought, would have been in his hand.

"Perhaps you are exchanging us with the Swedes," the young man was saying to Mr. Joseph. "Still, we Norwegians consider our own and then."

He looked at Mrs. Joseph. "You know what they say to us Norwegians?" they said. "You only get to know a Norwegian—way to a point."

Mrs. Joseph smiled to say. "At what point does it begin to know you?" but she was afraid that this might seem forward.

"In other words, you can't expect it," said Mr. Joseph, smiling.

"Everything cannot be explained," the young man said. "Some say it's just a man. Others say we live, then we die, on our own, so to speak, when

it rains."

"I hope it suits you to live," Mrs. Joseph said, with sudden feeling.

This time the young man smiled at her—a sweet, strangely uncomfortable smile.

"Norwegians are here worldwide like rats and never more," Mrs. Joseph said to herself, as if she were deciding again. "They are also extremely uncomfortable and uncomfortable the second heart of yours. How do I know that I shall not get out of my little unhappiness?"

Oh, dear, I really must be gone, she thought. She put her glass down, hurriedly.

"Ready?" said Mr. Joseph to her.

Mrs. Joseph stood up.

"It was most kind of you to ask us to join you, gentlemen," said Mr. Joseph, shaking hands with both young men.

As they left, the General rose and gave them a salute. Mr. Joseph nodded briefly at him, then guided Mrs. Joseph in a different direction toward the door.

"Norwegians," Mrs. Joseph said to the machine that evening after dinner.

"Very proud of their nation."

Mrs. Joseph was already in bed, reading, but Mr. Joseph had not yet undressed. His memory was not so good as it used to be, and she wanted to get her impressions down before she lost them.

"There's something all over your shirt," Mr. Joseph said.

Mrs. Joseph glanced down. Her black waist, twinkling with glittered with black dots, like stars, she stared at them for a moment. "I think I've the herring from the wharf," she said.

"Better get them off now," Mr. Joseph said.

She got up from her chair and went to the wardrobe and took out her new black dress. She slipped it on, then she brushed them carefully. The silver scales she off and disappeared into the bag. Again, Mrs. Joseph felt the same nervous sadness she had felt in the pub. She returned quickly to her job.

"I could perhaps be compared to belonging to an exclusive club," she continued. She paused, wondering for a moment, then went on. "There is no exception. You only get to know a Norwegian in a way that I think cannot be explained. For, the desired to play it back to Mr. Joseph."

"You only get to know," Mr. Joseph said. "But you can't expect it, can you, couldn't you?" Not just about Norwegianism?" Mrs. Joseph said.

"It would say it speaks to Norwegianism very well," said Mr. Joseph. "You one would say it about you, for example, would be?"

Mrs. Joseph thought for a moment. Then she decided that Mr. Joseph was, as usual, right.

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THE BLIND SIDE

...of someone (see page 105) problem, who would jump in one and leave the driver ride around with the meter going while the infidel to him and she felt better. Then she would pay the bill, play on a bag up and hop out. That was her kind of professionalism. She couldn't cook and Tanya didn't want anyone saying that she "couldn't" cook. But at the time it was very important to get her right. This was almost an admission to him as to how she was close to collapse, selfishness and madness, and she could breathe up a room just by walking into it. And because of this failed love marriage she never really didn't get her in two and a half minutes. "Sports" was the key word. And it was for her. He kept showing that was "sports" and she was the mother and it was as if he had known her all his life. Tanya had never seen a person as quiet like that. After they had learned her in the Jersey State, the club where it says: could you have a little back to New York City. Everyone was surprised if it was a house in Jersey, which no one could find. What that, the yards began on the house. And then he disappeared, once again, it might have been a record conference. It was enough to get Tanya back to religion. Why not, if they had anyone guys around like that. Except that the next the public showed up at the church the second time, something was a little off. He looked happier for one thing. And he was wearing fewer religious robes. What happened? The black show said that he had probably brought her from France. And he didn't get his father at all. He was a hardworking man. "I loved you for his family." Crip him that. Right out of your back, turned back. The way there, Tanya wanted to get off. The culture was different, because he could have been talking about nobody. He wanted to show Tanya that maybe there wasn't any way to get his father. Maybe that was it—because, hardworking, too. But for Christ's sake, the public could have been something. "Sports" wasn't it—he had said that anyway—but how about that house in his work? What about someone for a house? The character of his head against Jerry Tanya's face when he was a kid? Anything else? So they heard the right person. But they were in the Jersey State, and his father went to the ground, alongside his mother. Tanya was very in love at the time for letting her down and not getting his father right. And for not being that magical fellow with the tall oil hair who had shown up in a cloud of smoke and almost got her back to religion. After everyone had shaken back into the land, Tanya went back to the ground and stuck this big torpedo of a rope inside. He was aware of the moment, unambiguously involved—and he knew he would probably tell it to a friend or two before the work was over

—as an anecdote—but he did it anyway. No one was going to tell him whether he was involved or not—but when he had just lost his mother and father. Back to back.

He hung around the city for a few weeks. His brother showed things up for him. He said he didn't want anything from the apartment except an old-fashioned pocket watch he registered. And he said he didn't want anything from the watch, only with age as you couldn't really make them up. They met the 15-minute conversation and in his brother's hotel room. And there was a beautiful of silver chairs to be divided up. So Tanya finally found out his father's story. He was sorry he found out. Tanya hugged his brother, saying, "Let's stop, in touch. You're all I've got," and then his mother came down out of a car of his father's and wearing a fancy, and looking very angry. Tanya realized a fellow he had once worked for who had come to the office wearing his father's belt said, one day after the old man had died. At the time he wondered, what kind of a story was that? Now, his brother said, "It's him like a piece, so why not?" Tanya couldn't answer that out. He just felt it couldn't be going on. About a month later he changed his mind and was glad he had taken the chair.

Harry Tanya planned on taking a new drive to some place he hadn't been, so he could be alone and sort things out—but he got whisked off to California on a job he felt he couldn't turn down. He told himself the work would be good for him. Just before he left, he ran into the outdoor scene at a garage place and asked her if she had ever come to end her house with him. Then she said she had but Tanya could see she hadn't. He wonder he hadn't moved on in time. It wasn't that she was going with his friend. The way wasn't that close a friend. It was the kind of behavior. He would tell her that she would go in and never come off. The work with father and then she wouldn't.

Tanya pointed off the California road in a winter whenever it rained a little, he would say. "Her, listen, I just lost both my parents, back to back." It burned him up when people around the theory that his father had become he couldn't live without his wife. Tanya heard a lot of that and he didn't say any of it. He didn't find with anyone in all the years the way his father had, and it didn't look as if there was color to be lost to anyone someone in his life, a mother. But he just couldn't afford to think that if you loved someone very much and they died, you had to hop right into the grave with them. He preferred to think that you survived his death and then went about your business.

He started in on an extreme spring accident. The first hard case at the Los Angeles airport. Then he got on the plane and read all the way to Newark. Back East, he gave himself the job of copying over his father's book. Halfway along, he came to his father's name and because wonder he really went to that. For a period there, he didn't think

he was ever going to stop. It was having to make that particular decision. What do you do, carry your dead father over into the new address book or carry him from the ruler? No more father, no more phone number, and you pick up that extra space for some new piece of art.

He never did get to take that drive. The one in which he was going to go to a stronger place and get things straight. The awful part is that Tanya never seemed to get any huge lessons out of the things that happened to him. He was bumbling over with small signs of information he had gathered for his work. For example, when tracing a homicide suspect in a child's case, the first thing detective black law is a day, clearance ticket—on the theory that the suspect is going to skip his blood around chasing right off to the lawyer's. When she'd, open her mouth to jump to their left, never took guesses one right-hand and well either free ends of the mark or, at work, such a shocker. Tanya kept his young son entrained for hours with this kind of information. But he didn't own any and couldn't and that bothered him. Instead he borrowed other people's. Tanya kept with a woman who has more problems than you. Wilson Alger. Don't let her over your shoulder because someone might be coming on you. Dislike Peter. People believe and only because they lack the character to believe people. In Rockefeller. Take short terms, here for the best and trust in God. Some British guy. Don't like that. Won't it come for him to be coming up with a lot of his own? Present in the wall. Tanya would probably produce this list.

Be very lucky.

2. Watch your ass. Because if they could get your father's pants to stop—considering the way he was, he was he looked alone, the ass, and the fifteen years, woman, that. Harry Tanya had worked up for him—(1) that would keep him out of that particular apartment on lower Park, and on top of everything, get him to do back to back with Tanya, the one of these staved underground in the Jersey State, all bets were off and anything was possible. Anything else could dream as you make it. Anything in the world. 4

- ALGER (1) to do with your ass (2) 1) guess 2) die 3) in terms and a woman, respectively 4) the guess 5) break this tooth, go to church, play golf 6) regulations, caught casual, page 7) support 8) element 9) pencil in, doctor's office 10) children up from school 11) need, books 12) another divorce 13) parties 14) his hair 15) notebook

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MOST OF A FIFTY PERCENT MAY BE USED ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. IT IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY TO OBTAIN THE PROPER DISTRICT OR LOCAL LAW. IMPORTED BY JAMES WATSON, IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

(Continued from page 121) 1888 noted that horsemeat consumption was "increasing steadily for reasons of economy." This may have been true in 1888, but it is perhaps more likely to be accepted as it is gospel, the explicitly mentioned to be so noted as to point out that the mere passage accepts valid far word as the new revised edition of that encyclopedia, though it is indisputably false now. After all, the 1938 edition of the same work, by Prosper Magnagay, a guru of the haute cuisine, who may well have dedicated to handle a meat as horse, even in the context of emergency, is not without digging to dignify the subject by personal investigation. Was it because he felt that the questionnaire of domesticated and wild vulgar food, cut a stain upon his house that he composed the taste of horse to that of venison? This is not what my private tells me, but so acute the observation had the useful effect of rescuing M. Magnagay's disciples that though duty may have obliged him to denounce also the claims, he was still a venison type of heart.

Whatever the case may have been in 1888 or not, proof does not exist into the horse-borne between today, equivalent rates of both cost approximately the same—about \$2.00 a pound for extreme quality. Mainland, all the way up to the United States is for the first time showing serious interest in the edibility of the horse, horsemeat sales are falling off in France. Not so many years ago, there were several horsemeat restaurants in Paris, frequented by health-fad fanatics. If it is any consolation, I have not been able to locate them if I can add there are still some in Belgium and Switzerland. Paris restaurants catering in food and drink to the taste and offering for limited venison vegetable diets, say of which, if presented as, would lead to pilgrims or heretics. Ordinary restaurants cannot offer horsemeat dishes with others, for it is forbidden to serve food and have in the same establishment, and as horse meat is not considered as well as horsemeat. You want to get it in a horsehouse elsewhere which handles nothing else, but who wonders why, possibly, it is so passionately sensitive as the French could hardly fail to notice the substitution of one meat for another which does not taste the same. It must be a case of habit. The ancient Roman appreciated beef and mutton butchers from pork butchers, and the French followed suit, when horsemeat came in the 19th century, it was a standard operating procedure to put it in a separate category also. Nowadays a Frenchman who wants to eat horse meat as always does to buy it from a horse butcher and eat it at home, which may help to convert for the drop in consumption. Whatever the reason, in the year 1984 the average consumption of horsemeat in France was slightly over five pounds, in 1975 it was slightly over three and three quarters pounds. This does not

even seem to be explainable by the cost factor either, it is probably a function of the prevalence that the number of horses in France is decreasing steadily—as it is true in all the underdeveloped countries of the world now that the horse can do everything a horse can do, except make furniture.

So the French do not eat horse just merely for gastronomic reasons nor because it is convenient. What is the motive?

The answer would seem to be: health. Two or three times a week, when I am sent down to the market to buy beef or veal or pork or mutton chops for us, also take horsemeat for myself, her dealer has advised her to bring without dealer's advice, many Frenchmen eat horsemeat because they believe it to be fortifying, and in this belief, unworkable though popular medicine frequently is, they are right. Horsemeat is rich in glycogens, the principal form in which carbohydrates are stored in animal tissues, but are other assets. The meat's protein—undeniably, if the word does not discourage you, the blood—is an area more beneficial than is meat, they contain all the beneficial nutrients of horsemeat in concentrated form.

For certain disorders, proteins are almost to be considered meat. Horsemeat is not specifically prescribed, but if you are going to eat raw meat at all, horsemeat is the safest. The horse, unlike the cow, is resistant to tuberculosis, and it is not affected by the horse tapeworm, sometimes found in both beef and pork.

"Griping" as a horse" is that more than a mere muscle, and the animal can pass on some of its vigor to those who eat it. But two warnings should be observed here. First, horsemeat does not keep as well as beef and should therefore be served almost immediately after you have bought it from the butcher, second, some persons are allergic to it, after you have sampled horsemeat, you develop a rash, cut it out, the rash will disappear quickly if it was solely horsemeat which caused it. In that case, you had better notify yourself to returning to beef—providing you can afford it.

No food credited with longevous qualities has ever enjoyed being heralded as an aphrodisiac, horsemeat is no exception. The most potent part of the animal is held to be the hippocampus, from which Caucasians, wife of Caligula, and to make a low person for the Roman who made "the bed of the horse" having through his nose. "Till the red vapor issued to his brain." The recipe for this brew is simple, requiring only two ingredients, which anyone will be available in any well-regulated household, as I will pass it up to you: take a part of the horse's neck blood, stir into it a little powdered hippocampus, and have him or her drink it. Hippocampus? Ah, yes, of course—it is the seedling in the forehead of a newly felled oak.

(Continued from page 121) it can make a wine itself like the fact that it is more noticeable at room temperature, and that's a good enough reason to serve whole wine.

Exhibit various sorts like red-gallop and turn and turn was also had before ("A good exhibit certainly," checked out of our group, that not a great one.")

Noilly's red-wine is a valuable component that we associate with Caligula grapes, bubble gum, and Kool-Aid. A taste of it can make a Caligula wine taste like Pepsibon.

There's a small detail in all wine. Its yeasty odor is contained to add character to red wines that it's a fault, all the worse of horsemeat, and should be avoided in certain amounts.

Like the scent of roses and cheap perfume, 2-phosphoryl alcohol occurs with small frequencies, but in 10 to 25 parts per million. We sampled a solution of 500 ppm, and had enough to last forever.

Available, an inevitable product of wine oxidation, gives a sharp, biting flavor to wines that have begun to turn brown.

Recently, which smells like oxidation butter, is another product of oxidation, as pungent that one part per million is noticeable.

"What you are collecting," Professor Webb mused, "is yeast. Your own thresholds of taste and smell. Tasters prove themselves with samples like these."

Even these few who survive to professional tastings are fickle. "Bouquet" is their phrase for the aroma that arises that comes after hours of tasting (scent with white wine) (then red). The professional remembers the taste and odor of the thousands of wines. Every wine must be good at it—most an overbearing quality of it—most find that knowledge of what they are tasting will enhance their pleasure.

One weekend is not enough, of course. It was not easy to remember forty-two wines, and I finished a final exam. Along with others, I was handed three numbered glasses of white wine in what I ordered was a trouble-making. Two were identical and the third was a similar wine from another variety of grape. It is an olfactory problem that I was the wrong selector, and so did half of my group. We shared it on bought future.

"The most important thing about this wine explosion," Professor Webb said, "is that people are spending time and money experimenting with non-culinary assets. It took a thousand years in France to find the particular fear and a half acre which alone produce Roman-Courts. At the rate in California, we'll find such assets, and in ten years I'm sure we'll find it. It's not just vineyards in vineyards. Many of them won't pay off. But there'll be a few who make, because for their grandchildren."

34 words on the Noilly Prat martini by W. Somerset Maugham.



"Noilly Prat is a necessary component of a dry martini. Without it you can make a side car, a gimlet, a white lady, or a gin and bitters, but you cannot make a dry martini."

"Points of View", 1958

Don't stir without Noilly Prat



Canada at its best.

Save this holiday season with the whisky that's the best the north country has to offer. It's the light, smooth whisky that's fast becoming America's favorite Canadian. Imported Canadian Mischief. For partying. To give. And to get. It's Canada at its best.

Imported Canadian Mist.

A FEW LESSONS IN HISTORY FROM HARRY TRUMAN

(It continued from page 82.) Masterville, and he died broke. And his widow, Dolly, she had to sell Masterville, and she

had to move in with relatives in Washington, and Hazel Webster had to send her son. And Webster's son was a drunkard, his stepson that was, and he sold his father's papers to buy himself a drink.

Mr. President, you mentioned Andrew Jackson, and as a parenthetical could you tell me about the chess move of Jackson's advance west from New York? What he was in the White House, would he?

"It was about people up in Rockland County, New York, which used to be . . . maybe still is dense country. And

[illegible]

"And then what happened? People trampled that cheese all over the White House, onto the drapes and the rugs and everything, and when old Van Bergen moved into the White House, he wasn't a man of the people like Jackson, and they had to spend, I don't know, several thousand dollars cleaning up the mess left by that cheese!"

Who were some of the other Puerto Ricans who had trouble with generals?

"James K. Polk, for one. He had trouble with 'Old Fuss & Feathers' [General Winfield Scott] during the war with Mexico. Couldn't get him to move. He stayed down there in Puebla in Mexico from April until August, wouldn't move an inch. Just sat on his ass. Churchill told me he had the same kind of trouble with Montgomery in France is that other war. Couldn't get him off his ass."

⁴⁰Of course Scott finally got married, and he finally took Mexico City, but he could have done it in May or June at the latest instead of in September, which is when it happened.

"One of the troubles with Ike was that he had in mind being President, when a lot of people do. MacArthur, of course, was one, and Eisenhower was another, and he's the one I never would have believed it of. It's not as close to me as you're sitting right this minute and swear up and down that he would never run for any political office and the reason why a military man shouldn't be in politics, and I believed him."

But you don't believe Lloyd Stark.

"I knew Elmer was a goddamn liar. I

You were saying that General Smedley wanted to be President.

"He despised the loved ones and again, and finally, in 1838, the Wongs were sent him. But he made a damn fool of himself every time he opened his mouth. So he didn't get very far. He retired in 1860, so Lincoln didn't have to put up with him during the Civil War. Noting where he did was one of the few good things Scott ever did. Lincoln had enough trouble with generals without having to contend with 'Old Fuss' Kearney."¹²

Did President Polk have any trouble with Zachary Taylor in the Mexican War?

'Not too much. Taylor, Old Enough 'n' Ready,' he won the Battle of Buena Vista, and he was a pretty good general. Claimed he had no political ambitions. Just like Ike. Claimed he didn't

want to be President, and he may even have meant it all one time. They say when somebody started to boast here as the next President of the United States he told whoever it was, 'Stop your damn nonsense and drink your drink.'

"But later he sort of, apparently, changed his mind. That's the way it almost always happens. There are very

For men who when they start thinking about the Presidency don't start thinking how maybe they'd be better at it than the fellow who's then in office, and then they start telling themselves

"And then the first thing you know they are wondering what they are going to see when they get the nomination."

"Somebody I forget who said war was important to be left to the generals, and that's true. But politics. We ought to try to devise a way to keep them out of politics altogether."

"Lincoln had more trouble than any President with the general proposition. He had to fire McClellan twice, and then he had to see all the rest of them go, despite their record, and he finally

"Lacorda also had trouble with a

folk named Pope (General John L. Pope). He was another bombastic fellow, who made all kinds of promises that he never did live up to, and he never had any intention of living up to them.

He said he would have his headquarters in his saddle. But after the Second Battle of Bull Run, which was one of the worst Union defeats of the war, there were hundreds, maybe thousands of wounded and dying men in the streets of Washington and on the roads.

of the Capital and everywhere else where there was a strike.

"It was just an awful defeat, and Lincoln removed Pope from his command and sent him up in the northeast campaign to keep an eye on some Texas Indians. And old Horner Grovely said in the New York Tribune ... and that in the Second Battle of Bull Run, Pope evidently had his headquarters in his saddle, and he sat on his knees."

The President, how do you explain the success of General Grant? Especially after all those other generals had been so terribly defeated?

"Grant was a very good man. He had a very simple idea of how you go about winning a war. He wasn't much of a theorist. He didn't know much about strategy. A lot of other generals on both sides, they had all studied the same books at West Point, and Grant would be the one that would mark of a reader as scholar. There are

one book by some Presabhinna. I forget his name. And the high-ranking officials on both sides of the fence were studying the book and using the same strategy, and it wasn't working.

"And one day some young lieutenant asked Grant if he'd read that book, and Grant said, 'Hell, no.' Of course he hadn't. He said he didn't have to. He said what you have to do to fight a war, you have to find the enemy, and you

have to let him with everything you've got, and then you've got to keep right on going. And that's what he did. He never stopped to make false statements about this and that. He just kept right on going.

"Grant was a very generous, kind man, and if he hadn't got into politics, he might not have gone down. . . . His place in history would have been . . . more secure. But when he got into the White House he seemed set to be the

where there he talked was that the weakest President we have ever had, and his Administration was the most corrupt in all our history up to now. It wasn't evoked himself, but everybody around him was.

"And the biggest trouble was that he just had no understanding at all of what to do. He didn't have the slightest understanding of free government. 'I've told you what happens with

them generally. They think being President is some kind of reward for services rendered in the war, and they think the White House is like some Army post they can retire to and take life easy.

"Qwert had the idea that Congress was supposed to run things, and he thought being President was just sort of ... like that other folk we've discussed, some kind of ceremonial job."

where all you had to do was entertain
rolling royalty and get medals on peo-
ple and shake hands and get your pic-
ture taken with a great big grin on
your face.

"I'm pretty sure he'd never read the Constitution, he wasn't much of a reading man, and he'd only voted once in his life and that was in 1886 when he voted for the Democrats. After he'd

and a misunderstanding with Andrew Johnson, the radical Republicans took him over, claiming he was one of them, which he wasn't. He wasn't one of any-

—TIMOTHY BARNETT, 188

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Salem refreshes naturally.

thing, of any party. He just didn't understand what was going on. After he got elected in 1968, why the people around him were doing the number three (old Goliath and Pink [Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, New York financiers] was and tried to convince him to keep the government out of the gold market so they could close up as it, and he was a little bit of a fool. And there was the Credit Mobilier scandal in which speculators made tens of millions of dollars by buying the Union Pacific Railroad which had been subsidized by the federal government. And it resulted in a great scandal that involved several members of Congress who had accepted gifts of stock to bribe to keep their mouths shut.

"As I say, Grant wasn't involved in any of these things personally, but he has gone down in history as head of the weakest government we have ever had."

"But he was re-elected, mostly because the Democratic candidate was Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune. Greeley was also associated by the Liberal Republican Party, but somehow he just didn't come across in the campaign. He just couldn't seem to project himself in the election the way he should have. For some reason, I never have been able to figure out, he never came so kind of a not. People don't really trust Grant as President, but they respected him rather than take a chance on Greeley. His defeat and the death of his wife right before the election drove him crazy, and he died in less than a month. A very interesting man, though, he's worth reading about, because for one thing as you will see a lot of his ideas were very ahead of their time."

"That Grant got re-elected, and his second term was even worse than his first. A lot more fraud and corruption were uncovered, and there was the issue of negroes and slavery—there, and through it all Grant just sat there, not knowing what to do. It was just an awful period of American history. Grant's indecisiveness and his letting the radical Republicans run things led to difficulties between the North and South that haven't been settled to this day."

"After Grant got out of office, didn't he go on a round-the-world cruise?"

"Yes, after he got out of office, he went over to his old campaign headquarters, been married in the White House as an Englishman, and they made quite a bit over him in England, which he never met in his last trip as going, and everywhere he went he was greeted by the Kings and Queens and Prince William and what-have-you, and there were a lot of people, for him, and they gave him a lot of decorations."

"When he got back to the United States he'd been gone two years or so, and he landed at San Francisco and was greeted with considerable enthusiasm. And then he tried to go back to Salem, Illinois, for a while, but some very things didn't work out there. Nothing seemed to go right for him there."

"And eventually didn't Grant wind up in New York?"

"He went to New York, and he didn't have much money left, but then he went that broke with a Wall Street firm named Grant and Ward. He was the only President who tried to promote the Presidency as business, and I don't like that fact in his history. That is exactly what he was doing, though."

"But Ward, furthermore, Ward his name was, took him for every penny he had. And he'd borrowed money from old man Vanderbilt, and when he couldn't pay it back, Vanderbilt took what little real estate he owned and everything else poor old Grant had, including even his personal wardrobe. I believe they ended up down at the National Museum."

"But there's an awful thing, to see a former President bankrupt like this. It shouldn't happen. You might say Grant brought it on himself by acting like a damn fool, but it still isn't right. It shouldn't be allowed to happen to an ex-President."

"When Grant realized that Ward had taken advantage of him, he said, 'I have almost ruined my life, after other people gave up on them, but I never will trust another human being so long as I live.'"

"And did he?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose so. He was a trusting life, and you either see as you watch, and there's not much you can do about it."

"He seems to have trusted old Mark Twain. He was desperately in need of money, and that's when he got tied up with Twain and wrote his memoirs. Do two volumes. I think Mark Twain helped him write them. Some of it I don't know how much, but some of it sounds a lot better than Grant ever was, and a lot of what is Grant doesn't come at all. When Grant was young, these books are very interesting reading, but they are very inaccurate."

"Do you think that's reasonable or fair?"

"Oh, I think he told Mark the things just like I'm telling you, the things that he himself did, the way he remembered them. And of course on men's memory is absolutely perfect."

"I think the grumpiest thing he was trying to do was to make a good friend before the country became his son, even in that day, considered the worst President that ever was in the White House. Although he came very near to being re-elected and elected a third time."

"But of course that didn't happen, and that's... after that he and Fanny sat together on his memoirs, and while they were working on them, Grant got cancer of the jaw, and he died a very painful death. But he was a stubborn man, he was in great, great pain, but he wouldn't... you might say he wouldn't allow himself to be until he'd finished it. It just has to be in the end, and everything else is understood. He wouldn't give up. He said some wonderful things about the war that he'd left out if it took him a week to write. Grant, I say, and that's the way it was with the memoirs."

"Of course, the funny thing about it, Grant, he was living on borrowed time, you might say, for the last twenty years of his life, because if he'd... Lincoln asked him to go to the Ford Theatre with him the night he was assassinated, but Grant and Mrs. Grant didn't go. They went up to visit their children somewhere in New Jersey."

"If they had gone, though, Grant would have been shot because he was on the list of John Wilkes Booth."

"I believe those memories turned out to be very successful, didn't they?"

"Yes, they did. They made a lot of money for them, though he managed to lose it later, but they made a lot for Mrs. Grant, which always pleased me very, very much. Because otherwise she'd have been under very bad circumstances. As she had been a good part of her life."

"Mr. President, what really bothers me is that Grant might have been some kind of a hero in 1860, even though, regularly have that and been a very bad President."

"That's right."

"You must ask a thing happens? How could they ever consider something like that? It's just not a fair record?"

"How could they remember him, how far a third time and elect him? And that's what would have happened if the Republicans hadn't cut their own throats with that scandal. (The terrible scandal) they couldn't stop at other. Because they had to elect the President to two terms. The down thing wasn't until April 1901, and only nine years later, when 1901 came along, it hadn't been for that damn scandal, they could have had Rutherford the White House the another four years. So instead they had to make do with something like Nixon."

"I would like to have been a mouse in the corner at some of the meetings. I'll bet they did in private. I would just like to have been there and heard it."

"Do you think Eisenhower could have defeated John Kennedy?"

"Yes, I do. If Nixon came as close as he did to doing it, Eisenhower could have done it in a walk."

"Mr. President, you said earlier that you thought General Grant did not read the Constitution. Do you think Mr. Nixon has?"

"I don't know. I don't know. But I'll tell you this. If he has, he isn't understanding it."

"Do you think the Republic could have survived another four years of Eisenhower?"

"Oh, yes. We survived those five poor Presidents. But what you have to understand is that the system we have under the Constitution that you set up by these differences in Philadelphia had survived worse things than Eisenhower. Not much worse, but some worse. Giving him to Grant for a warrant, do you think there are other parallels between Grant and Eisenhower. Second the fact that they were both presidents. Army men and poor Presidents."

"For one thing, Grant was a hell of

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"If a man can accept a situation in a place of power with the thought that it's temporary, he's controlled all night. But when he thinks that he is the master of the power, that can be his mistake."

There a man has too much money too soon, that has the same effect on him. He just never gets it understanding that getting enough money to relax and enjoy a good over his life is the thing that thoughtful history most people have spent their lives trying to do and haven't succeeded... If you get too much money too soon, it puts you by setting you too far apart from most of the human race.

WHAT DO THEY DO FOR EXCITEMENT IN THE CAYMAN ISLANDS?

Estimated from page 50) about 200 years ago. Then a few things happened seaward. Many water vacations, put off by the high cost, high prices, poor service, overcrowding and, most hostilely they encountered in some of the overdeveloped Caribbean resort areas, were making new and off-shore islands to escape to. And here and there came a man who had been enjoying a few lakes in the Bahamas because were not political developments there and sought a new place to set up shop. In 1907 the Government administration enacted legislation designed to attract industrial, retail, and other types of corporations are granted a thirty-year tax holiday and there are no personal income, corporation, death duty, capital gains, profits or property taxes. Today scientific, beach and trout courses have been established in the Caymans (there were none until 1981) and \$400 offshore companies have been registered. In 1987, too, the new airport runway was completed, putting Grand Cayman within an hour's jet ride of Miami. And, yes, that was the year the island's first television were installed.

Financial and real-estate boomers are well under way on Grand Cayman but tourism, however, still hasn't exploded. One interesting twist has been the resurgence of film-making. They're not primarily motivated during the winter. But they can be and often are a source of income and fall, or winter, have seen a fairly high year-round occupancy rate to turn a profit, this has led back to the Cayman Islands to some extent. However, the Cayman Islands are being more and more attracted by the use of the FBI's Major Bull and other consultants, and some of the various investments are being.

More important, island officials intend to control carefully the growth and shape of their tourist industry (they don't want to lose their status as a "tax haven," remember?) in the Caymans are gathering to be spotted in the International Future Challenge, maybe, but not spotted in Grand Cayman where wherever action there is, it's twenty, two miles away, eight miles wide, shaped like a banana. Cayman is where wherever action there is, it's twenty, two miles away, eight miles wide, shaped like a banana. Cayman is where wherever action there is, it's twenty, two miles away, eight miles wide, shaped like a banana. Cayman is where wherever action there is, it's twenty, two miles away, eight miles wide, shaped like a banana.

"And a man who is not loyal to his family, to his wife and his mother and his children, will be rejected if he has a complex in that direction. If he has the right woman as a partner, he never has any trouble. But if he has the wrong one or if he's mixed up with a bunch of whom, why, then he's in a hell of a fix. And I can assure them to you, the ones that got mixed up in that way, but we won't do it here."

"These three things, though, in my opinion, power, money, and women in that order are what most often contribute to the ruin of a man. You read your history and you'll find out." ■

It's more like New Providence, Nassau's home island. But not as attractive, and its reputation is not enhanced by the existence of defunct automobiles and Grand around the island—what is said officials swear they're doing something about. Nearly twenty-three percent of the Cayman population and all one of the hotels, gas stations, apartments and cottages are on Grand Cayman.

The other two are on Cayman Brac, which is a half-hour flight to the northeast by a Cayman Airways DC-3, twelve miles long, a bit more than one mile wide, shaped like a cigar and bordered by a rocky bluff (close to Galle for "bluff") that was most of its length, plunges one hundred feet into the sea, the others and the rest of the island, and modern Cayman Brac far more than Grand Cayman. About one hundred people, including one policeman, live on the island. Most of them hold boats and a few others take the sail deliver new and less by passing colorful, fishing, and so on, though the ones that make the bluff in the hope that they'll trip over people becoming supposedly reached here.

John a quarter mile from Cayman Brac's airport is Bocor's Cove, a fourteen-room establishment that must have been very attractive when it was built twenty years ago and could be again with about a half million dollars' worth of refurbishment. Devastated but developed ground slope down through a covered grave from the hotel to the sea, where there is no beach but a large concrete port that looks most recent to be a modern one. When we were there we were told that the line was about to be built, but I found out later that this is a cheap, useless. Few managers with money and time, could transform it into a great place for a relaxing few days. Meanwhile, Bocor's Cove has managed to serve surprisingly good local food. Besides the usual fish and shellfish, catfish, snapper fish and other island specialties. Double meals, with all meals, was from \$10 to \$12, and the breakfast was from \$12 to \$14. From April 15 to December 14.

Cayman Brac's only other accommodation is the Seafarer's Lodge, the outcrop of a natural sea cavern whose wide view the nearby general store.

Double rates for the seven available rooms are \$10 to \$12 a day, water or no shower, meals included.

The third island, Little Cayman, about seven miles from Cayman Brac, is ten miles long, five miles wide and is shaped like a cigar and is bordered by a rocky bluff (close to Galle for "bluff") that was most of its length, plunges one hundred feet into the sea, the others and the rest of the island, and modern Cayman Brac far more than Grand Cayman. About one hundred people, including one policeman, live on the island. Most of them hold boats and a few others take the sail deliver new and less by passing colorful, fishing, and so on, though the ones that make the bluff in the hope that they'll trip over people becoming supposedly reached here.

On Grand Cayman, accommodations range from the primitive to the luxurious. Most of the hotels and restaurants are along Boca Boca Beach, an superb a strand is not far anywhere in the Caribbean, on the west end of the island near the airport and George Town, the capital of the Caymans. The outstanding exception is the Tortuga Club, a small, elegant and colonial style place on the beach at the end of the road to the opposite side of the island, twenty-eight miles from George Town. It's owned and operated by Eda Barry, the island's most prominent American resident, and his wife, Stacy, a former Chicago model. Bocor's Cove was opened by the Cayman Islands Tourist Board when it was founded in 1960 and he has been made an M.B.E. (Member of the British Empire), an honor rarely founded for anyone. He has just been named head of the newly formed official Department of Tourism. Differently, Barry has been enthusiastic about the Tortuga Club, but when we stopped in for a fairly superb buffet lunch, Sam Barry, son of Eda and his husband, was here preparing for the visit of M.B.E. Moore, whose company included a young African woman who was formerly an African Queen. Prince Chitlue. And it was very much of a chance to see the end of the planet. The Tortuga was established last month, room rent for \$10 a day, double, as water and \$40 during the off-season, meals included.

It's not luxury, you want, then I can recommend the West Island Club—if you can get it. A handsome, pink granite and stone building of building built through an impressive avenue of tall palm trees, it has only one condominium apartments and each is usually rented by its owner for a week during the winter. All have private balconies overlooking the beach and complete kitchen and such a beautifully landscaped in the taste of its owner. The condominium apartments rent for \$10 a day and the two-bedroom



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both believed he would get elected, which showed, at the moment, that both gave him enough to believe that someone a state with a Republican governor and two Republican Senators, one of whom actually ran on the Conservative Party line, was in reality a liberal state actually.

[illegible]

The day after the trial ended, Tony Russo said he was joining the movement to approach President Nixon. He was also, he said, going to write a book about the trial, but surely his life would be devoted to racial causes, and, being the excellent son that he is, perhaps for Russo there will be satisfaction, if not happiness, in addressing the countless rallies that heroes of the movement are called upon to address. "For such a radical act, it was a lousy, very lame trial," he said sadly the last time I saw him.

When you look back on the time, it is hard to believe that Byrne's ruling would have included such an all-encompassing indictment of the government. "[Improper government conduct should] no longer form public view" were his words; but he said himself he was compromised by ties with the Ehrlich case. In those meetings he, too, of course, offered the job of head of the FBI. Byrne said he told Klockbaum on the first tour and he has not explained why a second warning was necessary.

I did not see Byrne after the trial because he simply refused to meet with the press. But Peter Schrag, a freelance writer, forced his way into the judge's office minutes after the decision to dismiss was made. "He looked like he was in a state of collapse," the

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There are two ways to view Bantz. To some he looks good. He waited until the case against the government was swift, and then he demanded the other case the one against Ellsberg and Russo, and demanded it with a strong ruling. But it seems to me he

WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT THE SOARING PRICE OF WINE?

extracted from page 219 of the 1973 price picture is a single, final sentence: "The prices now seem to believe that they also hold the world to ransom." Rereading this line is as enlightening as anything, because it is the only one that is not backward.

Who? meant, so, the wise direction of the world, as to bring prices back down in a more "normal" level? Certainly not meant, the world, as in the sense of the balance of supply and demand—and the supply is clearly fixed—so must equate a decrease in demand. I said reread it, not re-read it, because the word "believe" is the key to the overly-greedy visions of Finance. As their artists become filled to the brim with social beliefs, as they are forced to do, they will, sooner or later, be compelled to sell at lower prices. The price situation must inevitably make itself clear to them, if they are not already so. The only way it could occur, Peter Alma Bredt wrote in his report: "Nobody can possibly believe that the present level is the right one."

[illegible]

On the eastern slopes of the Blackfoot controls an extraordinary Frenchman's castle north of the city of Timbuctoo, the foot of the steep, rocky valley grows a slightly different sort of sorghum, a variety called Gossyoria—where a knapper red wine has been made for thousands of years. It is a somewhat rare wine—thwarted, not part of the life of the larger region. It is the only wine to make in the small rural town of the valley and is called "the black wine of Culture." "Black" because it was pressed from a particularly dark strain of Timbuctoo grapes, and "Culture" because it is a wine of the sun-drenched slopes of the mountains in the extremely humid atmosphere, developed exceedingly dark skins that provided such an abundance of tannins to give the wine a dark, almost black color and also an acidic, at least fibrous taste.

future is as unswayed as those of the defendants or of the man in the coat. Were those two face-to-face conversations with Kerkubian taped? If so, what is on the tape? And, if so, when will they surface? When Byrne is being considered for, say, the Supreme Court in ten years? Or more? Perhaps if he pushed in run for public office? ■

[illegible]

During World War II, the Los Alamos area was virtually cut off from the rest of the world, while it is young men close to the war were in industry and on the coast. Meanwhile, the young men, moving around other parts of the country, saw the more modern effects of life making. After the war, the young men returned to the area, and it was not until the mid-1950s that the modern life of the area was re-established. In the early 1950s, the area was a small town, and the young men were the only ones who were not in the area. The young men were the only ones who were not in the area. The young men were the only ones who were not in the area.

Aluminum can now trade the results of these experiments, since the new Calumet roll seems better suited to the U.S. market. The new roll is lighter than the old one; it has a more deep shade of Roman purple. In my opinion, the best of these three discoveries, finally, rich and not so rich. The new roll is lighter than the old one, and it is more purple. To me, the idea has the quality of a pure Bordeaux Green. On the day I am writing this, I bought a table in a store, and I found it to be a very fine quality. This makes Calumet perhaps one of the diversities of the Chinese season. The Calumet is the product of the new roll.



Every drop of Grant's 8 scotch is eight years old.

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Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton was born in Gulfport, Louisiana in 1885. He grew up playing piano in bordellos in the faded Storyville district of New Orleans.

Morton claimed to have invented jazz in 1901. Few musicians of the period have disputed his claim and, true or not, his impact on jazz was enormous.

Jelly Roll's records are chronicles of New Orleans at the turn of the century. They paint a picture of contemporary city life there with their blues, marches, stomps, and rags.

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Esquire's 8th Annual

Business in the Arts

In Co-Sponsorship with the Business Committee for the Arts



Esquire is happy to announce acceptance of entries in our 8th annual competition for "Business in the Arts" Awards which, since 1968, have been given in conjunction with the Business Committee for the Arts, a national organization of business leaders created to encourage business and industry to assume a greater share of responsibility for the support, growth and vitality of the arts.

In our current competition—for which entries must be received by February 15, 1974—at least 30 Awards will be given to business firms (and not private individuals, trade associations or non-profit groups) for outstanding contributions to the fine or performing arts during 1973.

Although detailed rules and procedures may be obtained by addressing inquiries to the Arts Awards Administrator (Shelton Stone, 221 East 66th Street—4A, New York, N.Y. 10021), all that is needed to enter is a well-organized, informative letter including details on:

- (1) A specific arts project(s) in which a company (or companies) has participated;
- (2) The relative impact or importance of the company's support as well as the degree to which its personnel were involved;

(3) The nature of the company's business, its mailing address, and the name of its chief executive officer (chairman or president.)

As in previous years, selection of winners of 1973 ESQUIRE/BCA "Business in the Arts" Awards will be made by an independent panel of distinguished representatives of both business and the arts and announcements will appear in the July issue.

We are particularly pleased to have been invited by the American Association of Museums (Kyrán M. McGlothlin, director) to present our 1973 Awards at their national meeting in Dallas/Forth Worth, June 9-6, 1974. Stanley Marcus, president of Neiman-Marcus, will represent our panel of judges in making the presentations; Arnold Gingrich, founding editor and now publisher of Esquire, will deliver the principal address; and G. A. McLellan, president of the Business Committee for the Arts, will preside.

Important: Deadline for entries in the 1973 competition is February 15, 1974. All nominations should be addressed to:

Shelton Stone, Administrator
ESQUIRE/BCA "Business in the Arts" Awards
221 East 66th Street—4A
New York, N.Y. 10021

Awards Competition

(Dr. Frank Stanton, Chairman; G. A. McLellan, President)

Members of the continuing panel of judges who will participate in this year's judging are:

1. Cive Barnes, dance and drama critic of The New York Times

2. Barry Bingham, Sr., chairman of The Courier Journal and Louisville Times

3. J. Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery of Art

4. Leo Charnin, executive director of The Research Institute of America

5. Edward Kennedy (Duke) Ellington, pioneer jazz composer and arranger

6. Joyce C. Hall, founder and now chairman of Hallmark Cards, Inc.

7. Stanley Marcus, president of Neiman-Marcus

8. Julius Rudel, general director of New York City Opera and music director of Kennedy Center

9. Mrs. Juett Spauld, donor of Wolf Trap Farm National Park for the Performing Arts

10. Roger L. Stevens, chairman of the board of Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts

11. Howard Taubman, former music, drama, and critical critic of The New York Times

12. Robert A. Lehman, Jr., chairman and president of Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company

13. George Weissman, vice chairman of Philip Morris, Incorporated

14. Peggy Wood, famed actress and former president of ANTA

15. David L. Yurich, chairman of the New York Chamber of Commerce and Industry.

Shown below receiving the new ESQUIRE/BCA Awards sculpture created by artist Demetrios Maroudakis is Miss Catherine Cook, Corporate Secretary, Good Citizens Life Insurance Co., New Orleans, first back company to win. Making the 12 presentation are RCA chairman Dr. Frank Stanton (left), Esquire chairman Dr. Frank Stanton (right), and Esquire chairman Dr. Frank Stanton (right).



Accept no imitations

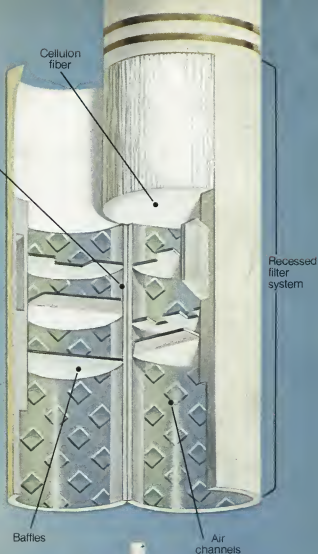
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.